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THE THREE OWLS

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THE THREE OWLS

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Contemporary Criticism of Children's Books

Written and Edited By

ANNE CARROLL MOORE

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TO

THE ARTISTS

WHO ILLUMINATE THE OLD
AND CREATE THE NEW
BOOKS FOR CHILDREN
OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

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FOREWORD

THIS second book of contemporary criticism of children's books, like the first, has been given a seasonal arrangement. The reviews and editorial comment have been put together in the approximate order in which they appeared in *Books* with such textual and pictorial omissions and changes as the organization of a two years' weekly output in a single volume required. Since the practical value of the material for reference use in public libraries and school libraries has been proved over a period of four years, it is our intention to continue its publication in book form as an annual or a bi-annual as may be found most serviceable.

As an historical record as well as a unique contemporary reference book for library, school or family use, the Three Owls reflect a significant new era in the writing, illustration and production of children's books at home and abroad and the recognition of its growing importance by one of the foremost literary reviews of the time.

All unsigned contributions are the work of Anne Carroll Moore who gratefully acknowledges the prompt and kindly cooperation of the contributors and critics, the editorial encouragement given by Lucy Fuller of Beaumont, Texas, Annabel Porter of Seattle, Helen Martin of Cleveland, Alice M. Jordan of Boston, and Anne Thaxter Eaton of New York; and the courtesy and interest of the publishers who have granted permission for use of the illustrations reproduced.

THE THREE OWLS

A BOOK A WEEK FOR CHILDREN

By STUART SHERMAN

THE existence of children in the world may, at certain seasons of the year, be reasonably inferred. About the fourteenth of February their existence is plainly indicated by the display of valentines; in the week before Easter by sugar eggs and rabbits; toward the end of June by fireworks; and as the Christmas season approaches by an epidemic of toys and picture books in the shop windows.

We don't wish to be sarcastic—but doesn't this suggest fairly well the old-fashioned adult's notion of suitable book provision for children: At Christmas buy your child a book, maybe two? At Christmas every child gets a book for his own. A book a year for children, maybe two! By the time they are fourteen or fifteen years old they will have nice little libraries of from fifteen to twenty volumes, all their own.

In order to call to the attention of adults the desirability of recognizing once a year that a child is a book-reading animal and likes to read and own books, there has been instituted a Children's Book Week, flagrantly reminding delinquent parents to make their annual addition to the child's library. In this week "eligible opportunity" is likewise offered to delinquent editors to clear their shelves of "juveniles."

We think all intelligent people—especially all modernized parents—must regard Children's Book

Week as good Christians regard a specified Week of Prayer—not as a chance to get a year's duty off one's hands in a week, but as a sort of model or ideal of what every week in the year should be.

Within the last generation teachers, librarians, psychologists and even parents have given an immense deal of intelligent attention to the hungers and capacities of growing children. It has been ascertained that the child, even at a tender age, is a very complete, highly organized little human being, curious and eager to discover and explore the world.

If at just the right moment we present to the child just the right food for his curiosity and eagerness—folklore, fairy tale and fable, song, science, adventure, handicrafts and games, each when the appropriate faculty is unfolding—then we can keep him curious and eager all through his childhood. Nothing better can happen to a child.

If, on the contrary, we provide insufficient reading matter we starve clamorous faculties. If we provide the wrong books the child can't digest them and his appetite for reading may quickly be ruined. But if we follow the now available expert advice on the care and feeding of the child's mind we shall find that the average youngster is as well able as an adult to consume "a book a week," and we shall find that he thrives on the diet.

Now, a book a week between the ages of six and fifteen would come to 468 choice volumes at the end of the period. How many volumes are there in your child's library?

At the sign of the Three Owls, you observe, we are not making an excited fluttering of our wings over Children's Book Week. The reason is that we regard

this hectic seasonal demonstration as a poor makeshift for what we are already doing. We do not believe that the wisest and most industrious expert can select fifty-two new recommendable books in a week. Accordingly we have recognized the existence of children as a part of the reading public fifty-two weeks in the year. Not once a year, but every week, our wise birds are on the wing, out hunting, in order to make it easy for you to act promptly and wisely in accordance with the civilized and civilizing slogan of this department: "A book a week for children!"

THIRTEEN POINTS FOR CHILDREN'S READING

"WHAT is the matter with Mary Jane? Why does she read so abominably, when she began by reading so well?"

"She learned to read like lightning," said her mother, "dashed from book to book for words she knew by sight. It was wonderful to watch her at her 'silent reading,' but now at twelve she is stuck fast with books which require no use of her mind—her reading is doing nothing at all for her. What can I do about it?"

"Have you tried reading aloud or telling the story of a book you are reading yourself?" I asked. "She would probably appreciate sharing her reading if you can meet her on her own ground. You will never move her by theory, list, or advice about the future. Children care nothing about the future or their own 'best good.'"

Every school child needs a great deal of practice in free reading aloud from different books at home if he is to become a natural reader to whom it is a pleasure to listen. This essential practice, so necessary to easy speech as well as to intelligent reading, is neglected to an astonishing degree by the rank and file of intelligent fathers and mothers, who appear to be chiefly concerned with the general standing and deportment and the rating for special studies of their children. They

pay little or no attention to the command of idiomatic English acquired in daily speech and in voluntary reading and accept a ridiculously low standard for the familiar use of the language of their own country, trusting that in high school, normal school, or university deficiencies will be made good.

In this connection Bertrand Russell's "Education and the Good Life" contains several nuggets of clarifying wisdom concerning young children, "the preschool child," whose claims upon the future are at last being recognized. Every parent, teacher and librarian should read and mark her copy of this book for future reference. Thoughtful readers of Quiller-Couch's "The Art of Reading," and Dr. Pierce's "Understanding Our Children" will be able to add many more points to the thirteen here set down. The number of points is a matter of minor importance in comparison with the issue raised: Is reading to be regarded as free as the air we breathe, as full of interest and as inexhaustible as life itself; or is it to be considered as a school subject, forever hedged about with restrictions, devices, substitutions and evasions, subjected to leveling to an average and approached through propaganda and pseudo-scientific experiment in the name of education?

Do you want your children to love books and reading for their own sake? If you do you will find food for further reflection in Stuart Sherman's picture of his boyhood in his essay "Joyous Things," and reading it you will realize that all readers and writers who have been greatly influenced by their reading strike at the heart of a book and dwell there silently at first, even as boys and girls do, when left undisturbed by irrelevant questions, with books of their choice.

1. Reading is an end in itself; its object is lifelong pleasure and profit.

2. Love of reading is induced by natural exposure to books in early childhood; it cannot be graded.

3. Thorough mastery of the mechanics of reading is essential. It is akin to the learning and practice of the rules of the game in the world of sport and should be so represented to children.

4. Reading should be more commonly treated as a sport of continuous interest in all schools.

5. Reading for credit or reward of any description is destructive to spontaneous joy and cheapens the whole idea of reading.

6. Children's tastes in books are more varied and variable than the tastes of grown-ups. Children's tastes should be respected, but they should also be constantly enlarged and enriched by familiar association with books beyond the taste of the moment.

7. The selection, replacement and duplication of books for the school library is a matter of prime importance, since it represents the practical equipment for making an active sport of reading.

8. Choose books for positive values—the interest of their subject, old or new, their originality, their pictures, clear typography, and attractive outward form. It is better to buy twelve good books you know that children will read than twenty-four lifeless editions to stand in rows on the shelves.

9. Appreciation of good form in children's books is an active factor in getting books read. It may be developed by observation and much browsing among the books selected for children's reading-rooms in public libraries and in such bookshops as give special attention to the matter.

10. All graded lists are fallible. Both literature and children stoutly resist grade limitations.

11. Reviews, lists and articles on children's reading must meet the test of accredited knowledge and experience in this special field. Signed reviews of children's books are therefore essential to their value as appraisals.

12. Reading aloud is an art. No one should attempt to read aloud to children of any age who has not mastered the mechanics of reading with intelligence and expression. The poor reading of many school children is but the reflection of the poor reading of their teachers and parents.

13. Don't read nonsense unless you see the sense of it and can "put fun into your voice" (a child's comment on Walter de la Mare's reading from "Peacock Pie").

Isn't it true that when one begins to stop growing one begins to die? . . . There was a time, back there, very early in his life, say, between his fifth and tenth years, when every morning multiplied his budding interests, and the green shoots of his curiosity pushed eagerly into "the blooming buzzing confusion" of the universe.

Between five and ten, he was a Roosevelt for versatility, yet in that respect he was exactly like every normal child. There was not a dull page from table of contents to index in the whole of life's sweet-scented manuscript. All arts, all sciences, all religions, all philosophies, all histories, all customs of life "intrigued" him.

He modeled in clay, he painted in water colors, he composed unrecorded melodies, he participated in the folk dancing called "London Bridge is Falling Down"; he was an "out-of-door naturalist" and explorer of rivers, caves, and valleys; he was a collector and classifier of stamps,

minerals, coins, curiosities from the Holy Land, insects, flowers, birds' eggs; he shuddered under the knife of Aztec sacrifice, he learned from the Koran that Paradise is under the shadow of the sword, he wrote to his grandfather for a copy of the Hebrew alphabet that he might study the Decalogue in God's own tongue, he dipped into "The Light of Asia," he studied idolatry in the old Chinese quarter, he was interested in Jesus; he was knocked down by experimenting with the current in a trolley wire, he manufactured gunpowder, and cannon from brass shotgun shells, he moulded bullets, he tanned squirrel skins, he attempted to stuff birds, he made maps of pulped butcher's paper, he prepared medicines from herbs, he distilled liquor and attempted to petrify wood, he built houses and trapezes and dams and attempted to build a lake; he raised pigeons, chickens, rabbits, and snakes; he drilled for oil, he examined openings in the fruit industry, lawn mowing, pickling, floriculture, printing, and the newspaper business; but most of all his heart was set on gold mining, exploring Indian graves, and swinging a rawhide lariat from a saddle of Spanish leather while spurring a lean broncho after the mavericks, scurrying through the sagebrush of a western mesa.

Suppressed desires? Not at all! He found time and means and energy for all his rich and various life by the time he was thirteen.

From Joyous Things, Or Forty and Upwards,
by STUART SHERMAN

OUT OF THE AIR: AN ARTIST SET FREE

PADRAIC COLUM had been reciting his own poems, he had read from "The King of Ireland's Son," acknowledging its debt to the folklore of the Scottish Highlands as well as to that of Ireland.

Before Mr. Colum ended he turned for a moment to pay tribute to the creative work of the artist who has interpreted rather than illustrated his book, "The Forge in the Forest." Now it chanced that Boris Artzybasheff, the gifted son of the Russian novelist, was sitting far back in the audience assembled in the children's room of the New York Public Library for the opening of the annual exhibit of children's books suggested as Christmas gifts. But it was not the applause of the audience that moved Mr. Artzybasheff to speak. He sat in silence until Mr. Colum came walking through the audience straight to him and by a touch of magic brought him to his feet.

No one who has seen these pictures can doubt that Mr. Artzybasheff has the distinction of opening his own road in the realm of the imagination. It is a road over which wild horses rear and plunge and kings in armor gallop down to the sea, a road from which the Seven Sleepers can be seen standing upon the mountainside blessing the people, a road on which Bellerophon fares forth in search of the horse with wings.

"Tell me when you began to be an artist," I said,

and with a delightfully humorous smile he responded, "I remember myself drawing when I was three"—and then he added "on the back of my own photograph. I have been drawing ever since. I studied art in Petrograd and did some illustrating for magazines in Russia. I have been in America since 1919. I have always loved book-making, but the first book I have really enjoyed illustrating here is 'The Forge in the Forest.' With Mr. Colum I felt free as air. Not at all as I felt last year in trying to make pictures for Miss Martineau's book, 'Feats on the Fjord.' There is no imagination in that book. Miss Martineau did not see Norway even after going there. It is a very dull book, I think."

"Was the text of 'The Forge in the Forest' complete when you began?" I asked after a hearty laugh over the mental picture of this gifted young Russian trying to pull pictures out of Harriet Martineau's book about Norway.

"Oh, no," he replied, and his face lighted with another mirthful gleam of recollection. "Mr. Colum would tell me a story—give me an idea of the story he meant to tell, and I often finished the picture before the story got written down. I made one drawing for a story Mr. Colum changed his mind about and left out of the book altogether. I was a long time getting the pictures done, but it was pure joy to make them."

It was just as I thought. Padraic Colum, the poet-story-teller, had called the four brothers with the great white horse to the forge of Boris Artzybasheff's imagination, and set the sparks flying for the bright train of fancies leading back to his own childhood and then left him fancy free to play with the childhood of the world.

The result is that rare thing, a genuine child's book, both textually and pictorially—a book which will take permanent place without delay as a classic, and as a piece of book-making of enduring quality. I believe this book marks very definitely the beginning of a new era in America for the artist with genuine creative imagination.

SPARKS THAT FLY

THE FORGE IN THE FOREST.

By PADRAIC COLUM.

Illustrated by BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF

Reviewed by LAURA BENÉT

THERE are elements in "The Forge in the Forest" as inspiriting as the sparks that fly from the horse's shoe when the blacksmith strikes it with his

iron, and boys and girls linger about the door of the forge watching the fascinating process. A wild horse which four story-tellers (brothers) bring to the king to be shod invokes these stories of earth, air, fire and water. Tales are here of the burning sun, the foaming

sea, monsters, sinners and saints. They are the breath of romance, swift and brief as the wind, and as full of beauty as the rose-wreathed cavern where the Seven Sleepers lay.

We all know the aged legend of Phæthon's horses and that one of Bellerophon and the Chimæra, transparent and gleaming as old glass. But we did not know, and neither did the children, the weird mystery of the City of Ys, in which one hears the greedy waves lapping and roaring at the wall and sees the purple-robed, bearded king flying away on horseback with his daughter to escape the sea; we did not know that humorous variation on the story of "Saint Martin and the Honest Man," in which the poor goatherd finds time at last to patch his boot after the wondrous white horse has waved its wings around him! There is another, "King Solomon and the Servitor of the Lord of Earth," that is like an Old Testament song. We are told that "the Lord of Earth had intrusted Samur to a bird, to the Moor-hen. She went upon the high mountains with it, laying the substance upon the rocks, so that they were split open and seeds that the winds and birds carried might grow in the openings. Samur was the substance that was the size of a barleycorn and that cut through things that iron could not cut through.

Padraic Colum is a wizard who stores up old tales. Sometimes he finds them growing in sod, like mushrooms; sometimes they are the patchwork bits of many colors found in an old wife's bag, and he pieces them together for a new and bright quilt. But for these treasures he dug in the forest after making a fire of the autumn leaves that a strong breeze was blowing about. One handful of earth he moistened with water

from the spring and flung upon the leaping fire, and out of the air came new voices—and the book grew!

And the pictures are the pictures a Russian would make to show the direct contrast of his own mind with the more elusive Celtic one, for they are richly grotesque and full of a fancy as red as the color of red tulips.

ELIZABETH MacKINSTRY

The first picture book to hold Elizabeth MacKinstry enthralled was a big book of Hogarth's drawings. Lying flat on her stomach on the floor she would pore over this book by the hour at the age of four or five. A very brightly colored Robinson Crusoe was another of her cherished possessions at a tender age. And then came the memorable day when she was seven when she first caught sight of two lovely fat green books in a shop window—the Globe edition of Cruikshank's drawings and etchings—and knew at once that she must possess them. These were the very first books she bought with her own pocket money. After that she hoarded francs to buy the picture books she liked.

She was nearly nine before Walter Crane poured gorgeous color into her world and Caldecott's life line began to inform her own drawing of animals. For Elizabeth MacKinstry was born with a pencil in her mouth and drawing was her great relaxation while receiving an exacting musical education. On Sundays and holidays she might draw as much and as freely as she pleased. She lived at that time near the Luxembourg in Paris and on rainy days the galleries of the Louvre were her playground. The Tanagra collection fascinated her and no wonder, for her own mud-pies at the age of five wore faces and heads.

"Our piano tuner knew Boutet de Monvel" she says "and told me delightful stories of the artist's dream of

painting Jeanne D'Arc when a little ginger bread-eating boy in Rheims." "No, I never met Boutet de Monvel outside his own picture books," she replied in answer to the question, "but I vividly recollect the excitement I felt on seeing his pictures in shop windows for the first time. This feeling of intense excitement over books I saw in shop windows and wanted to own was strong enough to make me save all my pocket money to buy picture books."

Hogarth, Cruikshank, color prints, Paris book-shops, French toys, old rhymes, ballads and fairy tales—one begins to see how all this rich and varied background has fed an artist with a zest for life itself that is Rabelaisian. At twelve Elizabeth MacKinstry made friends with some gypsies at Barbizon, learned to say a few words in gypsy language and got the feeling she expressed years afterwards in her own Gypsy camp in "Puck in Pasture." Where did she get her sense of elf and fay? Well, her fairy godmother was a true Celt and gave her the gift of understanding the "Little People" and animals as well as an unquenchable love of human beings.

"I used to think I would make pictures for certain books and stories I loved" says Miss MacKinstry "and gradually I am doing it—the d'Aulnoy Fairy Tales this year and next year my own selection from Hans Christian Andersen will absorb me utterly."

It was her quality of being so refreshingly alive that suggested to the Owls the invitation to Miss MacKinstry to celebrate their first anniversary. As the first original verse and drawing to appear on their page it is here reprinted with special acknowledgment to the artist author, whose work is now lending distinction to American books for adults as well as for children.

Illustrations from Tales of Laughter *and Rhyme*
Sheet by Elizabeth MacKinstry
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THE MAN WHO HID HIS OWN FRONT DOOR

By Elizabeth MacKinstry

I

THERE was a little, Elvish man
Who lived beside a moor,
A shy, secretive, furtive soul
Who hid his own front door.

He went and hid his door beneath
A pink laburnum bush:
The neighbors saw the curtains blow,
They heard a singing thrush.

The Banker came and jingled gold,
It did not serve him there;
The honey-colored walls uprose
Unbroken and foresquare.

The Mayor called, the Misses Pitt
With cordials and game pie;
There was not any door at all
They had to pass him by!

II

But ah! my little sister . . .
Her eyes were wild and sweet,
She wore blue faded calico,
And no shoes on her feet.

She found the wandering door in place
And easily went through
Into a strange and mossy Hall
Where bowls of old Delf blue

Held feasts of blackberries, like gems
In webs of shining dew—
There stood that little Elvish man
And smiled to see her, too!

THE LAND OF O. HENRY

THERE is incommunicable charm and reality about the home town of O. Henry. Greensboro, North Carolina, is a story-book town and the Three Owls who flew down there to assist in the celebration of Children's Book Week soon found themselves utterly absorbed in the delightful traditions of the place.

Greensboro was named for General Nathanael Greene, of Rhode Island, after the battle of Guilford Court House. One may have known it as a fact in history, but on the old battlefield there stands a living reminder of the great general—a magnificent Liberty Oak whose shape is said to have been predetermined by the sharp teeth of General Greene's horse. It is a gorgeous tree and it must have been growing there during all the years before the Revolution when David Caldwell was educating and sending out future governors, ministers and citizens from the log schoolhouse which was also his home. To the old dominie in his nineties came John Motley Morehead, whose founding of Edgeworth Female Seminary in 1840 reads like an Edgeworthian tale.

Governor Morehead had five daughters to be educated, but could find no school to meet Maria Edgeworth's requirements, as stated in her novels and "Essays on Political Education." So, as he greatly admired the ideas of Miss Edgeworth and her father, he proceeded to found a new school for the benefit of his own daughters and the daughters of like-minded

fathers in other Southern and Western states. The Edgeworth Female Seminary was situated between his own home and that of the Porters (O. Henry's grandparents). Beautiful grounds were laid out, teachers were brought over from France and Germany, and new buildings were added until the war converted Edgeworth into a hospital for both Confederate and Union soldiers. The buildings were destroyed by fire in 1872, but the influence of Edgeworth remained potent in Miss Lina Porter's school, which was the only school O. Henry ever attended. Miss Lina, who was O. Henry's aunt, had a method of teaching literature. "She had a method, and O. Henry's love of good books was in part the fruitage of her method," says C. Alphonso Smith in the "O. Henry Biography."

Miss Lina must have been in O. Henry's mind, suggests Professor Smith, when he describes Azalea Adair in "A Municipal Report."

There are fascinating glimpses of Miss Lina's Friday evenings for boys to be found in this life of O. Henry, and there are other glimpses of O. Henry, a boy among boys, reading dime novels, or out on the old battlefield, imbibing the full savor of history—a man among men at the drug store, where his memory is still cherished. But the most intimate of all revelations were the little pencil sketches on odd bits of paper, bearing limericks on their backs, which have been so lovingly preserved by his old friend Dr. Beall and are now to be seen in the public library.

The air of Greensboro was tonic to jaded Owls. In and out of hospitable doorways leading to school assemblies, to informal gatherings in classrooms or school libraries, to training college, public library and

courthouse, they flew with an ever-shifting load of books from the Bookshop. And everywhere they found warm welcome for story, legend, picture or song, and for the spoken words of living writers of books for children.

REALISM IN CHILDREN'S BOOKS

THE realist with capacity to see and feel things as they are, who writes with imagination and skill out of intimate knowledge of children, has been sure of an audience since the days of Miss Edgeworth and Jacob Abbott. Children are, even as grown-ups, both realists and romanticists.

Unfortunately, didacticism and pedagogy staked early and stultifying claims in the realistic field and reared a long succession of commonplace writers extending from the school of Dr. Aiken and Mrs. Barbauld, anathematized by Charles Lamb, to present-day experimenters in educational theory and practice who regard the writing of children's stories in terms of their day's work and look to books whose content should be purely recreational and inspiriting to carry on cherished methods of education outside the classroom. Propaganda in this form, as in any other, however attractively set forth, is foredoomed to pass into oblivion. Nothing survives in a children's story save character and atmosphere, and these are usually least considered by the writer with an axe to grind.

No lack of good models of realistic stories of an earlier time, stories which still hold children's interest, are to be found in two volumes edited by E. V. Lucas —"Old-Fashioned Tales" and "Forgotten Tales of long Ago." Writers for children may well read them in contrast to recent commonplace efforts to break away "the fairy tale way of writing" without establishing a sound base.

The art of good writing is no less needed in the realistic field than it is in the romantic, and this has been too often overlooked by publishers of children's books as well as by writers of them. Publishers are inclined to predict the success of a story in terms of what happens in rapid succession, rather than in its relation to the effect as a whole. It is manifestly easier to count up exciting incidents than it is to measure the effect of personality and atmosphere. But we are coming to it.

Illustration by Dorothy Lathrop for Made To Order Stories

Somewhere in that suggestive book, "Creative Youth," Hughes Mearns reminds us that "children are in the main still artists while adults have too often ceased to be."

It is to the artist in Jimmy that Dorothy Canfield responds with New England folk tales of his own day—here, if you please, is realism doublecrossed by the fine imagination of a fun-loving boy of ten matching up his own with his mother's lively fancy and well-stored mind.

"Understood Betsy," published some years ago, has held her own as a story, but educational theory and the wholesome effect of New England ways of living were too firmly intrenched in it for unalloyed pleasure. The story always suffered by contrast in my own mind with Sarah Orne Jewett's "Betty Leicester."

But no theories threaten the freshness, the geniality, or the plausibility of "Made to Order Stories." It is a book for the whole family and a book to read aloud on winter nights. To some of its readers will come reminders of "big stories" once heard in little New England towns, with all the sights and sounds and smells belonging to them—not because the stories are to be found in Dorothy Canfield's book, but because she gives back at times the very atmosphere as she did in her glimpses of Ellie in "The Brimming Cup." There is a living child who should some day find her way into a book for girls.

POLAR BEARS AND PONY CARTS

MADE TO ORDER STORIES

By DOROTHY CANFIELD

With illustrations by DOROTHY P. LATHROP

Reviewed by EDITH REES

"I DO hate fairies in stories," said Jimmy, "they're so foolish. And I hate things that couldn't possibly have happened. And I despise a story that tries to teach you something without your knowing it. And all that's why I like mother's stories. But the thing that I like best of all about them is that there isn't any moral to them."

To boys and girls who, like Jimmy Fisher, scorn fairies and are quick to detect a sugar-coated moral, these "Made to Order Stories"—which Dorothy Canfield made according to the recipe of her ten-year-old son—will be a source of unending delight. What boy could resist a story about "a sack of potatoes, a busted bicycle, a fox caught in a trap, a pony cart, a house afire and, of course, a little boy."

Every one of these twelve stories is refreshingly original. No matter how incongruous the things she is asked to deal with, Jimmy's mother always tells a story that seems true, so convincingly as well as dramatically has she presented the various elements. Not once throughout the book has she fallen back on an old or worn-out device.

Not only are the stories themselves original, but the method of telling them is in itself unique. Dorothy

Canfield has undoubtedly discovered a new way in which to tell stories—a way which is a sure preventive of stale plots and stilted combinations. For Jimmy's choice of what to put into a story is not so hit-or-miss as it may seem. "One of his fixed aims is to avoid certain stale old combinations that make him groan in printed stories." No orphan children and rich millionaires for him.

In spite of the fact that these stories were made for a boy who hated fairies, there is something in their ridiculous incongruity that is akin to the charm one finds in certain folk tales. Because of this, and because I had never read anything quite like them before, I decided to try "Made to Order Stories" on a group of children who avowedly liked fairy tales better than anything else. I had just finished reading Padraic Colum's "The King of Ireland's Son" to them, and we were in the midst of "Czechoslovakian Fairy Tales" when I brought home this new book.

We began with "Anchor House," the story made of "a little boy and a ship's anchor, and a library full of old books, and a woodchuck, and a spider, and a bed, and a door knob." I soon saw that my audience was won. They listened openmouthed while the little boy in the story crept downstairs in the middle of the night to put away the books he'd left on the porch, and their excitement grew apace as he ran back upstairs, only to find that the bed he had just been sleeping on had disappeared, leaving the bedclothes behind.

The sense of surprise and the spirit of adventure in "Anchor House" delighted them so that at the end of the story they clamored for more quite as eagerly as if it had been a book of fairy tales I was reading and not the book of a boy who hated fairies.

The title of this book is a misnomer for each story when complete has a simplicity and singleness of stroke that gives the effect not of a story made to order, but of something that really happened.

Dorothy Lathrop, well known as the illustrator of de la Mare's "Down-a-Down Derry" and "The Three Mulla Mulgars," has done the illustrations for the "Made to Order Stories." They are good in their interpretation of the dramatic spirit of the book and have a certain intangible charm of their own.

TO AND AGAIN

By WALTER R. BROOKS

With illustrations by ADOLFO BEST-MAUGARD

Reviewed by MARGERY WILLIAMS BIANCO

MR. BEAN was a pretty nice man, as farmers go, but times were none too good, and so he didn't have enough money to make things quite as comfortable for his animals as the animals themselves would have liked. He didn't have even enough money to buy an alarm-clock, which was why poor Charles, the rooster, had to get up at 5 every morning, rain or shine, to wake up Farmer Bean by crowing under his window. That was not so bad in summer, but when the long, cold New England winter drew near once more Hank, the old white horse, and Mrs. Wiggins, the cow, and Freddy, the pig, and the cat and the dog and Charles himself all put their heads together and decided to take a hint from the swallow and spend their winter down South. They liked Mr. Bean quite well, however, and didn't want to make things too hard for him, so they drew lots, and some of the animals stayed on the farm—just enough to see Mr. Bean comfortably through the winter as regards eggs and milk and getting to and from the post-office and keeping the house guarded; and the rest set out, led by Jinx the cat, who had a map which the robin had drawn for him. Three of the mice went, too, and Mr. and Mrs. Webb, the spiders, sitting comfortably in the web they had spun between Mrs. Wiggins's horns.

Around their journey the author has woven an amusing story, full of homely fun and adventure. He tells how they were nearly stolen on the way, how they visited Washington and of their grand reception at the Capitol, where the fame of their enterprise had already reached the Senators; how they got lost in the Florida swamp and were nearly eaten by the alligators, how they found the buried treasure in the woods, and after more hair-breadth escapes returned triumphantly to Mr. and Mrs. Bean in the spring, bearing as gifts a real alarm-clock, so that Charles might sleep undisturbed of a morning, and an old phæton loaded with enough twenty-dollar gold pieces to rebuild all the barns, install electric lights around the duck-pond and buy a stove for the chicken house.

This is a story all children will enjoy, full of just the sort of humor and adventures they appreciate.

The gay end-papers and black-and-white drawings by Adolfo Best-Maugard, author of the well-known "Method for Creative Design," are features of the book. They are clever and decorative but slightly calligraphic, and his pigs and cows and cats, while they amuse us as drawings, do not quite suggest the real solid personality and humor of the author's creations.

JIG-SAWS AND STEAM-SHOVELS IN LITERATURE

LITTLE MACHINERY

Story and pictures by MARY LIDDELL

Reviewed by LEONORE ST. JOHN POWER

NEW YORKERS, who read the morning papers in roaring subway trains, or, if they are given to heeding the statistics of Interborough Rapid Transit officials, read their morning papers in the health-giving atmosphere of the gaily painted Open Air Line, occasionally see themselves as others see them. They read with amusement and disbelief of the visitor from abroad who sees in them a warning that industry and commerce are overwhelming this land.

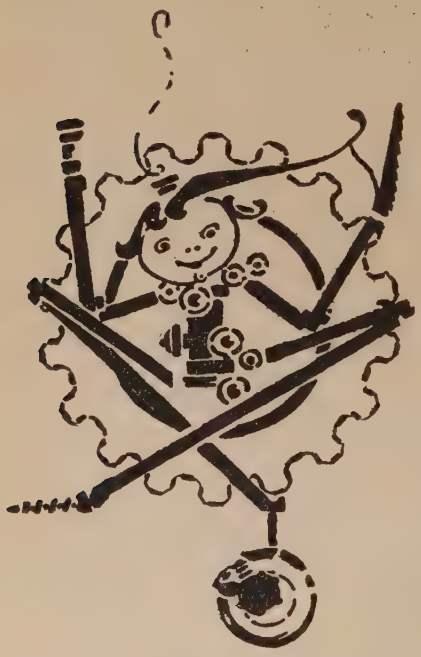
Eventually the subways and the "Ls" shift their loads and the newspaper readers come up or go down onto the streets. Then the thing happens that the visitor from abroad has missed—these victims of industry become loiterers—they indulge all their senses in scenes that put commerce and industry into the high realm of imagination. They loiter, these newspaper readers, on hazardous boardwalks to watch a huge clamshell dredge swinging tons of earth and rock onto trucks with a precision that is fascinating.

New York gives its loitering citizens a magnificent opportunity to find rare characters among machines. My own experience in this came when a subway ex-

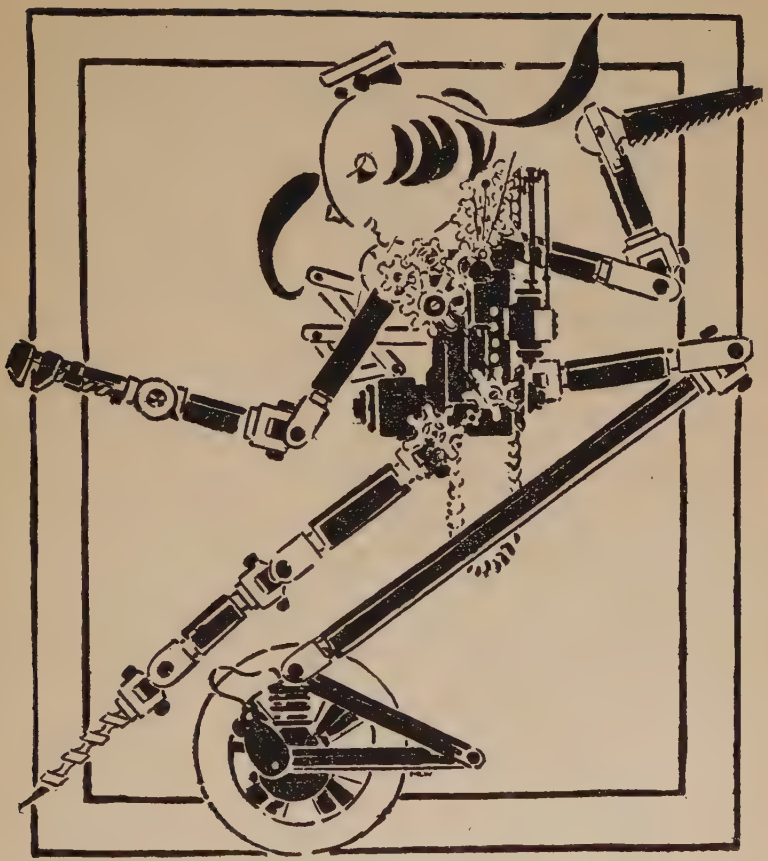
cavation started under the windows of the Children's Room of the Public Library. Blasts shook the building, dirt and smoke were a menace to pictures and furniture. Engineers came in, looked at the broken window panes, observed the shape of cracks in the walls, wrote in little books and went out. Being in charge of the room I felt aggrieved at the destruction and resented the progress that made subways essential. Then one day outside the window appeared a steam-shovel. It belched black smoke, its whistle shrieked, and its great iron arm swung almost into the window. After a few days the steam-shovel asserted its individuality. The children looked out at it, named it "Jonathan," and knew its tempers and pleasantries. The man who sat in the little house attached to "Jonathan" looked in our windows and bade us "good morning." The dirt, the blasts, the great holes were accepted as part of "Jonathan," and that gave us at least a victim for our now friendly wrath. "Mercy, there is 'Jonathan' heating up his works" was a less tempestuous view of clouds of black smoke than the less personal one of the nuisance of steam-shovels.

That an artist should capture the personality of machines and create for little children a character that embodies all the ingenuity of modern invention is something that satisfies me enormously. Such an artist is Mary Liddell, who in her "Little Machinery" steps right into reality, gathers up "some pieces of a steam-engine that was in a wreck, an old trolley car that couldn't run any more, and a broken automobile" and fashions a character unique in his achievements, original in conception and highly imaginative in design. A whimsical head with orange-vermilion hair of rakish cut tops Little Machinery's body, which is

made up of a steam whistle, a saw, an electric motor, a gas motor, a crane, a steam-shovel, gearwheels, nuts and screws in plenty, and a surpassing love of work. "All day long," says the author, "he puffs and chatters gaily—doing things, and making lots of steam and noise."



Man invented machines and uses them for his own advantage, but Little Machinery turns his talents to adding comforts to the animal world. The birds wanting to move from one tree top to another summon Little Machinery to take down their nests with his crane, he makes birdhouses and rabbit hutches with his saw, he scoops up the earth with his steam-shovel to make a pond for the fishes and the frogs, with his reaping machine he cuts down the grass, his machinery then threshes it and grinds it into flour. When Little Machinery finishes anything "he blows a fine shriek on his steam whistle to call the animals to come and look at what he has made." The birds, badgers, otters, foxes, wood pussies, bunnies, ferrets, bears, piggies and all the others are no better than your New Yorker loitering over a construction scene! Little Machinery uses gas, electricity, compressed air or hand-



Little Machinery

power. He works in wood, stone, iron, cloth, clay and glass. He knows the uses of lever, wedge, screw and pulley. He is a true workman.

That "Little Machinery" is technically proficient was evident to me when I showed the book to an engineer. There was a smile and an outburst of criticism. "All very well, but why don't they give children the real thing?" He seemed suddenly absorbed and then—"Look here, these drawings are really in scale —pretty neat, pretty neat." The engineer could not sympathize with Little Machinery's patrons but his sense of the beauty of technical design was captivated by the drawings.

In order to reinstate Little Machinery's patrons, I showed the book next to a five-year-old boy. Here I was put to the test of picking out all the parts of Little Machinery's make-up and blessed the author's care in making her text sufficiently explanatory. With the little boy the animals having their work done by machines was part of the reality. He accepted that not as a novelty, but as the way he would do if he had some saws and bolts and screws. The legions of little boys who have their first mechano outfits, who have yet to experience the joy of wrecking a clock to see the works, will find many hours of interest in "Little Machinery."

The make-up of the book is singularly fine. The text is hand-lettered on one side of the page with the illustration opposite. It is a book to be shown as well as read and is as fine an example of the printer's art as I have seen in some time. There are those who object to hand-lettering in books for children, claiming that the irregularities make it difficult to read. It seems to

me that the "manuscript writing" now taught in many schools offsets this argument and gives value to the beauty of a finely printed page. "Little Machinery" is an original idea well carried out and deserves the attention of everyone who is interested in children.

"FROM SCHOOL TO SKYLINE"

DAVID GOES VOYAGING

By DAVID BINNEY PUTNAM

Illustrated by ISABEL COOPER, DON DICKERMAN *and* DWIGHT FRANKLIN

INTO an era of educational experiments whose record is seldom clear enough to be read by those most directly concerned comes David Putnam with his reassuring account of how he spent three months out of school and "learned a lot."

"I had my twelfth birthday on the *Arcturus* down on the equator," says David. "Mother and I joined the *Arcturus* at Panama. We spent nearly three months in the Pacific Ocean studying sea life and visiting seven uninhabited desert islands. I promised Dad to write a little story about it all. He told me to try to tell what we did and what I saw just like fellows telling each other about their adventures. When I got back we made this little book out of what I wrote most every day on the boat. . . . The writing took quite a long time, and I think being a naturalist would be more fun than being a writer. Anyway my stories help me remember the fun we had on the *Arcturus*."

How faithfully David kept his promise from day to day readers of his book will quickly discover for themselves. The amazing thing is the simplicity and absolute naturalness of the performance by a lively twelve-year-old boy placed in such unusual circumstances.

Reading the book in galleys before I had seen the pictures or read William Beebe's foreword—before I had had the good fortune to meet David himself—I was impressed by the clarity of the text, the sound judgment registered in the selection of incident and observation and by the personality of the boy behind it. A very real American boy with a fun-loving nature as well as a keen interest in birds and fishes, volcanoes and desert islands looks out from the printed page no less surely than from his photographs taken with the albatross, with "Pinkie" the penguin, holding the land lizard by the tail, in diving helmet, or as pirate with cutlass, at his own birthday party.

David has not written what boys and girls scornfully call "one of those *I* books." His use of the first person is casual, not persistent, and right there he scores his first victory as a writer for children and established his claim to a place of his own in the *Arcturus* expedition of 1925.

Whether David becomes a naturalist or not he has proved that a twelve-year-old boy may go along on such an expedition to the pleasure and profit of all concerned if he first learns how to take care of himself and to keep on learning by seeking and doing things himself. The gift of his companionship both on the expedition and in his book is David's unique contribution to the study of oceanography, and I venture to predict that his little book will outlive many a pretentious scientific volume and that it will be found as often in the hands of grown-ups as of children to their profit and pleasure.

"Whenever as a boy," writes William Beebe in Galapagos, "I read a book of exploration and adventure I often wished that the author would for a chapter

neglect the startling, ignore the high lights, the crisis of some mighty effort or the thrilling dangers which either pass me by or are too soon forgotten to transcribe.

"I wanted the tale of an ordinary day."

It is a tale of the ordinary day that David tells as he crosses and recrosses the equator twenty-one times. "Lots of times right on the equator it was cool enough to be comfortable wearing a sweater," he says, and right then and there he has our attention and holds it to the end.

We were not surprised to learn that he did not find much time to read. "The only book I read through was 'Ivanhoe,' " he says, and he mentions, I think, only two other books—Darwin's Cruise of the 'Beagle' which his mother read aloud to him on shipboard, and "Galapagos, World's End," from which he retells the story of "The Shipwrecked Taxi Driver" in his own words. "I read it," he says, "long before I ever thought there would be a chance of my really seeing the islands myself. It is about the most interesting adventure story you could imagine." And to this all boys who have read the story will agree.

That David enjoys reading in its own good time and place I learned by casual inquiry. The books he likes best—"Treasure Island," "The Swiss Family Robinson" (better than "Robinson Crusoe." he says), "Mysterious Island," "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn" and others he has read four and five, or more, times and they have done their work upon him no less surely because it lies below the surface and seems too much a part of life to talk about.

"How do you like being an author?" I was moved to ask in the presence of his publisher.

"I think it's terrible," came the instant reply with a jovial grin for both of us.

"Have you read your own book?"

"Not on your life since I got through writing it," was David's refreshing reply.

Life, it would seem, holds far more interesting prospects for David than any book he may write. His book is already an incident. The reality lies in the experience which made it possible, and as I am inclined to think David will always see it in its true perspective, so I think the boys and girls who read his story will picture David Putnam not as writing books but as climbing strange cliffs for birds' eggs, swimming, diving and looking for treasure in school or out.

KING PENGUIN, A LEGEND OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLES

By RICHARD HENRY HORNE

Rediscovered and introduced by

FRANCES MARGARET FOX

Illustrated by JAMES DAUGHERTY

IT is a royal tale of penguins, shipwrecked sailors and an awakened conscience that lives again in one of the new volumes of the Little Library. Frances Margaret Fox has rescued it from the oblivion of Howitt's Journal, 1848, and placed it beside the author's "Memoirs of a London Doll" with an introduction to remind us of the unique personality of Richard Henry Horne, poet, dramatist and voyager on many seas.

The King of the Penguins is such a story as only one who has long sailed the seas of life and experienced shipwreck of many kinds could have conceived.

Percy Johnstone, the book-loving son of the opulent English merchant who longed to go to sea until he got there and discovered too late that he didn't like it at all, is shipwrecked and welcomed by King Penguin and his people to their island, where they treat him with generous hospitality. Percy escapes from the island of the Penguins, but basely betrays its King and carries him off a captive to the Island of Waibou. There he is made "Lord Percy"

and surrounded by every luxury, but in spite of the gay life he leads his conscience will not let him rest until he restores King Penguin to his people.

A subtle association with Hans Andersen's story of "The Ugly Duckling" is suggested by the note appended to the story when first published: "It may not be an ungraceful opportunity to confess to Mrs. Howitt and the readers of Howitt's Journal that this is by no means my first appearance as a writer of stories for children and that a variety of Mr. Cundall's publications have my hand in them. It was a great pleasure to me to tell this to Hans Christian Andersen when he was in England; and he exhorted me to read his 'Ugly Duck,' of which he seemed more proud than of any of his longer works.—H. R. H."

BOYS' BOOKS

SNAKE GOLD

By HERVEY WHITE

THE CRUISE OF THE CACHALOT

By FRANK T. BULLEN

Illustrated by MEAD SCHAEFFER

Reviewed by HENRY BESTON

DURING the summer it came to be my task to read over a large number of "boys' books" and I remember thinking over, as I read, the various boy heroes of the stories. To the critical sense the interesting thing about these lads was that they were all the same boy. Dashing young Tom carrying the ball for dear old Dingley Dell; Edward, the boy prospector in the Rockies, and John, the sea-scout, were somehow or other all the same pattern boy—one could have interchanged the heroes of the various tales and been conscious of no injury to the narrative. Not the least of the many virtues of "Snake Gold" is the fact that it breaks away from the composite boys'-book boy and gives us a hero who has character and individuality. "Don Clinto," the orphan lad growing up on the great Mexican ranch, is more than this, however; he is likable, friendly, gentle, with a boy's occasional shy gentleness, courageous and imaginative—altogether a fine youngster.

Such is the lad whom Mr. White places in a Mexican atmosphere full of color and adventure. The white-hot Mexican sun is in these pages, the shadows of cacti on gravelly deserts, the silence of the tawny Mexican mountains which have so strange an air of being the last strongholds of gods under eclipse. The story of the book concerns itself with Don Clinto's search for an Aztec treasure.

I read this book immediately after its publication; I read it again just before writing this review, and more than ever does it seem to me one of the finest boys' books yet written by an American. It is the work of an artist, it has beauty and distinction of style; the story it tells is romantic and moving, and its protagonists are living flesh and blood. Those who wish to encourage writing of distinction addressed to young people will do well to give this book every possible friendly aid.

One of the most singular obsessions of our own time is its interest in whaling. By twos and threes, coming from every publisher and from many a minor press, books about whaling are forming ranks on the booksellers' shelves, and all over the land the stay-at-homes are brandishing harpoons. It is a craze which makes the professional sailor regard landsmen more than ever as a race apart, for the whaling tradition which the sailor retains, is that of a barbarous industry carried on by lubbers brutalized by hard-boiled officers and a hard-boiled and grewsome trade.

After spending fifteen months aboard the whaler *Acushnet,* Herman Melville had this to say of his whaler mates: "With very few exceptions our crew was composed of a parcel of dastardly and mean-spirited wretches." And here, in the very book under

discussion, the author says in the first chapter: "I realized I was booked for the sailor's horror—a cruise in a whaler."

As a sometime seaman, acquainted with the traditional seagoing attitude, I have often wondered what made the whaling legend and kept it afloat. Its appeal to the primitive instinct, never buried very deep, of hunting and killing? Its possibilities of picturesque melodrama? Its flavor of the sea?

The best general answer I know of is to be found in this always readable book. Should you wish romance and islands ringed with foam here they are; if you want the sea and storms and the sound of wind in the rigging here they are; if you want Leviathan hunted and butchered up here are pursuits and "flurrying" deaths, the glow of tryworks by night and a reek of soap works' smoke rolling off thick and greasy to the mid-Pacific stars. This "Cruise of the Cachalot" is the most decent, the least brutal of the whaling yarns. The *Cachalot* was really something of a ship and her officers and crew recognizable human beings. Moreover, the tone and atmosphere of the book is genuinely "salty," for Mr. Bullen was a sailor before he signed on as a whaler, and this true sailor "saltiness" is a unique quality in whaling tales.

I have a quarrel, however, with Mr. Mead Schaeffer, the illustrator. Why does he paint Negroes and brazenly pass them off as South Sea Islanders, as "Kanakas?" In his illustrations to "Melville's Moby Dick" his Queequeg is simply a strapping American "darkey," and in this book he gives us a handful of black, bullet-headed, broad-nosed Georgia field hands as Futuna Islanders. This is rather a pity, for the

illustrations are imaginative and dramatic. Has Mr. Schaeffer never seen a Kanaka? Let him copy, then, some faces and figures from a "Geographic Magazine." The Negro model business is getting just a little tiresome.

NEW PICTURES FOR MOBY DICK

THERE is seagoing freshness, variety and imaginative quality in the many drawings of Rowland Hilder for a new edition of "Moby Dick," abridged by A. E. W. Blake. "In its original form," says the editor, " 'Moby Dick' contains a vast amount of digression, soliloquy and technical detail which spin out the narrative to excessive length. I have endeavored to cut out the less interesting passages and, at the same time, to retain the rare savour of the story. May the shade of Herman Melville forgive me the liberty I have taken!" Mr. Blake's cutting has been well done, nothing essential to the movement of the story has been left out. Pictorially I like it better for boys than any edition I have seen because of the delightful touches for the further illumination of the story. One feels that the artist has not only read the book, but has absorbed the atmosphere of it, keeping essential outlines, whether of seafaring men or ships, sharp and clear. There is never any doubt of what these pictures are saying and one does not leave them inside the closed covers of the book. One remembers them. The Owls were torn by conflicting desires when forced to make a choice of pictures for their page. They resisted both the gorgeous ship of the end papers and the "Ivory Pequod" of the colored frontispiece. They do wish, however, that the typography was freer. The page is too tight set for easy reading. This is a grave defect in the reprinting of any classic.

Illustration by Rowland Hilder for Moby Dick

WHERE FACT AND FANCY MEET

MY LIFE WITH THE ESKIMOS

By VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

Illustrated. New and abridged edition

Reviewed by CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER

THE story Stefansson tells is one of those enthralling romances of fact such as only explorers can give us when they are also good writers. This inexpensive edition—omitting scientific detail but containing new material about that fascinating Arctic mystery, the Blond Eskimos—is an answer to the modern demand, which is increasing in the juvenile as well as the adult field, for truth as the basis of fancy. Influences immediately at work to stir this demand from young readers are the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts and Camp Fire organizations and the outdoor study classes of numerous schools. On their woodland hikes young people are learning absorbing facts about wild earth, which enrich their play as well as their study hours. They are discovering the pleasure of photographing forest creatures instead of killing them. They play Indians with more zest, now that they know how an Indian made camp. And the shy lady's-slipper, dancing to the wind's rhythm on the cool green sod, is not less lovely because they no longer believe it to be a fairy's shoe.

All this does not mean that the elves are dead. Far from it. Like the Northern Lights—the Dancing

of the Souls, as the Crees say—the elves have their bright particular function to perform in a world they do not inhabit. So far from threatening romance, this training in observation of nature floods the imagination from new sources. It stimulates not only the intelligence but the æsthetic sense, since appreciation of beauty is an outgrowth of true perceptions. If we agree that a photographer is the ethical superior of an assassin, we admit that it also improves the moral nature! It gives impetus to good citizenship as well as to sound reading. Gathering, as pleasant lore, the nature lessons which frontier children learn, of necessity, for self-preservation, the young folk begin naturally to read about frontier life; where Americans first worked out in practice the principles which they afterward wrote into the Constitution. Acquaintance with wild animals and with so-called "savages," gained on forest hikes and from such books as Stefansson's "My Life With the Eskimos" and Rasmussen's "Across Arctic America," cultivates the spiritual quality of compassion, which—by tending to free us of self-complacency and intolerance—makes toward understanding of all races and cultures. Doubtless any one who thinks about the growing demand for romance which is true—and for truth which imagination as well as reason can respond to—speculates about the general cause back of such minor influences as I have mentioned, and dates its beginning. While assigning causes may be, at best, loose thinking and, no doubt, most dates are wrong, I choose to discover the motive force at Kitty Hawk in 1903, when the Wright brothers flew. Fact and Fancy met in a vaster realm than either had dwelt in before, when men at last entered the air successfully on wings of their own

making; and, as with all great and significant achievements, imagination was the pioneer, the explorer of the way. Their meeting shattered many of the limitations in which convention had held both, and held them apart. The Wrights did something more for the world than give it a science of aeronautics; something different and quite as valuable.

In reading "My Life With the Eskimos" boys and girls will follow a great imagination to the discovery of new and exciting facts. The peak of interest, for me, rises when Stefansson reaches the Stone Age people in Coronation Gulf. These are the people he named Copper Eskimos. Popular fancy has insisted on calling them Blond Eskimos. He found them using the weapons of prehistoric times. They had apparently no legends, even, about contact with another race. Yet they were marked with European traits. Looking at their blond white visitor, they thought him an Eskimo from the west coast of Victoria Island, to the north of them, where, they said, there were more men with gray, or greenish eyes and reddish beards than in their own village. And, looking at them, Stefansson saw himself faced by an important scientific problem—why these people looked so much more European than other Eskimos.

These mysterious folk also are described in "Across Arctic America," by Knud Rasmussen. Stefansson has called Rasmussen "the strange and, in several respects, great man whom scientists would bracket with Nansen at the head of the list of polar explorers." All through "Across Arctic America" Rasmussen is meeting wonderful people. He is living their life, hearing their songs and stories, and feeling himself one of them because his large-heartedness, his com-

passion, makes him their kin. The journey he describes took three and a half years. It ranged from northern Greenland along the top of the world to Alaska and Siberia. He covered, perhaps, twenty thousand miles by dog-sledge on his zigzag route among the scattered villages.

After Rasmussen's book young readers can go to Nansen's account of his first voyage as a youth, "Hunting and Adventure in the Arctic," and thence to his "Farthest North." And I recommend to them Stefansson's major work, "The Friendly Arctic." They can skip the science! What remains is a more thrilling adventure story than any fiction writer can invent. It records the discoveries of a man who, disregarding the wiseacres' cry of "Fool" and "Madman," dared to follow his imagination far out on the ice of the polar sea. There, too, imagination entered a new realm and met fact. The result is a new Arctic region for science and commerce to study, and for aviators to fly over—the friendly Arctic. For light reading, there are Stefansson's account of his first year in the Arctic, "Hunters of the Great North," and the entertaining fiction "Kak" and "The Mountain of Jade," which Violet Irwin has based on Stefansson's explorations. I have no hesitation in urging on both girls and boys in the middle 'teens the type of reading I preferred at that age.

The authors of these books do not work up fictitious thrills over shooting a walrus or a polar bear. The only hunting they describe in detail is seal hunting by Eskimo methods, because that is interesting and requires intelligence. They never pretend that there is anything in the least exciting about shooting a sleeping walrus, or an unsuspecting bear. They know that

the only "heroic" or "dangerous" bear hunting was done long ago by the natives, before white men's weapons had come into their country. In those days the expert Eskimo hunter often killed his bear with a knife, in what might pretty justly be called hand-to-hand conflict. *That* was brave hunting! But, as Stefansson says, "What chance has a bear against a man with a rifle?" Rasmussen, Stefansson and Nansen are wholesome mental comrades. Like the young Lindbergh, they seek attention for their important discoveries and their ideas, not for themselves. From them boys and girls will quickly learn to appraise the literature of bunk which begins to flood the field now that the great, the daring and imaginative pioneers have shown men of very different caliber that they can go safely enough by boat the first lap of the long, long way toward Farthest North. It is vital for youth—with its beautiful enthusiasm for brave men and splendid deeds—to know whether it is hearing the accents of sincerity, describing *significant* feats, or the deep baying of the publicity hound.

WHALING DAYS IN NANTUCKET

FATHER'S GONE A-WHALING

By ALICE CUSHING GARDINER
and NANCY CABOT OSBORNE
Illustrated by ERICK BERRY
Reviewed by LEONORE ST. JOHN POWER

JOEL BANKS, hauled ashore from the wrecked Santa Theresa, made himself useful in Captain Macy's house in Nantucket some hundred years ago. In the week he was there drying out from his experiences he made a picket fence, whitewashed the shed, peeled potatoes, whittled a trim schooner out of apple wood and in his off moments filled young Peter Macy with sailors' yarns gathered in the ports of Pernambuco and the islands of the Pacific. "You see," this Joel would begin, "the pirate 'd draw a map o' the place and put a big black cross to show where the box was, an' he'd keep it in his chest, and some day he'd get killed in a fight, like Black Beard, or hung from the gallers, like Cap'n Kidd, and someone else'd find the paper. Then off he'd go, followin' the directions, and he'd dig and there'd be the treasure. Gold, rows o' gold—English gold or Spanish gold." Joel steps into "Father's Gone A-Whaling" in the midst of a storm—just the storm for a shipwreck—with the surf roaring and sending spray up on the wharves and the seafaring families of Nantucket all down on the beach with ropes and blankets and hot

coffee, and he steps out again amid ropes of pearls and diamonds and the heartfelt declaration that "Joel Banks won't never forget Nantucket."

"Father's Gone A-Whaling" is a book that goes back a hundred years or so and recreates the Nantucket of old when families rushed up to the walks on the roofs of their houses and watched the whalers making port after three years in foreign waters. The authors drew upon the Nantucket people of to-day whose fathers and grandfathers were the captains and harpooners of these ships for much of the material for the story, as well as upon old newspapers, letters and log books. It is real stuff, sympathetically and appreciatively handled. They know Nantucket, these authors, and give a genuine touch to the story by using the names of actual old Nantucket families—the Macys, the Coffins, the Chases, the Pitmans, Aaron Perry, the apothecary and the children, Peleg, Obed and Betsy. The old country houses, the wharves, Orange Street, State Street, the shops, the Nantucket carts bumping over the cobble stones, the little girls and boys picking beach plums on the North Shore and going on picnics to 'Sconset—a bluff that looked over the ocean straight to Spain and Portugal—will delight anyone who has gone to New Bedford and shipped for Nantucket.

Though whales are the cause of this story and, through Captain Zebb, lend many a thrill, they are sufficiently in the background to allow for many other excitements. The sheep shearing, for instance, is something to linger over and enjoy to the full. Every year on the second Monday in June all the Nantucket sheep were driven into pens beside Miacomet Pond for shearing. Everyone on the island had a holiday

and went out to see the fun. Some took lunch in huge baskets and others bought it at the booths and tents set up for the occasion. Great rounds of beef, loaves of cake with thick frosting, dishes of candied fruits and jugs of ginger pop helped to make the holiday a memorable one. Outside the tents on platforms fiddlers played lively jigs while the crowds roared with laughter at the antics of some sailors dancing away for dear life on a plank.

"Thar she blows! Thar she blows! Thar she blows and breaches!" is the background of Nantucket. On the wharves are still to be found old sailors who just naturally start conversation with—"I'd been told off to go in Jim Hardy's boat, so I was over the side an' in my place before you could say 'knife!' Jim Hardy was the harpooner and a mighty fine one he was—I believe he had as many whales to his credit as any man out of Nantucket. Then there was Benjamin Hobbs who stood in the stern with a long oar, steering, and four more of us to row, or bail, or manage the sail and be useful all around. Our whale was a little way from the ship—great big feller he was—headed away from us, an' no more thinking of any harm than you are this minute. Jim stood up in the bow with his harpoon all ready——

"Well, there lay the whale, real quiet, and there was we creeping up behind him, when up went Jim's arm, and whiz went the harpoon with the line hissing through the air, and sunk its iron point about a foot into the whale's flank. With a terrible jumping and splashing and churning of the water, away he went, with the line humming out of the tubs and all hands unshipping the mast and bailing for dear life."

In characterizing the book I shall call it the

chronicle of a sea-faring man's home. The children are very natural in their surroundings, everybody is interested in everything that goes on and the reader is taken into the family and longs to join them on the "captain's walk" when the end of the story is reached and news comes that Captain Macy's ship, the *Empress,* has been "spoken off Charleston, bearing north." Erick Berry's pictures play a very definite part in creating this impression. There is a vigor and an imaginative quality in them which is lacking in the text. Good as the essential content of the book is, however, there is a primness in the style and a lack of skill in handling the characters that would discourage boys and girls, too young perhaps for "Moby Dick," but never too young for convincing character and dramatic form.

A NANTUCKET GIRL'S STORY

DOWNRIGHT DENCEY

By CAROLINE DALE SNEDEKER

With illustrations by MAGINEL WRIGHT BARNEY

"WHEN the white fire of New England life sprang up along the Massachusetts coast a spark of it blew far out to sea and became—Nantucket.

"Here was to be seen, as in a diminishing glass, a tiny New England, delicately outlined—intensified—in a word, islanded. Here were the New England character and hardihood, its God-fearing and mental eagerness, yet all sensitively changed, individualized, so that they became Nantucket and no other. Instead of the stony fields of New England, the Nantuckers plowed the wide ocean . . . and their harvest was gathered from pole to pole. By its industry this low sandy island, eighteen miles long, produced enough whale oil to light half the cities of the world, including London."

Against a well-assimilated background of Nantucket life of a hundred years ago Mrs. Snedeker has told a fresh human story of exceptional interest to

growing girls and their mothers. Aunt Lovesta and Lydia Coffyn, mother of Dencey, are as living characters as the impulsive warm-hearted little Quaker girl who, having thrown the stone which hurt Jetsam, the friendless boy, follows him out upon the commons seeking forgiveness and becomes his stanch friend and companion, secretly teaching him to read from her own treasured "Pilgrim's Progress." Many times in the course of the story does she run away, not only to teach Sam Jetsam, but to feed and clothe his starved body as well as his hungry mind.

Then one day comes Professor Sylvanus Snubshoe with his "rope-dancing, wire-walking and 100 deceptions"—a ventriloquist who "possesses by nature the power of causing a voice to be heard in all parts of the room and closets. He causes the voice of a child to be heard in a tea pot, and exclaims 'Let me out, let me out, or I shall smother!' The same voice will be heard in any gentleman's snuffbox or lady's thimble. Mr. Snubshoe will throw his voice into a codfish which will immediately make a noise like that of a hog. He will cause an oyster to imitate a number of birds."

While Dencey and Sam Jetsam are reveling in the promises of this enchanting poster comes Aunt Susanna Severance, clerk of the women's meeting, who engages in a spirited dialogue with the showman himself and tells him the sinful show must be broken up.

Dencey's own desire to see and hear the promised wonders died at first sight of the "horrible professor." Not so Sam Jetsam's. He went to see the show that very night and laughed till he got a stitch in his side. Next day he tells Dencey he is going with the professor—"off-island—to the Continent. Mebbe to Bos-

ton. I'm goin' to help him with the show. He's hired me—for wages."

Then indeed is poor Dencey in sore distress. "Oh, Jetsam, don't think it was funny. Think of thy soul. People that go to vain shows and pastimes, they go to hell."

Determined to save the boy from the horrors of hell at any cost to herself Dencey pins a note to her mother's pincushion saying, "I'm 'under concern' for Sammy Jetsam and have gone out to find him," and rushes out on the commons in a blinding snow-storm. Hours later she is found and rescued by the boy she sought to save and Sam Jetsam's life is saved in turn by the devoted nursing of Dencey's mother. On his recovery from lung fever he stays on as a member of this hospitable household and is admitted first to the Coffyn School, the Royal School of Nantucket, along with other children and later becomes a Quaker and ships as cabin boy on a whaler bound for a five-years' voyage to the Southern Pacific.

"In naming the characters of this story," says Mrs. Snedeker, "I have chosen real Nantucket surnames with fictitious Christian names. All the characters are fictitious, although I have given to one of them a historical Nantucket experience." One may well add that Mrs. Snedeker has also given a breath of life to her characters which is as rare as it is to be desired in recreating a period of life anywhere, whether it be Greece or New England.

The secret of Caroline Dale Snedeker's appeal as a writer in this field is to be found in an intimate and delightful letter, "How 'The Spartan' and 'Theras' Grew," published in "The Horn Book."

Mrs. Snedeker was born, it appears, in the village of New Harmony, Indiana. The family moved to Mount Vernon when she was but a few months old. "Perhaps the strongest influence of my childhood (that is, except my father and mother) was my New Harmony. I felt it to be *mine,* for had not my great grandfather, Robert Owen, owned the entire town? Young as I was I think I really sensed the idealism of Robert Owen's social experiment there. I was intensely proud that the town had been founded not for gain but for the 'good of humanity.'

"To go there, driving slowly over the fifteen miles with my father in the little buggy, was always a pilgrimage. I would thrill with an unearthly anticipation at each nearer turn of the road. At Harmony were books, pictures, a public library, my wonderful old uncle, Richard Owen, who studied earthquakes and had a room filled with strange apparatus and geological specimens. The history of the town fascinated me. It had been built by the religious sect of *Rappites,* Germans who had built the houses of brick in the quaint old world fashion. This was the town which Robert Owen bought. The *Rappites,* at the command of their autocratic leader, left the town all in a single day.

It is this sure sense and love of her own native village that informs and contributes to Mrs. Snedeker's three fine stories of ancient Greece—"The Spartan," "Theras and His Town," and "The Perilous Seat" no less definitely than do the authentic Greek sources which she absorbed over a long period of years. There is no vagueness or uncertainty in her mind when she deals with place or character, be it Athens, Sparta, Delphi or Nantucket, Greek or Quaker, it is a living human being with whom she is in sympathetic touch.

"Downright Dencey" is a signal contribution to books for girls of a new order. It is even a book that many boys will read with pleasure and profit if wisely introduced.

Maginel Wright Barney's drawings should have had more space and more effective reproduction to do their full part in this fine picture of Nantucket life.

SILVER SWORDS AND WHITE FIRE

IT is not often that a contemporary writer of girls' books traces the motivating impulse of her own work so definitely to a given source as does Mary Constance Du Bois in her spontaneous tribute to Charlotte M. Yonge.

"Had I not imagined myself in little girlhood saving King Charles's baby daughter, 'Elinor Arden' would probably never have been written," says Miss Du Bois of her own first story, "Elinor Arden, Royalist," published in "St. Nicholas" in 1904, and illustrated by Wladislaw Benda, then just becoming known as an illustrator. It is a thousand pities that these illustrations so delightful in the magazines should have been so poorly reproduced in the book itself as to give it no distinctive place among children's books of the period.

Five years later The Century Company published "The Lass of the Silver Sword," followed by its sequel, "The League of the Signet Ring" (1909-10). These were among the first stories of schoolgirl life at an unorganized summer camp—a camp in which boys appear in their own natural habit rather than as aliens and outlaws. The books are still the general favorites among Miss Du Bois' stories, although "White Fire" (1923) a story of the *Gaspee's* movements in Narragansett Bay in the 1770's is truer to her avowed interest

in making characters and incidents in history a part of the living present.

"Girls of Old Glory" and "Comrade Rosalie," published during the War, complete the six volumes of Miss Du Bois' work to date, but the Owls are glad to learn that this writer who "never could compose sitting still," but from the age of five "danced about dictating stories and rhymes" and later stories without rhymes, is at work upon another book in the full belief that girls do like history if it is humanly related to the drama of their own daily lives and that the impulse to recreate must be fed by the essential truths of fiction as well as of fact.

Miss Du Bois will strengthen her future work materially by resisting the impulse to "show the process" of any remolding of her characters. To keep them alive in terms of the more objective life of girls of the present is in itself a worthy aim and a challenge to the skill of an experienced writer.

DO GIRLS LIKE HISTORY?

By MARY CONSTANCE DU BOIS

WAS it the Normans or the Indians and French Huguenots who first invaded my small world and took me captive? It matters little, so soon did one conquest follow the other; so I'll toss the honors to William Longsword's son and his hardy vassals. I think of myself as about seven at the time that my mother began to read to me out of a little book clad in a once crimson dress faded to dull pink-brown. Dear Miss Yonge! Why were your brain children clothed like asylum orphans? But never mind their unbecoming garb: it was the living quality of their characters that was to set the mold, direct the bent of my inner life, and thereby to form a preface to the book of my own destiny. First on the list comes that small pinky-brown volume bearing a title as glorious as its cover was forlorn—"Richard the Fearless." My mother began to read; and the Norman Invasion of American virgin soil, the realm of my childish imagination, marked a new epoch in my life—the 1066 of my juvenile chronology.

"Richard the Fearless"—mind you, it was by that name I knew and loved him. He has returned to us as "The Little Duke." This alternate title left me coldly indifferent in childhood. It had no drawing power. But the "Fearless!" That word pulled me like a magnet. And the boy Richard had really lived, while my adored Perseus and Bellerophon were, after

all, only "such stuff as dreams are made on." It is not enough, though, to know that your hero has truly existed and been courageous. You must live beside him, share his thoughts and adventures, witness his valor. You must breathe the air he breathes and build yourself a home in his Wonder World of the Past. This I was enabled to do through the medium of Charlotte M. Yonge. She whisked me out of my own century and dropped me down into the tenth, making me feel as much at home there as if I had been reared by Richard's own Fru Astrida. Learning about Normans and Franks and roving vikings, I learned as well things that help to build up character—saw the noble and the mean, the wrong road and the right one, set forth in clean-cut contrast. Felt resentment against the Abbot of Jumièges for cutting short my Richard's vow of vengeance on his father's murderer. I could not bear to have my hero reproved. But in the end, I saw the traitor Arnulf kneel, an aged suppliant for mercy, at the feet of the duke, a gray-haired man by that time, and watched vengeance take the form of complete forgiveness. Deep into the heart of a little girl, who never could stand being preached at, sank the lesson of the coals of fire, the beauty of forgiving.

Two years ago in Normandy, why was I so ardent a pilgrim to the ruined Abbey of Jumièges? Abbot Martin and Boy Duke Richard, it was for your sake.

I know I was only seven when Dame History, with Romance at her elbow, let slip the dogs of war, her oriflamme not Navarre's white plume but Kirk Munroe's "Flamingo Feather," and the French of Fort Caroline and the Florida Red Men swarmed over my mental territory. The magazine that introduced me to the scion of the noble *seigneurs* and the son of the Indian

chief offered me at the same time the fairy tale of "The Captive Queen." I scorned to follow it to the end. Righteous indignation seized me for the children whose letters proclaimed it their favorite. How could any self-respecting seven-year-old stoop to fairies, when given a chance to go canoeing, hunting, adventuring, braving outlaw Seminoles, with René, de Vaux and Hassee the Sunbeam! Those wholesome boy heroes filled my heart to the exclusion of all competitors, but Hassee occupied the warmest corner, and his influence abides with me to this day. He has not ceased to plead for his race, praying me to believe in it, to demand justice for it. Back to Hassee the Sunbeam I trace my love for the Indians, my espousal of their cause.

But to return to Charlotte of the fertile pen. Two summers more and Miss Yonge resumed her reign. "The Lances of Lynwood" came charging down upon me. I surrendered unconditionally. In short, "The Lances" were responsible for more than half the ponderous name beneath the weight of which my pet kitten sank to an early tomb—"Velvet-William Wallace-Bertrand du Guesclin-Blanc Etoile-Brigliador-Chateau Norbelle Du Bois!" When in after years I met the Black Prince (in effigy) at Canterbury he looked just as I remembered him. He hadn't aged a day. I could have hugged him! Good old pal—I mean paladin—what fine sport we had campaigning together when I was nine and you were knighting Eustace Lynwood on the field of Navarete!

"Ivanhoe," "The Caged Lion," "The Dove in the Eagle's Nest"—in each of these I drank in the atmosphere of the past and throve on it as on sea breezes or mountain air. "Who is your favorite character in fiction?" demanded our family character album. My

heart full of the gentle German dove and her twin eaglets, I wrote down loyally Christina and sons. If ever I visit Ulm it will be like coming back to the old home town. I shall search for Master Gottfried's fine carvings in the choir of the Dome Kirk and the route by which Kaiser Max steeplejacked up the tower. I shall need no guide, even if I leave the city to seek the debatable ford. You see, I lived in Ulm once and in the eagle's ærie, too—with "Christina and Sons."

"The Blue Dragon," by some other author, dealing with a mystery play and the Black Death in Old Chester exercised over me, however, an almost uncanny power. As to the Caged Lion's daughters, "Two Penniless Princesses," they gave me some of my happiest moments and some of my most despondent, too. I can feel now the desolating hopelessness, the pain of a longing never to be satisfied that were mine because I could not find myself actually standing in the gray-walled turret chamber of a feudal castle, the bracing wind of Scotland blowing in through the unglazed windows and ahead of me romantic adventure, such as their royal highnesses met in the realms of chivalry.

In "Unknown to History," "A Reputed Changling" and Howard Pyle's "Men of Iron" I heard the compelling voice of the long ago calling me. But oh, the summer that I was thirteen and read—no, *lived*—"The Chaplet of Pearls!"

The next school year brought the study of English history first, then of French. Daringly I played my part in the conflict between the Cavaliers and Roundheads. It was not Lady Dalkeith, but Mary Constance who carried off King Charles's baby daughter in disguise to France. MacDonald's "St. George and St. Michael" became the book of books, the fountain whence I drew

inspiration for self-invented scenes of romance. But the glory of the Cavaliers paled before the tragic splendor of the French Revolution.

At Christmas I had begged for and received Guizot's History of France—eight volumes. Don't ask me if I read it *all.* I was merely questing for choice materials out of which to mold my heroes and heroines and their lively fortunes. In the spring, as I trudged home from school, people must have wondered at my look of supreme beatitude. The cause? I was being guillotined. "A Courtier of Misfortune," white-robed and every inch a daughter of the *noblesse,* I mounted the scaffold without a tremor. Did I smile in my sleep, too? Each night I dreamed that I was to be beheaded. How aggrieved I felt, how defrauded of my rights, because I invariably awoke before the knife descended! No wonder I had dreams, living on a diet of "A Tale of Two Cities," the life of Marie Antoinette, and "Prison Journals" by the Duchesse de Duras, a survivor of the Terror! No wonder the basement of my grandmother's house bears a hallowed memory! It was there that I was put under arrest.

"Lorna Doone" was my next love, yet the French Revolution had cast a spell never to be broken. It promises to last as long as I.

Joy in historic romance has proved the mother of delight in the study of historic fact, but back of them both I find Miss Yonge. Was she too ardent a hero worshiper, too hot a partisan, to be a strictly accurate guide? Her mission was not to vivisect the Flowers of Chivalry, but to kindle a love of the olden time sufficient to send her readers forth, like knights errant, to do their own exploring in the World of the Long Ago. Well she knew that youth must have its ideals and ac-

cepts no compromises. It will never be content with half a hero or a miserable one-third of a villain.

As to our later disillusionments, it may give one a shock to learn that the Black Prince was really somewhat of a butcher, and genial, lovable King Harry V, Miss Yonge's favorite and Shakespeare's, a greedy land-grabber, who could wreak cruel vengeance on occasion. Still our early heroes played their rôles gallantly as long as we needed them on the stage. Better, far better, to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.

HOLIDAY ANNUALS

NUMBER Four Joy Street is a reminder that four exceptionally attractive volumes (from the standpoint of external make-up) of stories and verse by more or less well-known contemporary English writers have been published in as many years, to be acclaimed at once by parents already familiar with the novels, the poetry or the drama of the writers.

"Is it not time," asks a regular reader of "The Three Owls," "to appraise the new annuals in terms of their direct appeal to children? How well liked are the stories as stories? Do the illustrations make any special appeal? How eagerly are the books sought as books by children who have not received them as Christmas gifts? Does the gay holiday make-up stand the test of round-the-year?"

Both from reading of the stories and verse and by observation of children's voluntary unaided choice among books, I would say that the Joy Street idea has a stronger appeal to a certain type of adult mind than to a child.

"Let joy be unconfined" rather than limited to a numbered street. I find myself a good deal bored by Joy Street, just as one is bored by insistence upon happiness. There is not enough variety and flavor in the volumes, and they are undistinguished by editorial skill in the selection and arrangement. Indeed, the volumes are not credited with any editorship at all—a serious defect—but are attributed to an outstanding contributor

or group of contributors who are responsible solely for their own contributions.

Lady Cynthia Asquith's "The Flying Carpet" and "The Treasure Ship," while again obviously made more for grown-up writers than for child readers, do bear the accredited stamp of an editor who is exercising her personal taste in selection. Now and then an honest-to-goodness story from a child's standpoint is admitted. Lady Cynthia's own stories are not very good —not good enough to stand alone outside such a volume. Which of all the stories and verses are good enough to stand alone? This is a good question to put to yourself as you turn the pages of "Number Four Joy Street." Looking behind the names of distinguished English contributors with a group of active-minded American children becomes an interesting game of hide-and-seek, and I gravely question whether the reputations of the writers will be enhanced by early discovery of pallid creations in verse or prose.

"Everything possible has been done to make 'Number Four Joy Street' the best so far," says the cover jacket. Everything, one might add, except to include a new and life-giving motif for such collections. The most stimulating contribution for grown-ups, rather than for children, is Laurence Housman's "Etheldrinda's Fairy," with its amusing reconciliation of scientific experiment with a belief in fairies. It is a dead fairy that Professor Trimmit produces out of "the concentrated essence of the fairy tales of the Brothers Grimm, Hans Andersen, 'The Blue Fairy Book' of Andrew Lang, 'The Golden Bough,' certain modern fairy tales, a large collection of Irish plays and poems, the official story of the origin of the late war and other books full of wondrous statements unsupported by fact."

The professor loses interest when the fairy fails to come alive, and one day when his small daughter, Etheldrinda, comes asking to be amused he gives it to her saying: "There, there! run along and play with that! It's a fairy, and if it comes to life it will do anything for you that you wish."

What follows constitutes not only Mr. Housman's clever story but suggests a sea change from Joy Street to writers and artists who have taken lodgings there. The numbered houses are too much alike. They bear the stamp of the same interior decorator.

MR. EDWARD BEAR: HIS BOOK

WINNIE-THE-POOH

By A. A. MILNE

With decorations by ERNEST H. SHEPARD

Reviewed by MARCIA DALPHIN

IT is two years ago—that November day in 1924—when the reading world, happening to pick up in the shops a little red book entitled "When We Were Very Young," sampled a page, rubbed its eyes, read a little further, and then without more ado reached out and took A. A. Milne gently but with unmistakable firmness to its capacious breast. There it has held him ever since. But while it is a fond heart that beats there, there is such a thing as waistcoat buttons sticking into one, and it must be rather exhausting, not to mention warm in summer, something like being in the perpetual embrace of Mr. Edward Bear. Is Mr. Milne perhaps trying to ransom himself when he offers us a new Christopher Robin book?

Out of a sedate looking little green and gold book steps Winnie-the-Pooh, bashful and a bit out of breath (because of Stoutness), to make his bow to a waiting

world. Winnie-the-Pooh is the name that Christopher Robin gave to Edward Bear when he demanded an exciting one all to himself, and of course when we stop to think of it we can all see that it is one of those indisputably right things. Mr. Milne says that the nicest people when they go to the Zoo go straight to the animal they love the most and stay there. So, though Rabbit comes into the story, and Eeyore, the gloomy donkey, and Owl and Roo and the other nursery animals, not forgetting Piglet, so comforting to feel "when you are not quite sure whether twice seven is twelve or twenty-two," still it is Pooh who is the hero of the story, dear, comfortable, furry, silly old Pooh, the Bear of Very Little Brain, with weakness for honey.

Writers for children have done stories about bears often enough, but it has remained for Milne to discover to us in "Winnie-the-Pooh" the essential wistfulness of these great lumbering, blundering creatures. Others have shown their clumsiness, their heavy, halting intelligence, their occasional flashes of sly humor, their greediness. Pooh has all these; but he has something else as well—a disarming humility in the presence of his quicker-witted fellows, a longing for approval, a desire to be correct (did he not take Stoutness Exercises in front of the glass?), a—well, there's no word for it but wistfulness—that goes straight to your heart.

> Here is Edward Bear, coming downstairs now, bump, bump, on the back of his head, behind Christopher Robin. It is, as far as he knows, the only way of coming downstairs, but sometimes he feels that there really is another way, if only he could stop bumping for a moment and think of it. And then he feels perhaps there isn't.

It is dangerous to begin on Pooh and his doings. I should like to show him to you floating up with a blue toy balloon to get honey from the bees, his idea being that thus he will resemble a small black cloud in a blue sky. Christopher Robin has to get an umbrella and walk up and down saying, "Tut-tut, it looks like rain" in order to help out the deception. Poor Pooh! Calling down anxiously, "I have discovered that the bees are now definitely suspicious." Or, consider him stuck in Rabbit's front door, with Christopher reading at his North end for a week till he shall get thin enough to be extricated:

> "A week!" said Pooh, gloomily. "What about meals?" "I'm afraid no meals," said Christopher Robin, "because of getting thin quicker. But we will read to you."
>
> Bear began to sigh, and then found he couldn't because he was so tightly stuck, and a tear rolled down his eye, as he said:
>
> "Then would you read a Sustaining Book, such as would help and comfort a Wedged Bear in Great Tightness?"

As you read the conviction grows on you that Mr. Milne has done it again. There are not so very many books that, sitting reading all alone, you find yourself laughing aloud over. This is one of them. Here is nonsense in the best tradition; entirely plausible on the surface, as true nonsense always is, with good sense at its core, and the high seriousness about it that children and other wise people love. The illusion is perfect. You never forget that these are nursery animals, and that you exist as a reader only because you are allowed to see them through the eyes of a child.

MR. SHEPARD'S PICTURES

IF ERNEST SHEPARD'S eye fell on the review he might paraphrase a remark of Piglet's: "What About Me?" "Winnie-the-Pooh" is full of drawings by the same clever pen that illustrated "When We Were Very Young," and though it is ingratitude to bite the hand that has fed us so many quaint and lovable conceits, yet we venture the opinion that both books suffer from over-illustration. Still, how hard it would be to choose any to leave out! Certainly not that one of Pooh swarming up a huge tree, his proportions all inadequate, one short, plump leg braced against the trunk and all the rest of his stoutness flung desperately abroad over the limb; nor yet any of those delectable tree houses, in which for the first time we see realized to our satisfaction the dreams we got reading "Swiss Family Robinson."

You have only to look at the picture of Pooh living "in the forest all by himself under the name of Sanders" to know that Mr. Shepard is in the authentic line of the good English illustrators of children's books. In childish script over the door is printed "Mr. Sanders,"

and true to the immemorial custom of all young letterers *the S turned backward.* By the bell-rope you read the inscription, "Rnig Also." As Pooh says to Owl in another connection, "It's good spelling, but it wobbles, and the letters get in the wrong places." It is only the real artists who, playing around in their own nice minds, take these definite pains. Anyone might remember to draw a book on the table at the head of the Little Small Wee Bear's bed, but who but a Leslie Brooke would bethink himself to letter it so that, standing on your head, you can read quite plainly "Tom Bruin's School Days."

M.D.

BLUE DOORS AND SKY-SIGNS

THE FLYING KING OF KURIO

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

Illustrated by JANET SMALLEY

HOW much too often do we hear it said: "New York is no place for children! Pity the children who have to grow up in tall apartment houses, in the midst of noise and crowds of people, with no space to play, no room for the imagination." And whenever a voice is raised in book or lecture room to assert that New York, when all is known, is a much more wonderful place to be growing up in than ever Bagdad was or London, and that the children, East Side, West Side, all 'round the town, have glorious times dancing on rooftops, coasting and skating in their parks, and spending hours on end talking with the animals of their Zoo, doubt clutches at the hearts of those who know not

the joys of the fairy city of their own country, and they shake their heads sadly, saying: "New York is for New Yorkers, but children who have never been there will not understand these things." All this, I believe, is unfair both to the children and to the city. New York, with its magic and mystery, its friendly taxi drivers and policemen, belongs to everybody, and whatever is true to its essential life and spirit will be as readily appropriated by children living anywhere in *their* books as by grown-ups in theirs.

William Rose Benét, poet, critic and potential artist of his own children's books, has wisely chosen to look out upon New York and the rest of the world from an old-fashioned apartment house with a linen closet, where Michael, aged ten, and Amanda, eight, but "equally sturdy of soul," abundantly prove that they left neither imagination nor "'satiable curtiosity" behind them when they left California. In no time at all they discover a "blue door" leading out from the linen closet which serves as play room and crawl through a tunnel into an altogether fascinating apartment especially designed for them by the Tractables, whose adventurous son, Verry, commands The Butterfly, an airship from which the children get their first glimpse of the city by night and an abiding sense that the same constellations are above New York's sky-signs. Later they explore the heavens in Halloran's blue bus, an interplanetary affair, whose driver, like little Mr. and Mrs. Tractable, sheds a warm, human glow over strange inventions and exciting adventures.

The book is full of just the kind of excitement children enjoy. There are bandits and pirates and tramps and lions and eagles; there is nonsense and poetry, mystery and fantasy, and there are touches of beauty one

could wish to see expressed pictorially. The colored illustrations are a distinct disappointment. The black and whites are amusing, but do not measure up to the imaginative quality of the text. Mr. Benét would have done well had he given his text a complete overhauling with a view to eliminating useless words and explanatory phrases. He should have stoutly resisted the impulse to teach or to preach in a book so original and delightful in conception. Kafaristan becomes less interesting when designated as "the Happy Secret Country, free from all the wars and bad nonsense of this world," etc. The story lags whenever the author deserts it for a pet idea of his own for remaking the world or any part of it.

HEARTS OF OAK IN THE TOY CUPBOARD

THE LITTLE WOODEN DOLL

By MARGERY WILLIAMS BIANCO
With pictures by PAMELA BIANCO

POOR CECCO

By MARGERY WILLIAMS BIANCO
Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM

Reviewed by MARCIA DALPHIN

DID you ever let yourself think seriously about wood—just plain wood, as such? To some of us there is the same joy in touching or stroking good wood that the careful housewife gets from the feel of linen. Linen, wool homespun, wood, these are akin. They are intrinsically sound. They possess an integrity. Woodcuts are the most satisfying thing in art; wood carving has its devotees; and carpenters, as everyone knows, are the salt of the earth, the one class of people left whom you instinctively trust; it is without doubt because they live with and work with wood. Do you know the smell of fresh-cut timber? The perfumes of Araby the blest would not suffice to lure me away from a lumber yard. And if you are still unconvinced, what about wood fires, indoors or out?

Evidently Margery Williams Bianco feels the appeal of wood, and more especially of the living crea-

ture stimulated by it. To be sure she did begin her day as a writer of stories for children with "The Velveteen Rabbit," but she soon deserted the stuffiness of fabric for the wistful angularity of such creations as Cecco, Jensina, and the Little Wooden Doll. There are minor characters executed in other mediums in her stories, of course; there is Bulka, the inimitable rag puppy; and Ida, whose last name was Down, and who was flat and square, dressed in pink satin with a silk cord all round. But the heroes and heroines of the piece are of stanch, steadfast wood. Wood for heroes!

This medium lends itself particularly well to the character of Poor Cecco, the wooden dog, "the cleverest of the toys." His name, it should be said, is evidently a term of accustomed endearment, and does not imply anything essentially grief-stricken about his personality, or any sad fate in store for him. So resourceful is Poor Cecco, so cheerful, so ready for any turn of fortune, that one cannot imagine anything adverse happening to him as he starts away on his travels with Bulka, leaving his world of the toy cupboard, leaving Gladys and Virginia May, the Lion and the Express Wagon, Harlequin, "whose only remark for all occasions was 'Hey, Presto!'" and Anna, the lamb with the bell around her neck and the little green meadow fastened to her feet. To some souls less confident than Poor Cecco it might seem rather daring to take the road with Bulka. He could be trying at times, for when he cried—(and being sensitive this was a frequent occurrence)—he cried in tune, the tune of a five-finger exercise, "Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh!" which annoyed the other toys so much that they would do anything rather than hear Bulka cry.

It is hard to select extracts from "Poor Cecco,"

there are so many tempting ones, and it is a crime to tell the story even in outline, because there really is a plot, and a sufficiently interesting one withal to keep children to whom one reads it calling for more. One of the friendliest pleasantest things you ever read is the chapter in which Poor Cecco lets the blind man's little black dog have a holiday, while he attracts pennies to the cup by thumping his half tail on the bridge. "He couldn't wag it sideways, for it wasn't made that way, but he lifted it up and let it drop—bang—just like a door-knocker, and that did quite as well."

One may get a good idea of the flavor of the book from the part about the treasure hunt, in which Poor Cecco, unfortunately, lost half his tail.

Children enjoy the ridiculous fun of this sort of thing, and they like, too, the description of Bulka's first sight of a stream of water. Bulka had seen water; oh, yes! but only in tubs and puddles, and when he caught sight of real water and plenty of it flowing along he became very much excited. "Some one," he thought, "has left the spigot running," and he began at once to slide down the little path as fast as he could go on his behind legs.

The story is full of drolleries, and there is plenty of action in it. After Jensina enters upon the scene there certainly is no lack of movement. Jensina was a wooden doll who lived on the ash-heap in a check gingham apron which she had made herself, with a pink mallow blossom on her head.

In Jensina's story there are gypsies, there are rats, plain citizen rats and policemen rats; there is the mysterious Tooth of Grimalkin, the Royal Treasure of the rats; there are stratagems and escapes. But Jensina, like the Mariner, is a person of infinite resource and

sagacity, and your confidence in her ability to extricate herself from places of any tightness whatsoever is fully justified.

Arthur Rackham has done seven full-page illustrations in color for the book, as well as some clever tail pieces in black and white. The plates suffer badly for lack of margin, and they seem rather uneven so far as catching the spirit of the text goes. Jensina hanging up the one hundred and thirteen bundles of laundry which she did for Mrs. Woodchuck is decidedly captivating, and the illustrations showing the crowd on the

Drawing by Arthur Rackham for Poor Cecco

bridge around the blind man has some delightful touches from English street life as well as a spirited rendering of Poor Cecco and the little black dog. But, like many another artist, Mr. Rackham seems to us to meet his Waterloo when he tries to draw cats. There have been few people privileged to catch and communicate to paper the true spirit of the most elusive of animals. Strangely enough, it can usually be done in words more easily than with pen or brush. Ethel Sidgwick can do it, and Stella Benson, to mention two among the moderns.

Illustrations by Pamela Bianco for The Little Wooden Doll

The publishers have given "Poor Cecco" a large and handsome format. A little ungratefully, perhaps, one wishes that so enchanting a set of characters might live in a book with which one could feel more intimate. It is almost too handsome; it savors a thought too much of the books handed out to lavish uncles in the shops at Christmas time.

"The Little Wooden Doll" represents a much less ambitious attempt on the part of its publishers than "Poor Cecco," yet just what is lacking in the latter—this quality of lovableness in physical make-up—is found in it. Two things contribute: its size and shape, which is uniform with the other books in the Little Library series, and the illustrations, made by Pamela Bianco, the author's daughter. They were done when the artist was a little girl, at the same time as those for her "Flora," which came out in book form in 1919, accompanied by Walter de la Mare's poems. Rackham's work seems sophisticated when placed beside these naive drawings, so delicate in color and line. They look exactly what they are—a child's drawings—and they will make any boy or girl with the least talent itch to be at the paint box.

The story is as delicate as the illustrations. We prophesy that again and again children who have learned to love it will call for the story of the little wooden doll who lived neglected in the attic with the mice and the spiders. They will not forget the eventful day when she fell out of the window, nor the gossamer frock the spiders wove for her, nor the kind mice who woke up the flowers and borrowed their paints to color her cheeks and her eyes, and the gold coin that the rat bit a hole in and hung round her neck for a locket. They will want to hear again how she

came in the end to the little girl in the cottage and how she got her lovely name.

Even more strikingly in "The Little Wooden Doll" than in "Poor Cecco" Mrs. Bianco reminds the reader of Andersen. It is in a trick of cadence or rhythm as much as anything. One would be willing to wager that she is steeped in her Andersen, for the sound of him to an Andersen lover is as unmistakable as that of a person who has, unconsciously or otherwise, molded his style on the King James version. After all, Hans Christian Andersen remains the absolute master of the toy story, and it is the highest possible praise to say of any one writing in that genre that she resembles him.

With all the indubitable charm of Mrs. Bianco's writing, its vividness, the reality of the characterizations, it is a pity that now and then there creeps into the text a note of sophistication, a little playing to the adult gallery. Children do not require it in their books, and even a very little of it will lower the tone of an otherwise charming story. This fault is entirely absent from "The Little Wooden Doll," but "Poor Cecco" has a touch of it here and there.

Perhaps you think that books about people who live in the toy cupboard are small beer and only interesting to little children. "Only a toy," we say sometimes, in faint disparagement, yet such masters as Andersen and Dickens have not thought it beneath their dignity to chronicle the happenings in this miniature world. The power to do it with conviction to the reader belongs only, we may guess, to those fortunate ones who remember vividly their own nurseries and the things that happened there long ago.

READING DICKENS

IT was round Dr. Crothers's own Christmas fire on St. Nicholas Night that I asked him the question, "Did you make a practice of reading Dickens aloud to your children?" "Never a *practice* of reading anything," he replied with a chuckle of intimate recollection and appreciation. "But I often read a chapter or two from Dickens, frequently a scene already familiar, to which they would listen or not, as they felt inclined. I think that differences in taste among children must be respected in their reading as in other matters, and those differences constitute some of the most interesting of all problems."

That many children suffer from well-intentioned but over zealous recommendation of Dickens by enthusiastic relatives and friends I can bear personal testimony, for I suffered acutely, and because I remember just how "silly" these ill-timed enthusiasms appeared and how "queer" the pages of Dickens to my eyes at ten and eleven I have been able to first-aid a great many perplexed parents and children out of my own experience of discovering and enjoying Dickens in my own good time and day.

"Do you think," asked an anxious mother "that Dickens or Scott should be read first? I've always wanted to know and because I've never been quite sure my children have read neither. Of course, we have full sets of both."

"And have you read straight through both sets yourself?" I asked tentatively.

"Well, no, but I've always meant to, and I do want my children to love the best among books and to read them in the right order. It seems quite easy until you come to all the novels, but I really don't know how to arrange them."

To such a mother, as well as to many a perplexed child, "The Children of Dickens," assembled by Dr. Crothers, comes with light and leading. It is not a mere book of excerpts. Here are scenes from "Great Expectations," "Our Mutual Friend," "The Christmas Books." Here is David Copperfield with Peggotty and with the Hungry Waiter, Wilkins Micawber Jr., and David's adventures on the Road to Dover. Here is the Fat Boy from Pickwick, the Jellyby Children from "Bleak House," Sissy Jupe from "Hard Times," the Jolly Sandboys and Mrs. Jarley and her Wax-Works with their enlivening effect on Little Nell of "The Old Curiosity Shop."

With the sure sense both of a critical child audience and of a true Dickens lover Dr. Crothers has searched for the children in all the Dickens books and presents his liberal and varied selection in the original form rather than in words of his own. Fortunately he seems to have been in no way limited by the ten color plates designed by Jessie Willcox Smith some years ago, which now appear as illustrations for this volume. They are pleasant pictures of children, but they give the book the appearance of another of the endless succession of child characters from Dickens in rewritten form rather than the distinction which belongs to it as a unique introduction to Dickens for both children and grown-ups who do not know how to think of the London of Dickens. "This London was as wonderful as Bagdad," says Dr. Crothers in his

opening chapter. "If you want to know what it was like you must go to the Dickens books. Dickens was the only one who ever saw London in that way; when you ask whether it was the real London you have to take his word for it. It was real to him and he had the power to make it real to us. . . . The great thing about London as Dickens saw it, and as we see it through his eyes, was that it was queer, and the streets were queer, and the people were queer."

Why did no one think of telling children before that Dickens's London was just 'London Once Upon a Time,' and that everything was *queer?*

"Dickens did not write children's stories; that is, stories about children who stayed as children. . . . But they are all mixed up with the older people. And then they are all the time growing up just as they do in real life. You get acquainted with a small boy in one chapter; and the next time you meet him he is at boarding-school, and before the end of the book he is out walking with children of his own."

PUNCH AND JUDY

THE TRAGICAL COMEDY OR COMICAL TRAGEDY OF PUNCH AND JUDY

With illustrations by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK

FEW are the merry-making books at Christmas and here is one of them, as acceptable for New Year's or Twelfth Night as for a Christmas stocking, with the jolly red cover, its inimitable pictures and its excellent typography.

It was a happy inspiration to revive the old play for modern children of all ages and it should bring on more Punch and Judy shows than have been seen these many, many years, and now, since the text has been out of print for forty years, you may have forgotten how it begins.

Enter Punch—after a few preliminary squeaks he bows three times to the spectators, once in the center and once at each side of the stage, and then speaks the following

Prologue

Ladies and gentlemen, pray how do you do?
If you all happy, me all happy too,
Stop and hear my merry little play;
If me make you laugh, me need not make you play. *Exit.*

And then the play begins and action is continuous until it ends.

All the well-loved characters are here, Scaramouch, the Child, Courtier, Doctor, Servant, Blind Man, Constable, Police Officer, Jack Ketch, the Devil, Toby, Hector, Judy and Polly.

In a bibliographical note at the end George Cruikshank himself describes the manner of taking down this version of the old puppet play, for which he was engaged to sketch the scenes by a London publisher, more than a century ago, while the introduction by Charles Hall Grandgent connects it with the Grand Guignol of the present. That he sees in Mr. Punch the Spirit of Revolt need alarm no parent.

"Mr. Punch is one jolly good fellow, His dress is all scarlet and yellow."

PICTURE BOOKS FROM FRANCE

L'ARCHE DE NOÉ

Texte et dessins de ANDRÉ HELLÉ

LA BELLE HISTOIRE QUE VOILA

Texte et dessins de ANDRÉ HELLÉ

LES ANIMAUX MYTHOLOGIQUE

Par ÉMILE HINZELIN

Illustrations de BENJAMIN RABIER

SUR PATTES

Par JACQUES DES GACHONS

Illustrations de ANDRÉE SIKOROKA

Reviewed by LEONORE ST. JOHN POWER

ANIMALS hold the stage in the new French picture books. In "L'Arche de Noé" is a master of art of children—André Hellé. He is already known in America for his "Le Livre des Heures Héroiques et Douloureuses"—a picture book of the war which attracted considerable attention, and for the recent publication in English of "The Little Fairy Sleepy-Eyes,"

sketches from a ballet by Florent Schmitt presented at the Théâter de l'Opéra Comique. M. Hellé is thoroughly identified with art for children, not only through his picture books, but also by his toys and furniture. He is said to have dramatized the toy, giving it simple lines and character through its movement. The journal "L'Art et les Artistes" (1920) gives a series of photographs showing some of the toys and furniture designed by M. Hellé.

The procession of animals is especially interesting. Though reduced to the utmost simplicity of line, there is an irresistible appeal in the humor—one turn of a head or a tail conclusively fixes the lion, the elephant, or the pelican as a personality. It is this gift of characterization that distinguishes the illustrations for l'Arche de Noé," which is one of the most entertaining animal books that has come to my notice. Fortunately M. Hellé interprets these pictures with a text that is strictly in keeping with the spirit of the drawings. The reader is accordingly made well acquainted with the animal at once. The tiger, for instance, is striped yellow and black; he has mustaches which nobody dares to pull, he crouches in the tall bushes to catch his prey drinking at the pool, he is hunted by the rajahs of India riding on elephants and, in the end, he becomes a bedside carpet, with his menacing jaw yawning from the boredom of his life. Always gay, always appreciative of the children themselves, M. Hellé makes his animals companionable, even lovable, in the fashion of Mr. Shaw's Lion who just now is roaring through the gorgeous Covarrubias jungle of the Klaw Theater.

As an interpreter of fairy tales and legends André Hellé is as successful as he is in entertaining the nursery. In "La Belle Histoire Que Voila" he gives a

charming picture of the old grandmother by the fire telling stories to the children in bed. Here are princes and princesses, vessels of gold with sails of silver tissue, clever shoemakers, ogres and a nation of crows whose desire for conquest in their undoing. The illustrations for the crow story, "Le Corbeau dans le Fôret," are particularly effective in color and dramatic quality. In another story, "Le Paradis Perdu," M. Hellé indulges in a bit of philosophizing and gentle moralizing. The animals that destroyed the creations of God are in turn destroyed by man, who invents traps, guns, bits and collars to curb them. The roaring lion looking out of his cage at the dog and the horse will, I am sure, give many children a satisfying sense of virtue. In the romantic tale "Le Plus Beau Beaucoup Du Monde" Hellé the author moralizes charmingly, while Hellé the artist has an immensely good time making fun of the king, the courtiers, the three suitors, who fly through the air in airplanes and dive under the sea in submarines.

Benjamin Rabier, an artist with some reputation in France as a comic illustrator, his sketches appearing in many magazines for children, has contributed drawings for "Les Animaux Mythologique" which have all the sophistication of the clever caricaturist.

Describing the book in his preface the author says, "On one side are animals absolutely real—the eagle, the horse, the owl, the peacock, the swan, the dog, which fable lifts among the gods. On the other are the fantastic animals—centaurs, dragons, the winged-horse created by the gods and mingling with men."

The most recent book we have seen is "Sur Pattes," by Jacques des Gachons. This versatile writer has a good number of books for both children and grown-

ups. In 1913 and again in 1922, he received the prized *Couronné par l' Academie Française.*

"Sur Pattes" is a collection of simple stories in which animal life is described amid country scenes of great charm. The animals are sympathetically treated, the humans in the story being secondary characters. In "Le Petit Isard" the description of the little goat racing through the village street away from the wicked blind man and the circle of little girls who would pet him is very appealing. The reader reaches the mountain top with the little goat and joins him when he shouts out the news of his liberty. In another story, "Bête Comme Une Oie," the author remarks that custom sometimes maligns animals and thereupon he tells a delightful story about a young bride whose husband called her a stupid goose. With this insult ranking in her heart she visits her aunt in the country and there studies the geese who come to the field. She finds them clever and amusing creatures and writes her husband that she must indeed be perfect for geese are the least stupid of all creatures.

The illustrations by Andrée Sikoroka add greatly to the charm of the book. They show a refreshing originality and have a child-like directness of action. The little girl in "Miss Carnivor," driving the comically stiff horse, is truly going like the wind—her hair, everything about her expresses this. There is a delicate decorative quality in the drawings shown in the detail of flowers and birds and in the arrangement of the figures and a fine use of brilliant color.

This little paper-bound book makes an instant appeal to anyone and will be a welcome addition to our limited resources of modern French books for children.

ONE GOOD PLAY FOR CHILDREN

By MONTROSE J. MOSES

WITH every justification, the professional dramatist watches the field of children's plays distrustfully. To him it is a thankless job to make any attempt to cater to such a barren waste, first because there is no professional outlet so far as he can see, and second because the specifications to which he is told the must adhere are so terribly disheartening. True it is that he also has a wrong estimate as to the essential ingredients in a juvenile drama; to him the peep-show of life must have a large hole through which grown-ups look, and a pinhole for the foreshortened little man and woman; to him children's prattle is the only dialogue they can possibly understand. And, having reached these conclusions, he finds, by the specifications handed him for "suitable" plays, that he is not really needed—that writing plays for children requires merely a knack of turning stories into speakable lines, in order to make kindergarten dummies less dumb, and in order to furnish Mother Goose calisthenics. One can't blame the professional dramatist for refusing to be lured into such yawning wastes.

An unexplored region, therefore, falls into the hands of unworthy writers, who face their jobs without vision. There are charted on the high seas the child's unfailing love of rhythm which can be relied upon to be as certain as the tides; the child's sense of make-believe, which, miragelike, comes between him and reality, and

is taken for reality; the child's love of play, which is a muscular satisfaction. The writer descends upon these and captures them, enslaves them, tabulates their values. We recognize this pilot as the same who descended upon children's books in years gone by, and who ran up the flag of "graded" stories—a piratical flag that robbed the nursery of so much of its freshness.

We know how rescue parties went forth upon the high seas to release childhood from such bondage. The public libraries, like the Boston Tea Party, threw overboard, we hope forever, the mental pap contained in much of this paste literature, which merely smeared the child's mind with a sickening film of sentimentality, instead of furrowing his brain with worthwhile impressions to last a lifetime. Since then, to judge by the books which are yearly added to the child's store of reading matter, there has been an improvement in the author's attitude toward what his invention, his characterization, his style should be. He has been taught, very largely by instruction from the librarian, that there is a closer proximity between *bona fide* literature and children's books than was ever dreamed of in the early days of juvenile literature. He has come to realize that a child may think in four syllables even if his tiny tongue cannot pronounce the words; that a child delights in the possession of a sense of form, even though the outward expression of that form may be untutored and slightly incongruous; that a child has dreams surprisingly near to what we grown-ups fumblingly interpret as philosophy; and, finally, that a child has a sense of humor, acute, refreshing, untarnished by the brass of sophistication. "Heavens" exclaims the writer, "is this the mince-meat, simple worded, condescending territory I was led to believe is the chil-

dren's realm!" The new awakening came, and we began being refreshed by such stories as Benson's "David Blaize and the Blue Door," Lofting's "Doctor Dolittle," Margery Williams Bianco's "The Velveteen Rabbit," "Poor Cecco" and numberless other books of the kind.

Now the same renovation needs to take place in the realm of children's plays. We need to rid the field of its abominations; to win the confidence of the professional dramatist; to teach him, as in a way we taught the bulk of story writers, that children are children and not little actors, that the theater is the theater and not the schoolroom, that acting is acting and not calisthenics. If he believes *you* believe it, if he can have demonstration of the fact that children can thrill at the theater as they thrill over a book, he may then think it worthwhile to create for the nursery.

The surprising thing is that the schoolroom, which is the chief sinner against the drama for childhood—crying aloud for simple dialogue, simple sets, simple costumes—rushes into the most complicated of arts and expects immediate results. The dance is not an easy art to compass; pantomime is indeed so difficult that there is none on our stage to-day who can see its depths and bring forth its beauty; musical rhythm of a high order is so feared that to suggest familiarizing youth with Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony" would be scouted as unpractical and difficult (which it is not). Yet let a child show any innate grace, and the schoolroom tumbles her little feet into the intricacies of Schubert, Schumann, Grieg and Mendelssohn. There is an inconsistency here, for the schoolroom would little think of playing these pieces merely for the delectation of childish ears.

Just so it is done, no matter if it be badly done; just so it's in play form, no matter if it isn't a play—are not these the angles of approach to-day? There is certainly nothing prettier than a butterfly dance done by a butterfly child. But when Miss Seven-year-old sees Pavlowa, will she see the beauty of the dance or rather will she not say, "Oh, I can do that," and laugh at beauty a little because between herself and Pavlowa there are similarities rather than deeper differences? This self-expression—no matter how badly expressed—does it lead to appreciation of the perfectly expressed in others? Not, I believe, at the tender age for which most of our innocuous childrn's plays are written.

I have talked with many children and I have not yet heard any great enthusiasm over a child's play merely because they have acted in it. If the truth must be told, I am convinced that educational dramatics are much more of a task for the teacher and for the pupil than they would dare honestly to confess. Yet a good play at the theater is something to talk about, a good concert is a memory worthwhile, a dance perfectly consummated gives one a newer kind of pleasure.

And it is this newer kind of pleasure—which we so preponderantly lack—that is needed in the realm of nursery dramatics to-day. If plays were given in the school for the æsthetic joy that was in them, there would be no necessity for the mad scramble for "actable" pieces when holiday times come around. But plays in the school are not given for æsthetic joy, nor are they written for such. Plays are conceived and constructed and hammered out for practical purposes. John must play the pirate in order to curb his own piratical instincts on the street; the Spanish fandango must be injected into the dialogue because Juanita of

the jet eyes and raven curls in the sixth grade knows how and will relieve the teacher of too much training. In the choice of plays, in their construction, it is the practical rather than the art quality that makes a drama acceptable.

But books are being issued to-day unworthy of the name of drama, books acceptable in the classroom. And a large bulk of these comprise plays. There is little to choose from because the requirements are so narrow; there are dramas unbearably constructed merely because any old construction will go for the busy teacher, provided it articulates easily. Thus drama for the young has fallen upon the same evil days as those which kept juvenile literature stunted for so long. But fortunately we have learned by experience how much evil may be avoided. It is time for some honest elimination to take place, for some play lists to be issued which will fearlessly measure the worthiness or the worthlessness of the material at hand. It is time for the real theater to open some of its many doors to childhood. It is time for the dramatist to be told that the condescending pat is no longer the fashion in the nursery, and that plays are not always wanted for stumpy legs and untutored arms, but rather for fiery imaginations, animal spirits and merry laughter. The high seriousness of a child: would you laugh at it? Yet there is a high seriousness in the youngest which needs to be satisfied, as not many plays can satisfy it. One must acknowledge this (did not Barrie do it in "Peter Pan?") as one recognizes the child's gustatory responses.

Barriers must be taken down before the dramatist will wander into this vast field of children's plays. But he must be convinced that the barriers are down as

well for childhood itself. So long have boys and girls been circumscribed by the Great God Fact, by the forbidding requirements of education. They have been like the trapped hare that wants solely to be a hare, yet the hunter wishes it for food. They have been taken away from flowers to study about flowers; they have been taught to look for the rainbow not in the skies but through a prism. Education has helped to change for them fresh winds into trade winds, and fairy gold into base coin.

We have been writing plays for children to act. Such plays, poor at best in body and soul, have been twisted and snipped and enlarged. Let us now write a play for children to see acted in the theater. If they want to murder it in the classroom, let them. The only provision is: It must be a good play. Then you may buffet it as you will.

CHRISTMAS

SANTA CLAUS

By LEIGH BUCKNER HANES

Now this is the thing I'd like to know:
How Santa Claus can step in snow
With a world of toys upon his back
And leave not the slightest hint of a track;
How one so big and round and fat
Can slip through a hole that would choke a rat
And smoke so thick it can hide the trees,
And never even cough, nor sneeze!

Well, my son, it does seem queer,
But it's just like this: you're standing here
Thinking of things you cannot see
And wondering how such things can be. . . .
The fact is, son, nobody knows
What Santa looks like nor where he goes,
For Santa Claus is a sprite that lives
In the heart that loves, in the heart that gives;
He may be here and he may be there,
You are likely to find him anywhere.
But really, folk are so very blind
They can't see sprites in the heart or mind;
They can't see the spirit that gives and loves,
So we picture a thing in coat and gloves
Like a jolly old man who is round and fat,
And we love the thing, and we look at that;
And being a spirit, through and through,
Of course, he can do what a spirit can do.

But the Santa himself we never see,
The Santa in you, the Santa in me.

PAVING THE WAY FOR THE CHRIST CHILD

"CHRISTMAS Eve dawned upon the village bright and smiling. The air was frosty and so still that one's breath froze up immediately and came back to one in the shape of tiny sparkling snow-stars. Men's beards and mustaches were covered with long icicles, and women and girls had to cover up their mouths and noses so as not to freeze them. Everybody's ears were covered up, anyway. But the cold had not kept any one at home, except the very, very old and the very, very young. It was a large and merry crowd which gathered in front of the community house with hatchets and sleds ready to 'pave the way for the Christ Child.'

"The paving of the way consisted of cutting piles and piles of fragrant pine boughs and taking them to the top of the highest hill over which the Star of Bethlehem was to shine that night. A small carpet made of the most perfect branches, tied with gay strips of calico, was laid there 'for the angels to rest their feet on,' and from there a footpath was tramped down all the way to the center of the village, and from there to the front door of each house. Every two steps a green branch would be dropped on the path, which, of course, took a good many branches, and still there was enough left to decorate the community house, all the doorways on the outside, and enough for each housewife to spread all over her dining table, under the coarse, homespun

tablecloth with stars and crosses of dull blue woven into it. . . .

"As soon as the Star appeared on the horizon the village fire bell rang out the joyous tidings; and in every window was put a lighted tallow candle to greet the new-born babe. On the dining table were lighted six more, one apiece for Joseph and Mary, and four for the angels, the wise men, the shepherds, and for all the Christians. In every house the members gathered around the table, and the oldest woman in the family read the Christmas story as told by Saint Matthew. Then they all sang in Finnish, 'Holy Night, Silent Night'—every verse of it—and it sounded so sweet and gay and yet sad that tears sprang to Tamara's eyes, and she could barely finish the last line and was ready to break down because she was so glad that Christ was born, and so sorry that she had to be away from her own home . . . and so . . . so. . . . But just then Aunt Himmekul said briskly and smiling right into Tamara's eyes, 'Well, happy Christmas to you all, and many, many of them, and now let us eat our dinner.' "

And after dinner the Yule goat is heard bleating at the door. And if you would finish this Christmas chapter you will find it in "Roses of the Winds," by Sonia Lustig, a delightful story of a Russian family of fifty years ago with illustrations by Boris Artzybasheff.

THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS

THE BEAUTIFUL CHILDHOOD

By E. FRANCES BOULTING

With illustrations by MAUDE TINDAL ATKINSON

Reviewed by MARGERY WILLIAMS BIANCO

TO write a life of Jesus for small children might seem on first thought a simple task; on reflection it reveals itself as extremely hazardous. That Frances Boulting found, as she explains in her preface, almost insuperable difficulties in the work one can well believe; that she surmounted them at all, producing a book which does in parts give a very human and life-like picture of the little boy that one may imagine Jesus to have been, is greatly to her credit. It is naturally easier to criticize such a work than to perform it. If the author has erred it is on the side of over-humanizing her subject; in her effort to be life-like and intimate she has given to her pages something of the awful clarity of a series of cheerful, brightly colored lantern slides. All her edges are sharp and clean. One feels very little of the mystery which enwraps the story of the Nativity and of Jesus' early life, nor are we compensated for its loss by her picture of the bright, simple, affectionate little Jewish boy helping his father and mother in the daily tasks of the Nazareth home.

The flight into Egypt is no longer that dark, mysterious night journey, led by a voice in the darkness;

it becomes a matter-of-fact and almost panoramic tour, lightened by instructive little sketches of the country traversed. The whole effect is factual, increased by the author's anxiety to give, through a series of references, authority for all her detail.

Further, Miss Boulting's method of using, "we are told," or "so runs the story," in order to differentiate between the Gospel story itself and her own imaginative enlargement on it seems calculated to produce in any child's mind an impression exactly opposite to that presumably intended. For instance, she gives us in certain chapters an actual plain narrative not only of what Jesus said and how he acted, but even of what he thought, but uses "we are told" to qualify the story of the star in the East and the shepherds' pilgrimage, one of the most beautiful incidents in the story and one which appeals most to a small child's sense of mysticism. Here, if anywhere, was the opportunity to give, without overstepping scriptural tradition, a very beautiful picture and one that would live in any young child's mind.

But it is only apparently in the filling-in of gaps in the Gospel narrative that the author feels herself free to write at all naturally and convincingly, to produce any lyric effect whatever on the reader; wherever she is retelling the accepted story she is stilted, lifeless and almost timid. In the chapters "With a Shepherd on the Hillside," and "A Funeral" are descriptive passages that are really direct, intimate and charged with feeling. One wishes that the whole book had been in this same spirit.

Among the many legends which have grown up about the childhood of Jesus it seems a pity not to have included the one of the little clay sparrows, in which so

many children have delighted and which has certainly as much to recommend it as the story, given in the footnotes, of the disciples and the dead dog—a reproof, by the way, generally attributed to Mahomet and not to Jesus.

The question is whether it is possible to write a story of Jesus quite without definite teaching of any kind, if by "teaching" we are to understand personal bias. It is the story of all others in which it is practically impossible for the writer to be noncommittal, one way or the other. You cannot elect to tell what is essentially a mystic story and leave the mysticism out, or even temper it. And this seems to have been the author's chief difficulty.

"The Beautiful Childhood" gives a very clear, painstaking picture of the personality and daily life of the little boy Jesus as he may have been and very possibly was, but a completely matter-of-fact picture, stripped so far as is possible of all suggestion of mystery. In this respect it might be a biography of any other nice-minded little boy of the period. Does this clarity and verisimilitude after all bring the actual figure of Jesus any closer to a child's comprehension? Is it going to be any more real than the legendary figure of the Christ-child? I think not. For it is the adult mind, not the child mind, that seeks to have its miracles explained. What is real to children in the story of the Nativity is exactly its mystery and sense of miracle—even, if you prefer, its fairy-tale atmosphere—and their acceptance of the legend of the Star of Bethlehem is not going to be strengthened—or for that matter impaired—by the information that the star in quesion was possibly Sirius, then in the ascendant, or "due to a peculiar constellation," whatever that may mean.

Nor is a more intimate and understandable picture conveyed to a child's mind by the sentence: "Here (in the inn stable) are donkeys, goats, a camel and chickens running about the floor. Yet here must they spend the night, and here the little boy arrives!" than by the older version:

"And she brought forth her first born son: and she wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger because there was no room for them in the inn."

HIBERNATING WITH TOYS AND BOOKS

ANOTHER TREASURY OF PLAYS FOR CHILDREN

Edited by MONTROSE J. MOSES
With illustrations by TONY SARG

YELENKA THE WISE, AND OTHER FOLK TALES IN DRAMATIC FORM

By ANNE CHARLOTTE DARLINGTON

LAD *and* OTHER STORY-PLAYS FOR CHILDREN TO READ OR ACT

By BERTHA PALMER LANE

THE JESTER'S PURSE AND OTHER PLAYS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

By NYDIA E. MINCHIN

Reviewed by HARRIET SABRA WRIGHT

WE need a lasting glow from our Christmas trees and happy memories of festive celebrations to lighten the dark days that lie between Christmas and Easter holidays. Fortunate are the children who were given the right Christmas toys and books to shorten time which seems eternally long to youth. Such a gift is a toy theater, which delights youth and age almost equally. Dickens in his "Christmas Tree" describes it "with its familiar proscenium and ladies in feathers

in the boxes!—and all its attendant occupation with paste and glue, and gum, and water colors, in the getting up of The Miller and His Men, and Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia. In spite of a few besetting accidents and failures a teeming world of fancies so suggestive and all-embracing that, far below it on my Christmas Tree, I see dark, dirty, real theaters in the daytime, adorned with these associations as with the freshest garlands of the rarest flowers, and charming me yet."

Many American children have acquired these theaters in recent years. Some of the original type which Dickens knew have been brought over from England. Resourceful boys and girls, however, can manipulate their own theaters for wooden or cardboard puppets. H. W. Whanslaw's "Everybody's Theater and How to Make It," and F. J. McIsaac's "Marionettes and How to Make Them" serve as excellent guides while M. Wilson Disher's "Clowns and Pantomimes" and Helen H. Joseph's "A Book of Marionettes" are full of fascinating lore. Plays for a toy theater are found in Stark Young's "Sweet Times and the Blue Policeman" and in Georgiana King's "Comedies and Legends for Marionettes."

Marionettes are featured in Tony Sarg's cover design for "Another Treasury of Plays for Children," edited by Montrose Moses, who includes in this second collection Tony Sarg's "Don Quixote" and Stark Young's "King With the Iron Heart," intended for a toy theater, with several others which could easily be adapted to the puppet stage. This whole book is a pleasant reminder of Christmas festivities. "Snow White" is given as produced by Winthrop Ames in the Little Theater, "Treasure Island," presented for our

entertainment by Messrs. Goodman and Hopkins, "Racketty Packetty House," "The Mikado," Milne's "Make Believe," given in London one Christmas Eve, and, most sprightly of all, a delightful "impossibility in one act" by Graham Robertson, "The Slippers of Cinderella."

The melancholy fact remains that inspired children's plays for acting are few and demands from schools, clubs, churches, and playgrounds are constant. "The Woman's Press" earnestly considers dramatic needs and furnishes occasionally good plays for young people. Among them this season is "Yelenka the Wise," by A. C. Darlington, with an emphasis on folk music and dance. This offers too sentimental reading for older boys and girls who have enjoyed heroic and imaginative folk tales, but will probably be acceptable to many uncritical community groups who use this type of plays.

An older collection of plays, "Red Letter Day Plays," by Margaret G. Parsons, can be heartily recommended for its May Day frolic, fire-spirits for Halloween, a Thanksgiving shadow play and others done with holiday fun in them.

"Lad and Other Story Plays for children to Read and Act," by Bertha Palmer Lane, is typical of many current efforts. The boy must set out to find the House of Joy with the usual satellites, Endeavor, Truth and Falsehood, Fear, Honor, Love, Courage, Beauty and the rest. Serious business! Brownies and fairies appear, but in precise, almost military formation. The children who enter are a bit freer than the fairies, but only balloons attain real freedom in the piece. Possibly the balloons will carry this play as music helps along some others in the collection. One or two might

hobble along to their destination on their own merits. Lad's struggle adds a dull tour to Time and postpones Joy. To forget this one turns to William Blake's Infant Joy in his "Songs of Innocence" recently reproduced from one of the two original copies in the British Museum.

The first happy thought that strikes one opening "The Jester's Purse," by Nydia E. Minchin, is that children find here pleasant association with the name Minchin, previously connected in their minds with Sara Crewe's persecutor of dreadful memory. The title play is picturesque and jolly. It won the first prize offered by the Bookshop for Boys and Girls for a good original play for children of from eight to fourteen. The five best plays submitted are in this volume. There are two good Indian plays—one portraying Indian nobility of character, the other a happy presentation of an Indian legend. A second play by Nydia Minchin, "The Birthday Cake," is fortunately included in the book.

Bertha Mahony, director of the Bookshop, is justified in stating that the five plays in this volume "are of good quality, practical to present and more interesting in background and general content than most plays now available for children. All the plays, as it happens, were written for particular groups and produced by children before the prize announcement."

The foreword asks: "With all the wealth of the world's history to draw from, why are there so few fine plays for boys and girl?" and naïvely wishes that some publisher would offer a prize large enough to tempt people like Beulah Dix, Caroline Dale Snedeker, Padraic Colum, Dhan Mukerji and Cornelia Meigs, "so that we might have some plays for children

which would not only be inspiring plays to act, but also beautiful reading plays."

One answer is Whistler's: "Art happens; no hovel is safe from it, no prince may depend upon it, the vastest intelligence cannot bring it about, and puny efforts to make it universal end in quaint comedy and coarse farce."

CHILD MEMORIES

AUTHENTIC child memories are not common and wherever found, in novel, poem, child story, autobiography, fantasy, essay or philosophy, should be cherished for the light they shed upon all childhood—its dreams and the awakening. Nor did they end with Charles Dickens, Victor Hugo, Hans Andersen.

Last year Selma Lagerlöf gave us "Mårbacka," the home of her childhood with the kindly Lieutenant Lagerlöf, her father, the nursemaid Back Kaisa and all the others of that lively household, with the strong savor of the folk who belong to her. A book to share with children is "Mårbacka," as well as a book by which to read Selma Lagerlöf's novels with truer understanding of Swedish background and character. There are child memories and imaginings in more than one of the "Rootabaga Stories" of Carl Sandburg, and from the poems of Walter de la Mare other children step down from a world of dreams only to disappear again. Margery Williams Bianco has gone further than to invest a velveteen rabbit and a wooden dog with life. She has recorded just how children think and feel about their toys without spoiling her stories for the children. But in a slender book of less than a hundred pages John G. Bowman has also done an uncommonly delightful thing. "Many of these pages were written on a freight ship in the Caribbean Sea," he says. "Looking over the blue water I went back to those days of wonder. It seemed that I had gone back to a fair . . . and my

heart beat as it used to when I listened to the calliope play 'In the Sweet By and By' and 'The Swanee River.'"

"The World That Was" begins on a fourth birthday with the sight and the sound of a train of wooden cars with an engine painted red and roaring across the kitchen floor when the string was pulled. A brother two years older had made and painted the train of cars. There is a lovely bit about going after a mulberry tree, left behind when they moved to a new home. The mulberry tree was a gift from an understanding father who had had one when he was a boy—a father who always read poetry when he read aloud and apparently lost sight of no stage in a boy's growth—a father with imagination enough to distinguish between "being lazy" and being interested in trees and birds and flowers and life in general.

All fathers of growing boys would do well to read the little book thoughtfully, for it contains father-and-son psychology applicable to other conditions and times. "Most things boys did were wrong, and not to do anything was worse because that was laziness. Sundays usually stirred up their trouble—made it fresh! The mornings of this day were not the trouble; they were generally the same: Sunday clothes, including shoes; Sunday-school and church. You could count on them. The afternoons were the problem. You could not play ball then or play other games, or walk in the woods, or fish. It was better not to walk on the grass; and you could not be lazy—that would lead to no good end."

Then would come the poetry. "Not even 'The Children in the Wood' was so sad as the story of Absalom. . . . The rhythm of Absalom rang in my

ears. Little by little things began to get clear. You had to make a choice in this world; you could step on toward Paradise and be large and kind like God, or you could hang by the hair like Absalom and die. There was no middle way. It was time that I say what I would do. . . . I would be a poet. I would always feel beautiful inside and be large and kind and beneficial and have my birthday remembered." One of the best touches in the book is the boy's refusal of a new bicycle as the price of giving up "the best of life," and the father's ultimate free gift of not only the bicycle but of his complete confidence.

THE WAYS OF CHILDREN

EVERYTHING AND ANYTHING

By DOROTHY ALDIS

Drawings by HELEN D. JAMESON

TO give a clear individual record in verse or prose of the ways of little children is a rare achievement. Dorothy Aldis has done precisely that in verses which are quite her own. They seem to have sprung up spontaneously out of a happy American childhood and an intimate, informed and sustained relationship with real children living anywhere. There is freshness and variety here for children and grown-ups who have not forgotten childhood, and one closes the book on

Some day
Jane shall
Have, she
Hopes,
Rainbows
For her
Skipping
Ropes.

only to open it again and read once more:

Rabbits and squirrels
  Are furry and fat,
And all of the chickens
  Have feathers, and that

Is why when it's raining
They need not stay in
The way children do who have
Only their skin.

I caught a fish and I
Gave it to my father.
He took it and he cooked it
And he said he'd rather
Eat my fish
Than any other fishes,
And when he had tasted it
He said, "That was delicious."
And there wasn't ANY left
On either of our dishes.

Child verse written in the first person is so often unconvincing and disconcerting that one feels peculiar pleasure in authentic revelations:

If one day my nurse should say
  Just before my lunch or tea,
"Oh, yesterday quite by mistake
I gave your mug and plate away,"
  It would not trouble me.

And I know where I'd eat:
Off of a stone;
A nice and flat and
Smooth white stone.
I'd eat off that and
Drink from harebells—
  (I guess twenty
Filled with milk
  Would be plenty.)

And if one night my mother said
  Just before the lights were lit,
"Oh, yesterday quite by mistake
I gave away your little bed,"
  I would be glad of it!

And I know where I'd sleep:
Up in the hay
Where it's nice and warm and
Twice last year
Some kittens were born, and
THAT'S where I'd sleep
  In the sweet and musty
Hay and get
  My hair all dusty.

Just before Easter I shared "Everything and Anything" with the children of two large families who live

in New England. They were charmed with the verses and drawings in association and eager to choose the ones they liked best. It may be urged by critics whose childhood is past that these verses are a long way from pure poetry. The essence of it seems to me to be there, since they invite the mood and dispose of the superfluous luggage so often heaped upon verse avowedly written for children, yet which tells children nothing they want to know, confirming none of the realities of their own experience of nature or human nature:

On stormy days
  When the wind is high
Tall trees are brooms
  Sweeping the sky.

They swish their branches
  In buckets of rain,
And swash and sweep it
  Blue again.

"That's the best one of all; read it again," exclaimed one of the New England children, while another claimed "Harebells":

The harebells shaking out their blue
  With every wind that passes
Are running up the little hill
  And in and out the grasses.

Helen Jameson's drawings, in delightful harmony with the text, are not overdone and are a constant reminder that the book belongs primarily to the very little children who are none too well supplied with books.

AN ALPHABET FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

By RACHEL FIELD

THIS attractive little book, reminiscent of Kate Greenway, is just the thing to wrap up and send post haste to the Anns and Charlottes, Henrys, Jims, Neds and Rogers who add to their years with amazingly frequent regularity and have birthdays at all hours, winter and summer. It will delight them, for it is little, gay and it has a verse for every name from A to Z.

A

is for Ann
Ann is the clever child who can
Make pancakes in a frying-pan.
Yet she's not proud as I should be
If I were such a cook as she!

D

is for Dan
Oh, a brown legged gypsy boy is Dan,
He rides in a white-topped caravan.
He can't tell his letters which from which,
But he can turn handsprings in any ditch.

Each child has, besides a rhyme, a picture of himself. These make a charming gallery of children. With delicate humor and rare insight, Miss Field gives a twist to a little girl's pigtail, a tilt to a little boy's nose and an expression to a hat that makes an irresistible ap-

peal. The solemn child Eliza, the bundle-laden Una and the rebellious Vincent Vanderpool are people worth knowing. The book is illustrated in color with a bright green jacket, decorated with a quaint basket of flowers. It is a lovable little book.

L. St. J. P.

CITY AND COUNTRY RHYMES

CHILDREN are having a good bit of fun and solid comfort from Rachel Field's "Taxis and Toadstools" as they pass from the old year's holidays into the everyday of another new year.

Jolly, effortless rhymes are these of the very sort children like to make up themselves if they have not been made too early aware of their limitations as poets or children. Miss Field has made a happy choice of people, places and things to make rhymes about. The Flower Cart Man, The Ice Cream Man, The Pretzel Man and The Sandwich Man; The Bank, The Toy Shop and The Animal Store, The Dancing Bear, Tree

Toads, Mushroom Gatherers, Checkerberries, Green Fiddlers and Elfin Organ grinders, Islands, Lighthouses, Old Captains and Chestnut Stands are all very nice to think about in different moods. It is good to smell the salt and savor and the woodsy places of the Maine coast in the very midst of New York City streets, and it is the quality of Miss Field's verse that the color and savor of both city and country are preserved with a gusto not often found in books of its kind:

Ho! for taxis green or blue,
  Hi! for taxis red;
They roll along the avenue
  Like spools of colored thread!

Jack-o'-lantern yellow,
  Orange as the moon,
Greener than the greenest grass
  Ever grew in June.
Gayly striped or checkered in squares,
  Wheels that twinkle bright;
Don't you think that taxis make
  A very pleasant sight?
Taxis shiny in the rain,
  Scudding through the snow,
Taxis flashing back the sun
  Waiting in a row.

Ho! for taxis red and green,
  Hi! for taxis blue;
I wouldn't be a private car
  In sober black, would you?

But though you may have no use at all for a private car the "rumbling and rattly good green bus" will carry you far. Look to the left and the river's there

with ships and whistles and freshened air, and then comes the rain.

Rain in the city!
  I love to see it fall
Slantwise where the buildings crowd
  Red brick and all.
Streets of shiny wetness
  Where the taxis go,
With people and umbrellas all
  Bobbing to and fro.

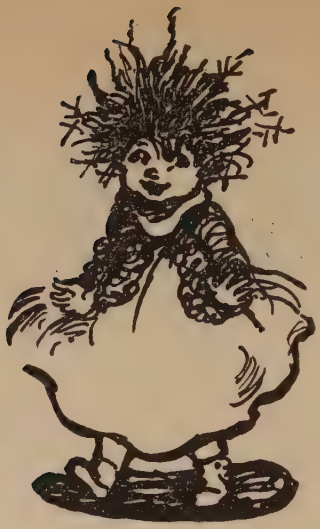
Rain in the city!
  I love to hear it drip
When I am cosy in my room
  Snug as any ship,
With toys spread on the table,
  With a picture book or two,
And the rain like a rumbling tune that sings
  Through everything I do.

There's not a man along the wharves
  So brown as Captain Jim,
Or half so spry, or blue of eye—
  I'm going to be like him
Some day—and have hip rubber boots
  And pictures in tattoo
On arms and chest, and sit with the rest
  Of the men on the wharves, and chew.

Miss Field's decorations are less lively than her pictorial fancy, but they do contribute definitely to the charm of the book and supply an element often lacking in both country and city children—the power to call up a picture of any kind without objective suggestion.

Moreover, she has been content to leave such a character as "Captain Jim" without a drawing.

Whether an island off the Maine coast or Manhattan Island itself, Miss Field has staked her claim and reaped a fair harvest from her early planting as well as from the wild nature she has discovered for herself.



ELVES AND HUMANS

ELIZA AND THE ELVES

By RACHEL FIELD

Illustrated by ELIZABETH MACKINSTRY

Reviewed by LEONORE ST. JOHN POWER

WHAT makes children like or dislike a book is a question modern publishers are going to great lengths to find out. In "Eliza and the Elves" there is at least one strong reason why they do. It is the personality of the author.

Who could write a story like "What Happened to Eliza" who did not herself have a knowing eye and a laugh up her sleeve for all the comical ways of elves, children and grown-ups? Eliza MacPann in her cradle, howling because the elves were tweaking her hair, is a young person such as the author herself might

have been. Children will believe in the infant at once. After the elves are through with her hair young Eliza emerges with a head that her father says reminds him of a porcupine, and children who see the picture Elizabeth MacKinstry draws of this disgraceful condition will feel that they are not being cheated.

The other two stories in the book, "The Fairy Gentleman and His Dumpling Wife" and "The Elfin Pup," have this same quality of eerie reality. The gentleman who went courting in a "bottle green coat with swallow tails and upstanding collar," with "yellow bits of money that jingled pleasantly" all tied up in a red handkerchief, just to show that he had the wherewithal to provide for a wife, is a personage out of the author's own imaginative experience.

In "The Elfin Pup" children will recognize a real dog, bewitched to be sure, but none the less real, for he sniffs, cocks up his ears, succumbs to the delicious smell of good food cooking, and has all the most doggy traits imaginable. Yet, the elves have him in their toils, and his adventures in growing make lively reading. First the Gypsies get him; he is put up for sale at the Fair; he is bought and finds himself the property of two ladies, Miss Ruby and Miss Clarissa, who live in Crab-Apple Cottage. The poor Elfin Pup, on their good food, grows and grows, he is always the biggest thing everywhere, until the author, with infinite sympathy and tact, provides a basis of comparison in the shape of a lonely Giant. The Elfin Pup at last finds himself the smallest object in a room full of warmth and delectable smells, he is fondled and called a "scrap"—and the story ends with him licking his new master's boot and rejoicing to find that after hours of licking he has only half covered the huge surface.

The drawings by Elizabeth MacKinstry add much to the quaint conceits and doings of elves and humans.

CASTLES AFTER DARK

By MARTHA BANNING THOMAS

No matter if I have to eat
These stupid baked potatoes,
Rice pudding—not so very sweet!
And tiresome tomatoes,
I know the minute it is dark
And I'm in bed alone,
I'll fly away upon a lark
That's quite my very own.
And though I'm not allowed to stay
Downstairs so very late,
I can pretend myself away
Directly after eight,
Into the Land of Everything,
Where princesses are tall,
With yellow braids that softly swing
Adown a castle wall!

FROM THE BABEES' BOOK TO THE GOOPS

MANUALS OF MANNERS FOR YOUNG FOLK

By MARGERY QUIGLEY

And if you should ask a boon of God, you can desire no better thing than to be well-mannered.
—From *The Babees' Book.*

MOTHERS say periodically: "If I only had a book which laid down the law about good manners to give my child! Children are willing to believe what is printed, whereas they think mother is either nagging or old-fashioned."

When the boy or girl reaches the first school dinner, the first week-end house party away from home, the first stirrings of interest in the psychology and fashions of the opposite sex, then the etiquette book, as we know it, is frankly accepted and studied. Unheralded as a best seller, a recent unpretentious little pamphlet called "Manners and Conduct in School and Out," by the deans of girls in Chicago high schools, sold many thousands of copies in its first year. To the adult its short, decidedly positive statements often seemed too imperative, or else too well known to need formulating, but it sold. The boys and girls of high school age to whom it was directed obviously wanted a book of that type. They evidently had great need of a book which told

them without flourishes and without moralizing, in the fewest possible words, how to walk among their fellowmen without friction and with self-respect.

To the young foreigner who goes to the nearest public library for an easy book which will tell him how to behave properly when for the first time in America he decides to ask a girl to a dance or "to the show," the book by the Chicago deans is a blessed prescription, indeed. Young people have undoubtedly always wanted such books to settle their uncertainties over half-mastered conventions. Dante's teacher in 1265 felt that a treatise on courtesy would be acceptable to the very young Italian gentlemen of his day, and the success of his manuscript set the style for many others in the mediæval period. Erasmus 300 years later found need and market for a "Pietas Puerilis," which was etiquette pure and simple for middle class young people. The Babees' Book, in the Hazleian manuscript, was written about 1475 for children of royal or noble blood then serving as pages in palace or castle. In the Library of Congress, in 1926, in the otherwise spotless catalogue trays, the cards filed under the subject "Etiquette" are gray from thumbing.

From "Ivanhoe," from Howard Pyle's "King Arthur," from "Una and the Red Cross Knight," and from such lovely models portraying life in the Middle Ages as that of the dining hour in the fourteenth century great hall in the Metropolitan Museum, young people gain a charming and strangely accurate hodgepodge of notions concerning knightly behavior and the everyday manners of boys and young men of noble rank in early England. Whether, however, life for girls was a blank, with Rowena's fairly tepid existence the typical one, causes scarcely a ripple in the thinking

of young students of English and history, as they hurry through high school and preparatory tutoring.

There are three books deliberately interpreting history, all highly interesting and with real literary style, which parents and teachers may well leave about on tables for their young people to browse through. In each the details of everyday customs and standards of courtesy and of conventions of etiquette in the periods and countries the books represent are constantly challenging comparison with the preachings and practices of to-day.

One is "Life on a Mediæval Barony," by William Stearns Davis. Professor Davis will always be lovingly remembered by thousands as the author of "A Friend of Cæsar," that novel which made "second year Latin" not only bearable but vivid. In this picture of a typical feudal community in France in the thirteenth century there are two special chapters. "The Family of the Baron" and "A Matter of Clothes." "A Feudal Wedding" will interest girls who have enjoyed Charlotte Yonge and the books of Evaleen Stein a few years before and who are now reading all they can find on troubadours and the Crusades.

For every household whose younger members are studying English literature and history and whose interests are taking on a social aspect, there is probably no more generally inviting book than "A History of Every-Day Things in England: 1066-1799," written and illustrated with charm and verve by Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell. Life will always contain "backgrounds" for the young person who knows this book.

Another book to set the adolescent thinking on questions of behavior from the point of view of history is "English Society in the Eighteenth Century, as influ-

enced from Oversea" by Jay Barrett Botsford. It is not attractive in make-up and is not illustrated. Equipped with thousands of references to notes and an exhaustive bibliography, nevertheless it is full of glowing scraps of information and quotations from original sources which will carry the perhaps reluctant student of fifteen or sixteen into the very heart of the busy life of England in the times of Queen Anne and Beatrix Esmond and Monsieur Beaucaire.

But in the period when a child is all child, with no dash of the adolescent in his mental and social make-up, books with rules of behavior are anathema. Life is not behavior then; it is simply fun and collecting something or other and borrowing books and insisting upon dreadfully democratic friendships. Manners are learned only incidentally. There are plenty of so-called etiquettes for young children on the market, but, most of them talk down to the child and bore him or are intended for parental consumption and interpretation.

Children take on manners—and mannerisms—at this time chiefly because a character or a chapter in a book has held the attention for days after the covers were closed and has caused the child to ponder greatly. The Mad Tea Party, for instance, has probably done more to show up the evils of contradicting and of hectic behavior generally than all the admonitions of all the nursery governesses and relatives put together. Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, once considered pernicious, have actually fixed boys' and girls' thinking on the value of conventional behavior. Even the saccharine Elsie books have in their generation made their contribution toward keeping up society's standard. "All I can remember of the Elsie books, and I read

dozens of them," said a woman who was reading children's books at the turn of the century, "is how immaculate Elsie's father's clothes always were." And it is always Elsie's father's immaculate costume and his punctilious observance of Sunday which looms large in memory, while Elsie herself is only part of the binder's title.

Didactic verse has had its authors and advocates in every generation, but the advocates have been the persons who superimposed the verse on the child, not the child itself. In "The Babees' Book: Mediæval Manners for the Young," that delightful compilation "now first done into modern English from the texts of Dr. F. J. Furnivall by Edith Rickert," there is, for example, "The A B C of Aristotle" (for which, of course, poor Aristotle is blameless). No "babee" could have recommended this series of moralizing couplets to one of his young friends from the alphabet and the rhymed maxims on neighboring pages: "How the Good Wife Taught Her Daughter, Stans Puer ad Mensam, Francis Seager's School of Virtue." The ponderous moralists and propagandists for etiquette in later centuries have taken heavy toll at what sacrifice of quaint flavor!

To stuff thy jaws with bread it is not due,
With full mouth speak not, lest thou do offense.
Of bitten bread with thy teeth no sops think thou to make;
Loud for to sup gainsays all gentleness.

The couplets of the New England Primer could not have so modified the social practices of its youthful readers, and "Gustavus Adolphus Godfrey Gore, why can't you remember to shut the door?" was no better in its effect upon tiny Victorians.

"The Goops" have been the only truly reformative

poems of polite behavior in the twentieth century. Published twenty-six years ago, it is safe to say that 50 per cent of our reading population control their attitude toward soup by remembering the Goops' soup-spoon sailboat simile. Simply to say, "The Goops they lick their fingers and the Goops they lick their knives," brings down upon one's head at any gathering a chorus of quotation which ends only when it reaches "Oh, they lead disgusting lives!"

Nothing has advanced the cause of properly wielded forks as much as have two of Boutet de Monvel's drawings for Anatole France's "Nos Enfants," while those for the inimitable "La Civilité" support the tradition that concern for children's manners originated in France—that it is to nose, mouth and fingers that he must first look whether a "bele babee" at court or at play in the Luxembourg Gardens.

GROWING UP WITH GOOD ART

THE literature of the fine arts has long been barren ground, not merely for children but for large numbers of grown-ups who would like to be on more familiar terms with painting, sculpture, architecture and music. Actual knowledge has been out of their reach, lodged in books presupposing an understanding of their terminology. Makeshifts telling how to look, listen and "appreciate" will always fail to impart the spark of human interest in the matter itself that leads to defining one's own limitations if not to certain hold on the subject.

There are hopeful signs that the arts, as well as the sciences, are to be liberated from the technicalities of text-books and authoritative histories in the interest of young readers. Such a book as Mrs. Coleman's "Creative Music for Children," embodying not only a plan of training based on the natural evolution of music, but a fascinating record of the plan in practice, has given a new view of musical training to hundreds of parents and teachers and a happy release to hundreds of children who had been bored by music lessons which had no living value and left them without love of music. Singing and dancing and playing are all included in Mrs. Coleman's formula for a child's music lesson, and one feels that she must find stimulating aids to her conception of the part played by rhythm in the recent publications set to music of "The King's Breakfast," and "Fourteen Songs from When We Were Very Young," by A. A. Milne.

Miss Lawton has indicated both the timeliness and value of a new popular history of music and we await with eagerness a correspondingly interesting and valuable book on the history of the art of picture-making, in its relation to children. Such a book does not at present exist. The way to its writing lies, in the study of the racial picture books of different countries rather than in collecting more odd bits about the lives of different artists or ineffective little stories about great paintings or statues. The picture book *per se* has yet to be given its true place in the history of art as experienced by American children.

MUSIC AND WHERE IT CAME FROM

HOW MUSIC GREW: FROM PREHISTORIC TIMES TO THE PRESENT DAY

By MARION BAUER *and* ETHEL PEYSER

Reviewed by DOROTHY LAWTON

IN this day when millions of dollars and gallons of printer's ink are being expended to prove the United States of America a musical nation, comparatively little literature is being produced to show America's rising generation this great art's *raison d'être.* So the advent of a readable book on "How Music Grew from Prehistoric Times to the Present Day" should prove a veritable godsend. And it is to the young—young in musical experience and in feeling as well as in years—that this book is addressed. "To our young friends from nine to ninety" runs the dedication, and the authors live up to their promise. Intimacy with the reader is established at the outset, but never is it a matter of "talking down." Short, graphic sentences register the idea, and the phraseology grows with the growth of the subject and conviction of its interest. A growth in receptive power is presupposed and expected.

The book is divided into five parts corresponding to so many stages of human life: Babyhood, Childhood, Music Becomes a Youth, Music Comes of Age, Music

Has Grown Up. "The Babyhood of Music" begins with the American Indians and the Negro and moves quickly on through the oldest of the civilized nations—the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Hebrew, the Greek and Roman, the Chinese, Japanese, Siamese, the Arabs and the Hindus. In this last chapter the authors do justice to a nation too little appreciated and show how much our Occidental culture owes to the Oriental. The clearest explanation of the Greek scales we have yet found forms a part of the Greek and Roman chapters.

"The Childhood of Music" is made up of chapters on church music, troubadours and minnesingers, and folk music. The authors are particularly happy in their treatment of the last theme in two chapters, "The People Dance and Sing," and "National Portraits in Folk Music." The subject is so exhaustive that to have given any true sense of it at all in thirty-eight pages is in itself an achievement. And yet the origin of folk music and folk dances, its division in national expression and a foreshadowing of its effect and use in the latter-day art-forms are here clearly depicted.

In "Music Becomes a Youth" musical forms are introduced. It is shown how motets and madrigals of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries are checked by the Reformation, and opera and oratorio arise as the next step. There is also a chapter devoted to "Musicke in Merrie England."

"Music Comes of Age" tells of dance tunes, suites, violin makers of Cremona, followed by opera in France, clavecin and harpsichord composers, and Germany with organs, organists and organ works.

The last division—"Music Has Grown Up"—deals as it should, with the great personalities of the art, the

forms through which they have expressed themselves and the instruments and their combinations which they have employed. The last three chapters of the book—"America Enters," "America Comes of Age" and "Twentieth Century Music"—are of real value to librarians and to all who are looking for information on contemporary composers. We know of only two other publications, one in England and one in France, which in any way approach the chapter on twentieth century music.

"No one can 'appreciate' an art work," says William J. Henderson in one of the rare introductions which have value as criticism, "without knowing its period, the state of the art in that period, the ideals and purposes of composers, the capacity of their public and the particular gifts and aims of the writer of the work under consideration. It is extremely difficult for any person to begin the study of 'appreciation' after he is old enough to have acquired a stock of prejudices and burdened his mind with a heavy load of misconceptions. It is better to absorb good art, music or other, in the early years and to grow up with it than to try at eighteen or twenty to put away childish things and understand Bach's 'St. Matthew Passion.' "

One realizes the value of this work to readers nearer to ninety than nine and glimpses the magnitude of the task undertaken by Miss Bauer and Miss Peyser on turning to the comprehensive index, to the list of a hundred or more books consulted by the authors, and to a richly suggestive list of many pages headed "Some Music Writers According to Forms of Composition." Students and program makers will find this list invaluable, for it includes the names of composers from the twelfth century down to 1925, and from the fifteenth

century adds the exact dates, with a few exceptions. The forms, arranged by countries, begin with the Songs of the Troubadours, Trouvêres, Minnesingers and Meistersingers, and range through the motet and madrigal writers to the composers of modern ballets, such as De Falla, Stravinsky and Whithorne.

The illustrations for the book, well-chosen reproductions of famous paintings for the greater part, include a number of special interest to children showing boys and girls and men and women playing upon the various instruments described. Such graphic tables as the one showing how clefs grew and the Guidonian invention for counting time are fascinating to anyone. Special attention has been given to the make-up, and the pages are broken by pictorial titles of the various subjects.

ALICE IN ORCHESTRALIA

By ERNEST LA PRADE

Foreword by WALTER DAMROSCH

Reviewed by DOROTHY LAWTON

I HAVE just returned from a most exciting hour with "Alice in Orchestralia" and rarely has an hour been more delightfully or more profitably spent.

We of an earlier generation who followed that other Alice through Wonderland with a pack of cards and through the Looking Glass across the chessboard and returned fascinated, though bewildered by Lewis Carroll's gentle ironies on the political situation of his day, are glad that Alice's American cousin will go with Mr. La Prade through the pleasant vales of Orches-

tralia and emerge from the bell of the Brass Tuba with a fund of real knowledge.

That was a strange country that Alice led us through. We went by a subway train through a brass tunnel that the Bass Viol told Alice was not the Tube, but the Tuba. We alighted in Fiddladelphia, where we met all the Viols and were properly introduced. We found that there the play's the thing and the players merely dummies, which the instruments take out of their cupboards before the concert begins. The Bass Viol explained that they were not human beings—only musicians—but he acknowledged that even the fiddles couldn't make music without the fiddlers.

From Fiddladelphia, which seems to be the capital of Orchestralia, we went to Panopolis, where the Wood Winds live, and were most kindly welcomed by the Oboe, who invited us to tea. He was entertaining all the members of his family, and we were duly impressed by his account of their numbers and their long pedigree. They seemed very aristocratic folk indeed. We felt for Alice's embarrassment when she found that the English Horn had never been to London and could not even speak the English language.

Next we went to Brassydale, "a small village and separated from Panopolis only by the Wood." There we called on the Band, and were most politely received by Pierre, the French Horn. He told us all about his colleagues and afterward introduced us to the Trumpet, a most distinguished personage, with a military bearing, as of one accustomed to give orders. We were quite flattered when he begged leave to escort Alice on her way to the Battery. There he presented us to the instruments of Percussion, which, it seems, they sometimes call the Kitchen.

It was a charming experience throughout, and we were not altogether sorry to recognize some old acquaintances. Surely that individual in the tent, who told us his name was Saxophone, we have met before in an earlier incarnation, when he offered that other Alice advice of a more personal nature. Did we not catch echoes of the sobs of him who was a real turtle once? Other times, other manners. It only proves that Alice is immortal.

It is an interesting and healthy sign that writers on musical subjects are invading the realms of children's literature and are beginning to talk to their young readers on their own plane and not from Olympian heights or from sentimental clouds. In Froebel's philosophy also play's the thing, and Mr. La Prade has most cleverly and with a delicate touch administered a potent piece of nourishment. What could be more apropos at this time than that child's book on the orchestra should be put out by a member of and the writer of program notes for the orchestra which first gave symphony concerts for young people?

PIANO LESSONS

By LAWRENCE LEE

Angelica has learned to play
In quite a pleasant sort of way.
When she is practicing her scales
No one in the apartment wails,
"Angelica, my child, my child,
Your banging simply drives me wild!"
With all her fingers and each thumb
She makes delightful music come;
And people now are glad to sit
And listen to the sound of it.

THE LIFE STORY OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

SAINT FRANÇOIS D'ASSISE D'APRES LES AQUARELLES DE P. SUBERCASEAUX ERRAZURIZ

Reviewed by LAURA PALMER

ENCHANTING memories are evoked by the very name of Assisi—visions of the little Umbrian hill town, where the spirit of Saint Francis seems always to hover about one. Its narrow streets climb to the castle that crowns the hill and sends its ruined walls in silhouette along the sky line, and the valley far below is dotted with rose-colored roofs of farm and village, which lose themselves among wheat and vineyards and silver olives, while far away in the white light all is gathered into a line of opalescent blue.

In the midst of the town the Cathedral Square is dominated by a statue of the Saint—San Francesco he is called in his own country. A long line of white arcades rises from the steep hillside below and marks the convent of San Francesco and the upper and lower churches on the walls of which Giotto and his followers painted the story of the Saint for the people whose only reading was from pictures. Very stately and solemn are these old frescoes—they make us forget that Saint Francis was a human child, a boy full of life and the joy of it and that the great spiritual awakening

came gradually as he grew toward manhood and gave up all else that he might work and suffer for humanity.

It is this living, human Saint Francis that Pedro Subercaseaux leads us to realize in the beautiful series of paintings reproduced in the book "St. François d'Assise." These fifty paintings, so filled with delicate spirituality and poetry, are done in pure transparent water color—the most beautiful and the most difficult of mediums; and his power of telling the story is quite equaled by the artistic quality of their treatment.

They begin with the stable where the mother of Francis wished her son to be born like the Child Jesus. There follows the charming composition in which Donna Pica, of a Fra Angelico type of loveliness, lays aside her embroidery to hold the boy close, by a window open to the white light of the Umbrian sky. In "The Enchantment of Youth" Francis makes merry with his friends—there is wine, music and fair raiment and the scene sparkles with color against the light of fine linen, sky and the vine-roofed pergola. "Disillusionment" pulses with a fairy aspect of Italian springtime. Here Francis finds a sadness in the beauty that had before filled him with joy. The blue of his dress—a color that the artist loves and uses to perfection—and the black note of the cloak make the landscape sing as nothing else could have done. In complete contrast to this the page that follows is "Setting Out for the Wars," when Francis joins a nobleman of Assisi with the ambition of becoming a famous knight. It is filled with details of costume and trappings of riders leaving the gate of the city and glows like the color of an old embroidery.

One of the most beautiful designs, exquisite in detail, is his visit to the tomb of St. Peter, where he cast

away all the gold in his purse. There is a lavishness of architectural and ornamental detail held in a cool, light tone.

"The Bishop's Judgment" is a touching episode. Bernardone, angry at his son's generosity, has complained to the bishop, who advises Francis to return to his father the money that belongs to him. He returns even his clothes, and the bishop stands folding the naked form of the youth in his wide cloak.

And now follow the days of poverty—begging, ministering to the sick, preaching his first sermon under the Roman portico at Assisi.

One of the most dramatic and intense moments is his meeting with Angelo Tancredi. He reaches up to grasp the hand of the knight upon his black horse, exclaiming: "Exchange thy horse, sword and spurs for a frock and a rope and follow Christ." The composition of this picture is of such dignity and impressiveness that it stands forth as one of the best of the series.

Of all the paintings at Assisi the best known and most loved by the world at large is Giotto's St. Francis preaching to the birds. Subercaseaux has given another touching rendering of the sermon to the little brothers of the air. The birds come fluttering to the feet of St. Francis, and the brown owl sits gravely by the tree trunk; all the little birds are here and the pheasant with jewel-blue head. The older brother stands between the tall trunks of two poplar trees against a pearl grey sky, a beautiful composition.

The text explanatory of the pictures is given first in French and then in English. The English form is not as distinguished a rendering as one might wish, but the pictures speak for themselves and our interest in

them is heightened when we realize how recently they were painted and their effect on the artist himself.

Pedro Subercaseaux visited Assisi in 1911 and was deeply impressed by the beauty and poetry of the little town where the legend of Saint Francis seemed always present. He wished to express pictorially the emotions aroused there. Later he returned to Italy and began serious work upon the life of Saint Francis which he was able to complete only after the close of the great war. A son of Chile, he was born in Rome; and from childhood having a love for painting and drawing, he began to study seriously at Berlin, Rome and Paris. Nearly all his pictures which are historical subjects of all periods were painted while living in Santiago, Chile; and the largest murals are in Santiago and Buenos Ayres.

As the result of those years spent in close touch with the Franciscan legends Subercaseaux joined the order of Saint Benedict at the Monastery on the Isle of Wight and in the intervals of his duties as a Benedictine monk he is painting altarpieces for the churches of the order.

LITTLE BROTHER FRANCIS OF ASSISI

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

With decorations by BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF

SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI

By E. M. WILMOT-BUXTON

Reviewed by MARGERY WILLIAMS BIANCO

IF one could have one choice of meeting any saint personally it would almost certainly be Francis of Assisi. He is the one saint whose character, as handed

down to us in history and legend, forms a real and intimate picture. One feels that Francis really did live, that all the stories about him could not possibly have been invented or imagined, and it is his humanity more than his saintliness that endears him to us. Many saints have died young; Francis did better; he lived young, and he somehow retained his youth through the whole of his career and up to the very last minute, and for that reason he appeals not only to young people but to the hidden youth that is in everyone.

It is appropriate that in the year of the 700th anniversary of Saint Francis's death, at least two new books on his life should appear. Michael Williams's story, with illustrations by Artzybasheff, is an almost perfect account for younger readers. He tells the story of Francis simply as one feels it should be told, with full picturesqueness and omitting none of the countless folk legends which have grown up about his memory and with which it is so essentially associated. Here we have the happy, carefree, vagabondish Francis, the glad companion, lover of birds, of animals, of the forests and the highways, who seems to bring an element of whimsicality into even the most solemn of his vows; who sees life, the service of God—even death itself—as a glorious and rather jolly adventure, and who is most truly a "joyous minstrel of the Lord," and yet the spiritual significance of whose life is never once lost sight of. It is a story far more fascinating than any folk-tale or imagined adventure and one which no boy or girl could read without a thrill.

E. M. Wilmot-Buxton's life is less personal in tone. It has a more documentary character and will suit older readers who prefer the presentation of history rather than legend. It gives a very full account of

Francis's life and of the period in which he lived, and an excellent picture of the early days of the Franciscan order. His portrait of Francis himself, if a little more sober, is none the less sympathetic and lifelike. Though both these books cover the same ground, the slight difference in treatment enables them to supplement one another admirably; anyone after reading Michael Williams's book will find an added interest and enjoyment in the fuller account of Wilmot-Buxton.

THE LAST HORN

I dreamt St. Francis blew his horn
As I lay in my tent;
From the blue East to the misty West
A single note was sent,
Traveling out across the world,
And up to the stars it went.
As rippling downward through the cloud
That clarion's echo came,
My dog sat up and pricked his ears
As though he heard his name.
St. Francis, lover of good hounds,
Was calling up his pack,
With gleams of chestnut and of gold,
Dappled and silken black.
With arched tail and feathered flank
They trotted at his back.
St. Francis in the saddle turned
With laughter in his eye
To see the host of waving tails
That kept him company.
The huntsman galloped on a cloud;
Streaming across the blue

I heard the music of the pack,
And my dog followed too.
A little dragon, plumed and pert,
He rose to range the sky;
St. Francis, lover of good hounds,
Had given him wings to fly.
Greyhound and terrier, collie, Dane
And golden Labrador,
With tail a-sway and rippling flank
And feathered feet before,
With lopping ear and lifted head
Went up to heaven's door.
Then did St. Francis turn and smile;
Those hounds so free from sin
At heaven's door had laid them down
And would not enter in.
I saw that company at rest,
And pray that soon or late
They'll find their masters riding up
To meet them where they wait.

—From Pillicock Hill, by Herbert Asquith.

POEMS OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

MEDDLESOME MATTY

By JANE *and* ANN TAYLOR

With an Introduction by EDITH SITWELL

Illustrated by WYNDHAM PAYNE

WHAT would the Taylors of Onga say, I wonder, if they could see the gay holiday form in which the verses of their own Ann and Jane, and Adelaide O'Keefe, appear a hundred years afterward? These sententious verses have delighted generation after generation of ageless children on both sides of the Atlantic because they have a freshness and elusive charm of their own and because they successfully dramatize human conduct in picturesque situations.

Theodore Roosevelt gave Meddlesome Matty a place of her own in his administration and many were the editorials in which she appeared. "Who is Meddlesome Matty?" readers of those editorials would ask at the libraries, and of their friends in the street. "I never heard of her before." "Oh, don't you know?"

those who did know would reply, and with smiles breaking over their faces would repeat the memorable lines:

One ugly trick has often spoiled
  The sweetest and the best;
Matilda, though a pleasant child,
  One ugly trick possessed,
Which, like a cloud before the skies,
Hid all her better qualities.

Sometimes she'd lift the tea-pot lid,
  To peep at what was in it;
Or tilt the kettle, if you did
  But turn your back a minute.
In vain you told her not to touch,
Her trick of meddling grew so much.

Then follows tragedy, and the moral:

Matilda, smarting with the pain,
  And tingling still, and sore,
Made many a promise to refrain
  From meddling evermore.
And 'tis a fact, as I have heard,
She ever since has kept her word.

Edith Sitwell, in her delightful introduction, reminds us that Ann and Jane Taylor were the grandchildren of Isaac Taylor, friend of Goldsmith and Richardson, and came of a stock much interested in literature. The charming picture of the two little girls painted by their father in the garden of Lavenham, their home in Suffolk, which hangs in the National Portrait Gallery, shows them as very serious-minded good little girls in white muslin dresses carrying nosegays as bright as their cheeks.

"We are told," says Miss Sitwell, "that they were lively as children and young ladies." That they were clever enough to write verses that would survive a hundred years and make their way into American politics, neither they nor their contemporaries guessed. Even Miss Sitwell seems unaware of their lively appeal to an American public.

It is difficult to make a selection from such delightful verses. There is "Dirty Jim" and "Greedy Richard," "The Vulgar Little Lady," "Plum Cake" and, from Adelaide O'Keefe, "Idle Richard and the Goat." "If you boast," says Miss Sitwell, "and 'show off' when a bank note is in your possession, what could be more natural than that a goat should walk up to you, take it away from you and eat it? This is only to be expected, under the circumstances."

CAROLINE HEWINS AND CHILDREN'S READING

ON the last day in Children's Book Week, which Caroline Hewins delighted in celebrating from year to year, a lovely little book, bound in lavender, with a gold design upon the cover, came forth for the holidays.

Friendly to the hand as well as to the eye, it might easily have dropped down out of the mid-fifties instead of from a modern manufacturing plant. Straight from the shelves of Miss Hewins's fascinating collection of the books she knew and loved as a child, her own "A Mid-Century Child and Her Books" might have come, such pains have her publishers taken to give just the right setting to this book of delightful reminiscences by a born lover of books and children.

The old Irish proverb "As wise as a child four years old," comes to mind as one pictures little Caroline Hewins sitting before a soft coal fire in the Village of West Roxbury (years before it became a ward of Boston), listening to "Flow gently, sweet Afton," sung by an aunt who died before she was six. "The singer," she says, "must have shown me the song in her little fine print, gilt-edged Burns, with a black and gold cover, for I should hardly have found it for myself. There were a great many words in the book that I had never seen, but a glossary at the end told me what they meant and I read some of the poems over and over, till before I or any one knew what I was doing I was able to read

lowland Scotch easily and never had to stumble over it in later years." At about the same age, when discovered poring over Godey's *Lady's Book,* she was taken into Boston next day and made the proud possessor of Jacob Abbott's "Lucy's Conversations."

By such revealing glimpses are we taken into a delightful family life which included not only a father and mother, a brother and seven younger sisters, but also an uncle, two aunts, a grandmother and a lively, whist-playing great-grandmother, who tried in vain to teach the small Caroline to knit at the age of four, the result being "a distaste for knitting which I have never been able to overcome." She records a similar experience in trying to milk Jessie, the family cow, to the song of "Cushy cow, bonny." "There were few entertainments for children in the country villages at that time," says this drama-loving mid-century child. "But one evening Signor Blitz, with his wonderful talking dog Bobby and a troupe of trained canaries, filled the hall and delighted every child there. After that other 'magicians' came, but not one of them was as attractive as dear Signor Blitz."

There are glimpses of children's parties, long drives to Sharon or Dedham and trips to the other side of Boston by horse car; explorations of nearby woods and fields and swamps, where Caroline Hewins learned the names of birds and wild flowers, trees and ferns, as well as the fruit trees and flowers of her own garden. Here is the beginning of that companionship with Nature which in later years was reflected in her Agassiz club for the boys and girls of Hartford.

"Adelina Patti was seventeen, I was thirteen, when I listened for the first time to an opera sung by the finest voice I have ever heard." The school she at-

tended had invitations to hear and see the favorite musicians of the time and she heard Camilla Urso, a girl of fourteen, play the violin, and Teresa Carreno, who played in Music Hall. "The schools gave a concert in the same hall for the officers of a Russian warship that was anchored at a Boston dock for a short time. In return they invited the schools to visit the ship." Caroline Hewins attended a dancing class and May Day was celebrated with dancing in Music Hall, where "the dancing parson," as the Rev. Charles Francis Barnard was called, provided an orchestra to play and tableaux, flowers and ice cream to make it a festive day. Her twenty-first birthday was fittingly celebrated with a Dickens party, for which there was no age limit (her own reading of Dickens began with the discovery of "Pickwick Papers" years before). Her father received the guests as Mr. Wardle, appearing later as Alfred Jingle. "Captain Cuttle and Jack Bunsby brought down the house by dancing a 'fore and after.' Sairy Gamp did not know that Betsey Prig would be there, but when they saw each other their only regret was that Mrs. Harris had not been invited. Betsey Trotwood and the faithful Janet, Sam Weller and Bob Sawyer, Lizzie Hexam and the Doll's Dressmaker, Mrs. Jarley and Little Nell," and then Miss Hewins adds, "I wish that we had kept a list of the characters, for some of them have quite gone from my memory."

To the clarity and strength of this memory do we owe the most authentic paper on the subject of children's reading of which I have any knowledge. This paper is the nucleus of the present volume and those who have heard Miss Hewins read it, illustrating by reading or telling incidents from the books she describes, will hear her voice as they turn the pages.

A a

Andrew Airpump ask'd his Aunt her Ailment:
Did Andrew Airpump ask his Aunt her Ailment?
If Andrew Airpump ask'd his Aunt her Ailment,
Where was the Ailment of Andrew Airpump's Aunt?

From Peter Piper's Alphabet

Title page decoration from
Lilliput Levee, 1864.

From
Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes
Old Style.

Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" lay upon her pillow when she opened her eyes upon her seventh birthday and the spell of Pandora as well as of Persephone fell upon her, for eager curiosity backed all her explorations among books extending to the Encyclopedia Britannica. "I had a way of keeping to myself whatever puzzled me," she says, "until I could find out."

Her lifelong love of Washington Irving was born of opening "The Alhambra" in the midst of a thunder shower at the age of ten. "I never stopped to ask if the words were long or the story was prolix, but read, read, read until the sky was clear and the sun shone. I had found a treasure and I went on to 'Bracebridge Hall,' the Old Christmas chapters in 'The Sketch Book' and 'The Tales of a Traveller.' " She confesses a fearful pleasure in the stories of ghosts, skeletons and de-

mons which she found in such magazines as Graham's and Leslie's stowed away in the attic, a taste gratified later on by her delight in Sir Walter Scott and the Waverley novels.

Will the stranger who reads this little book know that it is pure gold, that here is the work of a true artist in the art of practicing reading for reading's own sake? No theorist or propagandist is here, but a pioneer of gallant stuff, a woman gifted with rare intellectual powers and wide-ranging interests, who might easily have become the originator and compiler of bibliographies in other fields, but who chose instead to square accounts with her own childhood in the midst of multifarious duties in order that other children might take not only profit but take delight from the sharing of her experiences:

"The influence of books that I read over and over between the ages of five and fifteen have been so great upon my later life, its tastes and pursuits, that in the last thirty years I have collected copies of as many of them as possible for a standard of comparison with what children read now."

As modest at the age of eighty as she was at eight, Caroline Hewins, with undiminished appetite for beauty and truth, for adventure and fun in everyday life as well as in books, came to New York for a Hallowe'en visit and to see her own little book on the eve of publication. When told that the children of the Harlem Library had been asking for her as "the best story-teller of all" she said, "I should love to see the children and the jack-o'-lanterns."

Last year Miss Hewins had told the children a bit of Connecticut folk lore, "The Frogs of Windham," and the year before she had recited in her inimitable

way the Peter Piper Alphabet included in her little book, a memory shared by the Children's Library at Westbury. This year "The Owl and the Pussy Cat" and a happy wish for Hallowe'en strengthened her many ties with the New York Public Library. "It has been a beautiful visit," she said, when seated in the train with "Eliza and the Elves," Herbert Asquith's new book of verses, "Pillicock Hill" and "Little Machinery." "New York always does give me the thrill of life—new people, new things to look at and think about. I shall live on this like a camel on his hump until I come again."

Four days later Caroline Hewins set forth on the long journey, from which, if travelers could send letters back, hers would be to the children she loved and understood—the children for whom "A Traveler's Letters to Boys and Girls" were written. "She lived in a beautiful world" was Miss Hewins's bon voyage from the city of Hartford, whose librarian she had been for more than fifty years.

The Three Owls never looked to her in vain for encouragement and lively interest—their Thirteen Points on Children's Reading were discussed with her on this last visit and they rejoice that her little book is one that children who love books and pictures may share.

MAGIC RULE FOR SURPRISES

By MARTHA BANNING THOMAS

When I come running home from school
I try a secret, magic rule
For making happy things come true,
And sometimes I have known them to!
(Like finding laughing company
All sitting round and drinking tea,
My aunt who wears a silver ring,
And who is very apt to bring
A present for our largest cat,
A catnip mouse and things like that,
Or maybe, teasing Uncle Tom
Who's nearly always coming from
A place like Africa or Spain
And wanting to go back again!)

I shut my eyes and find a stick
Not too thin and not too thick,
And then I turn my head away
And very, very slowly say—
"I want to find some company
The minute I get home for tea!"

And then I run quite fast along
A fence with pickets white and strong,
I touch each one as I go by
To make them sing a lullaby,
Which means the magic will come true,
Because I've often known it to!

WHAT STORIES TO TELL

IN "The Marsh King's Daughter," Hans Christian Andersen says: "The storks have a great many stories which they tell their little ones, all about the bogs and marshes. They suit them to their age and capacity. The young ones are quite satisfied with *kribble, krabble,* or some such nonsense, and find it charming; but the elder ones want something with more meaning."

It is the stories with "more meaning" which have right of way in February, the month when gods and heroes walk abroad and boys and girls, even the very young ones, are most susceptible to the influence of great characters in history or legend who can be made to live again in the miniature drama of the true story-teller. "Simplicity should be the keynote of story-telling," says Marie L. Shedlock in "The Art of the Story-teller," which is not a new book, but remains the best one in this field, "but it is a simplicity which comes after much training in self-control and much hard work in overcoming the difficulties which beset the presentation."

It is her frank discussion of these difficulties and the clarity and humor with which she sets forth the perils and dangers from which the story-teller must make her own escape by a discriminating choice of stories to tell, complete saturation with the subject of the tale she has chosen and her native wit and power of feeling the mood of her audience, which distinguish Miss Shedlock's book from less readable books on story-telling. It should be thoughtfully read or reread just now in conjunction with her "Eastern Stories and Leg-

ends, of which she wrote in 1920: "These stories of the Buddha-Rebirths are not for one age or one country, but for all time, and for the whole world. Their philosophy might be incorporated into the tenets of faith of a League of Nations without destroying any national forms of religious teaching. . . . Since it is wise to take into consideration the claims and interests of the passing hour, it is well to reintroduce these stories at a moment when, perhaps more than ever before, East and West are struggling to arrive at a clearer understanding of one another."

Years have passed and the struggle still goes on, while in American schools and universities still do we seek to "bind the Pleiades" by the "use of stories as a teaching instrument," and in all seriousness men and women of our time go into committee in pursuit of literature to be used in the building of character upon Syllabi.

In our experience genuine literature is a life force and works in mysterious ways its wonders to perform on each individual. It is neither possible to "listen in" nor to photograph the elusive process of its transforming power upon the inner life. That is why, no doubt, Miss Shedlock gives first place to "dramatic joy," a natural craving of childhood, in her fivefold plea for the freer use of stories in education, and the second to the importance of developing a sense of humor with an apt reminder of its relation to a sense of proportion.

Mary Gould Davis, supervisor of story-telling in the New York Public Library, has brought together the collective experience of the story-tellers of that institution in an annotated list of stories to be told or read aloud. The list is called "Stories" and is published by the New York Public Library.

SKAZKI: TALES AND LEGENDS OF OLD RUSSIA

Told by IDA ZEITLIN

Illustrated by THEODORE NADEJEN

Reviewed by LEONORE ST. JOHN POWER

"THERE is the Russian soul! The very odor of Russia!" leaps to the mind upon first sight of that gorgeously colorful book "Skazki." A glance through it reveals illustrations in black and gold, highly decorative designs showing heroes girt in shining armor, maidens whose radiant beauty is enhanced by jeweled head-dresses of intricate design, turreted cities, fantastic forests, magicians, witches, czars and peasants. Interspersed between these black and gold illustrations are full pages in color, color that carries all the imagery

of glowing birds, golden cocks and the marvels of the Czardom of Czar Saltan the Splendid. The artist, Theodore Nadejen, himself a Russian, re-creates these century-old tales of an ancient Russia. He brings out of the past the merchants from the islands of the East whose tales sent the heroes of Russia far and wide, he burns a million tapers before the ancient icons, he makes the wind howl over the dreary steppes, he covers the mountains with snow, and he sends hordes of Tartars across the pages of this book. His art interprets not only the visible but captures in its color and design the great spiritual force of the Russian skazki—the trembling of the earth, the thunder, the strange presence that so often soars out of the darkness—and in this the book is fortunate, for this is "the very odor of Russia."

The tales which make up this collection are from the Russian of Afanasiev, Pushkin and Zhukovsky. Pushkin, fascinated by the symbolism and beauty of the ancient tales his nurse had told him, rendered them into poetic form which seems to defy adequate translation but which gives inspiration to musician and artist alike and is transformed into operas and paintings for the delight of people who have no origins in Russia. That four of Pushkin's tales should have found their way into this collection is a happy circumstance and gives the book an added value. The author of this English version of the "Skazki," Ida Zeitlin, says in her preface: "To any lover of Pushkin verse the idea of translation is absurd, so inseparably are its beauties woven into the very texture of the language." It is with this nonconformity in mind that the English versions have been made. The flavor has been preserved as far as possible.

"The Golden Cock," perhaps the most familiar of Pushkin's tales, the yearly performance of it at the Metropolitan Opera House with its glorious setting done by Willy Pogány and its inimitably humorous King Dadón making it a Christmas holiday performance of deserving popularity, flourishes in the "Skazki" in all its humor and mystery. King Dadón drowsing away on his silken cushions, the Golden Cock high on his pinnacle sounding warnings of trouble in the East or the West, the sorcerer in his black coat, the devastatingly beautiful maiden, the crowds of people, the vanished armies, the deliciously absurd seriousness of it all, makes a tale for young or old that is ever a pleasure to read. Though familiar by reason of the opera, "The Golden Cock" is not found in the well-known collections of Russian folk-tales, made by Post Wheeler, E. Nisbet Bain and Nathan Haskell Dole.

Another Pushkin tale given in the "Skazki" is a version of "Ruslán and Lyudmila." This is a highly romantic fantasy in which Chernomor, the lord of darkest night, does much mischief. There is an Eastern splendor about this tale that is in strange contrast to the ice and snow of Russia. Lyudmila, stolen from the arms of Ruslán, is carried off through the air and finds herself in a palace, through the open portal of which "a hundred blackamoors marched proudly, two and two, their naked sabers flashing, and in their arms they bore a silken cushion and on the cushion lay a beard so long as can be dreamed of only in a tale." There is in this tale, as in others, quite a little of the philosophical reflection with which the skazki abound. When Lyudmila, overcome with grief, begins to try on Chernomor's magic turban—"now she set it upright and now aslant and now she turned it back to front"—the wise

story-teller remarks, "decking her beauty a maiden may forget her blackest grief."

In addition to the Pushkin tales, "Czar Saltan," "The Sleeping Tsarevna and the Seven Giants," "The Golden Cock," "Ruslán and Lyudmila," there is the familiar "Ivan Tsarevitch and the Grey Wolf," "Kostchei the Deathless," and a very Russian and unfamiliar tale called "How the Bogatírs Were Destroyed in Holy Russia." The bogatírs were Russian warriors of gigantic size noted for their strength and valor. They do battle with the Tartars who swept down upon them "like an angry wind across the plain, and so great was their number that a rider might not encircle them, nor a gray wolf pass through their midst, nor an eagle fly over them." The bogatírs fled to the stone mountain and there they themselves turned to stone and "in this wise were the bogatírs destroyed in holy Russia."

So rich is this book in art and in legend that it goes beyond the usual collection of folk-tales for children and becomes a book for all who appreciate the finer things of life. Much credit must be given to author and artist for using their insight, discrimination and talents in collecting, out of a wealth of material, tales that represent so wide a range of symbolism, wisdom, fantastic imagery, humor and love of nature. Boys and girls in the teens who have retained the power to ask with Tsar Saltan, "And what new wonder is there in the white world?" will rejoice in this book. The ancient cities of Nóvgorod and Kiev are veritable storehouses for such wonders. Wherever art is fostered through dramatics, "Skazki" can be used to make stage settings and costumes authentic and colorful. All this will "Skazki" do, besides providing those interested in folk-lore with a fine rendition of tales that have come

down through primitive belief and are colored by the influences of Christianity and history.

Drawings by Theodore Nadejen for Skazki

PERSIAN HEROES

THE EPIC OF KINGS

Retold from Firdusi's "Shah Nameh" *by* HELEN ZIMMERN

Illustrated by WILFRID JONES

Reviewed by MARY GOULD DAVIS

"NOW, when some days had passed in this disquietude, it came about one night that when the moon showed her face above the mountains, like unto a victorious king seated upon a throne of turquoise, a watchman of Iran set up a great cry. And he said:

" 'The plain is filled with dust, and the night resoundeth with noise. And I behold an army draweth nigh, and they bear torches, and in their midst rideth Rustem the Mighty.' "

Among the middle-aged men and women of to-day there must be a number who feel, when they read these words from the new edition of Helen Zimmern's "The Epic of Kings," a curious little thrill of memory, a sudden flash of the lost color of their teens. It is as if the words had touched a hidden spring. A door, long closed, opens, and out there comes riding the vivid, stately procession of the Persian heroes—Zal and his love, Rudabeh, Rustem and Kai Khosrau, Firoud and Isfendiyar, marching as "an army with banners," clear-cut, untroubled, as only those things are that we receive into our minds while we are "yet young."

Illustration by Wilfrid Jones for The Epic of Kings

The book was first published in 1882, a translation of parts of the "Shah Nameh" of Firdusi. Miss Zimmern's work has given it that peculiar, heroic quality that seems to lift it and keep it lifted above the level of ordinary things. Henry Beston said of it recently:

"If you know a boy who likes stirring tales of warriors and great thundering battles, tents, horses, single combats and alarums and excursions of a military kind, I know nothing that can compare with it. It is really magnificent in its way, for the narrative is simple yet distinguished in manner, and yet manages to retain the primeval fury of the old tales. I am consumed with curiosity as I write to know something more about Helen Zimmern. Who was she? How in heaven's name did she manage to keep the dark strength and fury of these intensely masculine tales?"

Helen Zimmern is an English author and translator who has lived much of her life abroad. She inherits, evidently, a scholarly tradition and her translations of the classics cover a wide field. In the same year that "The Epic of Kings" came out she published her "Tales from the Eddas." Fused with her knowledge and her scholarship there is an enthusiasm, a vitality that brings us the heroes living, human and vigorous, moving always against a background filled with the strange, rich scent and color of the East. Out of this background the story emerges, clear and convincing—Zal and the mystic bird Simurgh, who fostered him, the tense scene when the wise men ask him the seven questions, Rustem's youth, his conquering of the great white elephant, his choice of a steed to bear him into battle, an episode as challenging to a boy's imagination as Siegfried's choosing of Greyfell, only there the "dark mountain wall of Norway trended down in solemn

grandeur toward the frozen sea" and here "it was the time of roses, and the meadows smiled with verdure."

The form of the book was such that only the lucky boys and girls of a generation ago found it. In its new edition it leaps into life from book counter and library shelf, filling the eye with its satisfying color, its good type and wide margins. But it is the drawings by Wilfrid Jones, in color and in black and white, that gives the book its true distinction. The artist has a strong feeling for the ancient Persian kings. In his "Artist's Note" he says of them:

"The greatness of those ancient Persians was not altogether mythical, for Herodotus and other Greek writers have testified to the magnificence of the great kings. And it was in the hope that I might recapture some of the epic quality of these old Persian legends that I have attempted to suggest the rugged, almost archaic form of the Sasanian rock sculptures and the bold simplicity of color which we see in the remains of the wall decorations of the palace of Susa."

There is no doubt at all that he has "recaptured the epic quality," and we have every reason to be grateful for his "rediscovery" of the splendid story. It is a book to be put into the background of every story-teller and of every teacher and student of history. And it is one to place, without comment, in the hands of the boys and girls of to-day. They will easily find in it for themselves the thing that will satisfy their need of color and of adventure.

A CLEVER CAT AND A TOWN MAGICIAN

THE FAT OF THE CAT, AND OTHER STORIES

By GOTTFRIED KELLER

Freely adapted by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

Illustrated by ALBERT SALLAK

Reviewed by CAROLINE M. HEWINS

THE cats of Bookland are many and various. From the day

> A cat came fiddling out of the barn
> With a pair of bagpipes under her arm,

and that other day when

> The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to Sea
> In a beautiful pea-green boat;

cats have fiddled and sung, walked, crept and run in and out of rhyme, story and picture.

Mr. Untermeyer claims for Glassy, the hero of "The Fat of the Cat" a place in history. "He belongs," he says, "to the same high company as Puss-in-Boots, Dick Whittington's Cat, the Kitty who went to London to see the Queen . . . and Mr. Kipling's independent Cat."

Gottfried Keller, well known in his native Switzerland, was the son of a poetry-loving father, and a

mother who had to use all her practical sense to support the family after his death. Gottfried wished to be an artist, but inspiration came to him in the form of poems, and later in stories, most of them about Seldwyla, an imaginary town containing characteristics of Swiss villages.

Mr. Untermeyer has made a free translation of five of his stories, which read as if they had been written in English at first.

"The Fat of the Cat" is essentially a folk-tale, probably handed down in one form or another for several generations. "In Seldwyla, even to-day, whenever a person has made a bad bargain, they say, 'Too bad! But he should never have tried to buy the fat off the cat!'" In the German version the cat is called "Spiegel"—a literal rendering would have given the ill-fitting name of "Mirror" to the handsome gray cat. But Mr. Untermeyer knew better than to be literal in naming his hero, and gave him a name that children will like and remember.

The story is that there was a wizard living in the town, a sly magician named Pineiss, who one day said to him, "Cat, would you like to sell your fat? I need cat's fat in my witchery. Come into my service and I will feed you as you have never been fed." Glassy was so weak from semi-starvation that he did not quite understand, but made the condition that he should live long enough to enjoy his roundest and fattest fullness before he was killed. Pineiss consented to spare his life till the next full moon.

Pineiss was a jack-of-all-trades in the daytime, from curing sick people to preparing almanacs, and at night things which are not spoken about. He overfed Glassy, making for him a veritable cat's heaven on earth of

birds, mice, milk and fish, until he looked like his old self. When he stopped being greedy and took so much exercise that he still looked strong and handsome without losing his slender figure, Pineiss objected, told him that it was his duty to eat, drink and grow fat, and gave him five days to live.

But on the roof Glassy became so enamored of a snow-white cat that he did not give a thought to Pineiss, and looked wilder, tougher and thinner than ever. Pineiss tried to kill him, but his standing-up fur, and the sparks that flew from his green eyes were so terrifying that the wizard began to be afraid, and threw him into the goose-pen, where he was stuffed with delicious food until he was fat enough to kill. Glassy, however, saved his own life by hinting at a wrong he had done, that might be atoned for, advised the wizard to marry a woman with ten thousand gold guldens which were buried, he knew where, and told a long romance about her beauty and charm.

In reality she was an old witch who could disguise herself as a young girl. She learned all his secrets and kept Pineiss busy from morning till night. Glassy himself escaped, and whenever he met the wizard he would smile cheerfully and say, "Always busy. That's the way—always keep busy!"

"Hungry Hans" is not unlike Charles Lamb's "Roast Pig." "Clothes Make the Man" is an amusing story about a runaway tailor with delicate features, long black hair and mustache and a long and wide gray cape trimmed with black velvet, who is taken everywhere for a prince, or at least a nobleman's son, until his old employers meet him and tell the Seldwylers who and what he really is. In this story Gottfried Keller has described the old peaked-top house in which he was

born. Over its door in bright letters was the name, "The Golden Corner."

"The Virgin and the Knight" and "The Statue and the Nun" are new renderings of well-known folk-tales, one of which will be recognized as the source of "The Miracle."

The illustrations in the book by Albert Sallak, a Viennese artist, are the first he has published. They are remarkably original and have caught the spirit of the stories. The publishers have given the book a very practical as well as attractive form.

SILHOUETTES AND VALENTINES

SILHOUETTING has been aptly called the fourth dimension in art. Herein lies the secret of its enduring charm for the artist who has the imagination and the skill to make shadows come alive and who lives in a country where the silhouette is still cherished as a fine art rather than collected as "profiled ancestors" or exploited by amateurs.

It is no new art that Lisl Hummel has chosen for the play of her fine creative imagination, nor did she enter the field without rigorous training in draughtsmanship and composition in the art schools of Vienna and Munich. A child of Vienna, Miss Hummel showed talent for drawing at an early age, but it was not until she went to Munich that she was advised to try her hand at the scissors-cut silhouette. The unique character of her work was first recognized in Switzerland. Exhibitions of her silhouettes have since been held in the United States and in Canada, and everywhere critics have delighted in the life-like way in which her shadow children laugh and sing and play or are tremendously in earnest. Miss Hummel's sound knowledge of anatomy stands her in good stead and would have pleased Ruskin, no doubt, at points where Kate Greenaway often distressed him.

I had a glimpse of some unpublished illustrations for Hans Christian Andersen's "What the Moon Saw" which reveal Miss Hummel's power of conveying at-

mosphere in very small space and a poetic insight cut in lines that leave a sharp and clear effect upon the mind. It was, indeed, the effect of the silhouettes chosen for St. Valentine's Day which led to a quest that seems to be timeless and endless, to wit: When and where did silhouettes begin and who was the first valentine? For before valentines were lace paper they were people.

There were valentines long before Chaucer, for he mentions their day. A day, by the way, with whose special observances the martyred St. Valentine himself had nothing to do beyond lending his day to lovers. One feels so sure that Geoffrey Chaucer was somebody's valentine every year that his shadow picture rises behind the Elizabethans—those greatest of all valentine makers, who never forget to give the birds their share in the day.

Older than valentines are the shadow pictures. There have been shadow pictures on monuments and shadow plays in theaters since the days of the Pharaohs and ancient China. Silhouette men are armed to battle, women weave cloth and grind corn, children play ball and knuckle-bones life-like in shadow.

But it is the silhouette of the eighteenth century in France and England that we now associate with valentines more nearly than with ancestors. Fanny Burney, creator of Evelina, delights in the black portraits and visits Charles, the silhouettist, when her attendance on the queen as maid-of-honor is over. A very sprightly portrait she makes, her delicate profile well set off with curled and powdered hair, lace ruffle and hat whose tilt must have been learned at Versailles, where, in 1771, the Théâtre Seraphin was opened for charming shadow plays.

Those were the golden years of shadow portraits in Europe. While Gainsborough was painting portraits of beautiful women at Bath, Charles and Sponberg worked at their shades in the same street. It was an Englishwoman, Mrs. Pyburg, who cut the portraits of William and Mary in 1699. This marked the beginning of a type of freehand scissors work that has persisted in England and Germany to the present day.

"At its best," says E. Nevill Jackson in "The History of Silhouettes," "black portraiture was a thing of real beauty, at its worst a quaintly appealing handicraft revealing the fashions and foibles of the day." *Shade* was the name given to the shadow portraits by many diarists of the eighteenth century, but when Étienne de Silhouette, Minister of Finance in the reign of Louis XV, took up the making of shadow portrraits as a pastime and later sponsored their making by machinery his name became associated with the art in the popular mind and has clung to it ever since. Whether his name was applied in derision or in honor is a doubtful matter; in any event it has stuck.

August Edouart, Frenchman of a later day whose portraits became deservedly known on both sides of the Atlantic, with the decline of the black portrait in Europe came to the United States in 1839 and spent ten years in New York, Boston and Saratoga; a list of his patrons forms a Who's Who of the wit, beauty and fashion of the time. He was shipwrecked on his way home. With his passing the curtain was rung down on the black portrait.

Silhouette by Lisl Hummel

A CHILD TO A SCARECROW

By VIRGINIA MOORE

How old are you, exactly,
And were you ever kissed?
I ask because I noticed
The bird-song in your fist.

You needn't act so perky,
And snub the linden tree,
Because your hat is heaven—
Why don't you answer me?

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

I HAVE been reading Carl Sandburg's "Abraham Lincoln"—reading with utter absorption and wonder, looking far off the page with deep emotion as I think of what it is going to mean to the boys and girls of the country to feed upon this living book of American folk history between now and 1950.

While we have been richer in Lincoln lore than in that of other lives there has been no book to which we could turn as we shall turn to this one, on Lincoln's birthday, and on other days, whenever we have the longing to *feel* as well as to know that certain periods of American history are still part of life.

That children have been but poorly nourished on isolated facts, ill-assorted anecdotes, and lack of skill in portraiture on the part of writers of biographies and histories designed for their use in schools and public libraries, I bring the testimony of years of thoughtful observation of children's reading.

I have always believed that love of biography like the love of poetry is born young and is frequently starved to death on a diet of indigestible scraps. Before a child begins to read at all, while history is still timeless and legend more than fact, pictures and stories of great lives are fascinating whether told in words of the Bible (the King James version), in such a series of pictures as the one in which Boutet de Monvel tells the life story of Joan of Arc, or in the language of a

living person who possesses the rare gift of being able to hand on tradition while creating new forms for it to live in.

While George Washington still waits for the biographer to carry him home, Sandburg's Lincoln of the prairies is full of familiar stories in new settings, it is soaked with facts and it is also saturated with beauty—there are far horizons, deep meanings and genuine surprises in the book, and that these are for readers of any age I have already had more than one opportunity to find out. On Lincoln's birthday, in one of the East Side libraries, I read to a group of thirty boys and girls ranging in age from eight to sixteen, from the first volume, "The Boy Baby Arrives," "Wilderness Luck," "Skip-to-My-Lou," "Moonlight," "A Boy Hungry to Learn," "Black Hawk's Children," and from other pages whose pictorial captions tempt the reader to open the book anywhere and read at will.

"Like something out of a picture book for children he was. . . . He looked like an original plan for an extra-long horse or a lean, tawny buffalo, that a Changer had suddenly whisked into a man-shape. Or he met the eye as a clumsy, mystical giant that had walked out of a Chinese or Russian fairy story, or a bogy who had stumbled out of an ancient Saxon myth with a handkerchief full of presents he wanted to divide among all the children in the world. He didn't wear clothes. Rather, clothes hung upon him as if on a rack to dry, or on a loose ladder up a wind-swept chimney. He had clothes to keep the chill or the sun off. His clothes seemed to whisper, 'He put us on when he was thinking about something else.' The stovepipe hat sort of whistled softly: 'I am not a hat at all; I am the little garret roof where he tucks in little thoughts he writes on

pieces of paper.' People joked him on being so tall. 'You're a man to look up to.' In his way he belonged to the west country as Robert Burns belonged to Scotland or Hans Christian Andersen to north Europe."

VENTURES IN BIOGRAPHY

By MABEL WILLIAMS

IT was not until I was a student in high school that I discovered real biography. With the reading of James Barrie's "Margaret Ogilvy" I entered a new world.

I traveled through Africa with Stanley, my first glimpse of Germany was through a three-volume life of Goethe and I gained my first live picture of Lincoln through Nicolay and Hay.

A few years later when I found myself a librarian I wanted both to share my pleasure in biography and to open up for those boys and girls who may never enter high school a reading interest as inexhaustible as life itself. But I found few invitations to read for pleasure among the books on the biography shelves of children's rooms in public libraries. True, there were occasional bright spots—"The Life and Adventures of Buffalo Bill," Albert Bigelow Paine's "Boys' Life of Mark Twain," Frederick Trevor Hill's "On the Trail of Washington" and "On the Trail of Grant and Lee," the life of Joan of Arc as told by Wilmot-Buxton and by Mary Bangs, and by Albert Bigelow Paine in "The Girl in White Armor," Meadowcroft's "Boys' Life of Edison," Helen Nicolay's "Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln," Herman Hagedorn's "Life of Theodore Roosevelt" and Stewart Edward White's "Daniel Boone." But colorless, didactic biography written theoretically for children, predominated.

Because of this scarcity of vivid biography on the children's shelves I turned to some of my own favorites, telling and reading parts that I thought would interest a group of boys or girls. After enjoying such books as William Dean Howells's "My Mark Twain," Trevelyan's "Garibaldi and the Thousand," "The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer," Stanley's "Autobiography" and Forster's "Life of Charles Dickens," they would often make the venture into a new field for themselves.

It is true that many biographies are interesting only in part to younger readers, but they will, as Kate Douglas Wiggin told Charles Dickens she did with his books, —"skip the dull, dry parts." And so doing they are unconsciously learning an art of great importance in this day of a multitude of books.

I found that the mood and the taste of the reader often required such books as "The Cruise of the Cachalot," "Two Years Before the Mast," "In Darkest Africa" and "The Oregon Trail." "The Voyages of Captain Scott," by Charles Turley, is one of the best of this group. James Barrie makes us see the lovable, whimsical side of the great explorer in his introduction. He says that they spent almost the entire night, on the evening when they first met, seeing each other home, so much did they have to say to one another! In this book there is adventure, a glimpse of the wonders of modern, scientific discovery and a hero who writes when all hope of life is gone, "the Great God has called me. . . . But take comfort in that I die at peace with the world and myself—not afraid."

There is a decided lack of interesting biographies of women, but this does not keep the girls from entering this field of reading on equal terms with boys, and girls do enjoy in Anna Howard Shaw's "The Story of

a Pioneer," the vivid account of her pioneer girlhood, with its blending of pathos and humor.

In sharp contrast to this rough pioneer life is "Village Life in America," by Caroline Cowles Richards, a picture of life in Canandaigua, N. Y., in 1850. The book is Caroline Richards's diary, which she began at the age of ten years. Her unconscious humor, the naïve comments about her elders and her growing interest in dress and social life make far from dull reading. It lights up for girls the whole Civil War period with her entries about Lincoln's inaugural, Lee's surrender and Lincoln's death.

Few boys can resist poring over "The Story of My Boyhood and Youth," by John Muir, when told about the furniture he made for himself as a student in the University of Wisconsin. There was a bed which set him on his feet every morning at a definite hour and a desk that automatically brought forward his books for just the length of time he had planned to study each subject. Strangely enough, the abridged edition, called "The Boyhood of a Naturalist," omits entirely this chapter on inventions.

John Buchan's "Sir Walter Raleigh" is a tale that stirs the imagination. In his dedication he says it is "intended for all sorts of people to read, but especially boys." He pictures Walter Raleigh, the boy, gaining his vision and inspiration while listening to the tales of the old Devon sailors—later becoming the favorite of Queen Elizabeth's court, but longing to sail the seas once more. Then comes the story of the Spanish Armada, followed by the years in the Tower of London and the desperate effort to retrieve his honor by sailing in search of gold for England. Finally, the last great picture of his death on the scaffold, confident that by

losing his life he will accomplish his great purpose by inspiring other men to give the English race "a better Indies than the King of Spain's."

A more recent book, Charles Finger's "Highwaymen," held them spellbound. Jack Sheppard, Dick Turpin and his Black Bess, the Tower of London, the old English highways and inns make stirring reading filled with color and romance.

"From Immigrant to Inventor," by Michael Pupin, is read in part. They like the Serbian boy who at Castle Garden claims Benjamin Franklin and Abraham Lincoln as his friends in America—who encountered the New York street boys in a fight that taught him America was a land of fair play. Even more stirring is the picture of his boyhood in the Serbian village—the nights under the open sky when he tended the herds of cattle, and his mother's vision and courage that made it possible for him to come to America.

In Stewart Edward White's "Daniel Boone, Wilderness Scout," we have a shining example of a successful biography written for boys and girls. Mr. White was wise in the selection of his subject. There are few boys whose eyes do not brighten at the name of the pioneer hero, but there is a deeper reason for his success. The author appears to be sharing with young people a genuine personal admiration for Daniel Boone, because he considers them his most understanding audience. Boys and girls like such treatment from an author. The book gives more than a mere recital of the events of Daniel Boone's life. He becomes the hero of the epic story of our pioneer history. He personifies the spirit of the pioneers, never content until the last bit of wilderness has been conquered—"the figure of a serene, unworldly, kindly soul fronting what fate

brought him, whether of peace or of turmoil, with spirit unruffled and unafraid."

Let us hope that more books of this caliber will come, and come soon, crowding the biography bookshelves with the color and romance of great lives.

LONGFELLOW'S BIRTHDAY

ONE hundred and twenty years ago a child was born in Portland, Maine, a child destined to be greatly loved in countries not his own because he took the trouble to learn their languages and to go to see for himself what other countries were like.

And so crystal clear was the record of what he found there, the transcriptions of legend or saga, since he possessed the gift of finding, that his words live on in the memory of other travelers to-day when they sail northern seas or set forth to visit their own particular castles in Spain.

I looked in vain for something on which to base this celebration of Longfellow's birthday in Herbert Gorman's recent biography, but I could find nothing there except the poet's own sketch of the chestnut tree that once sheltered the Village Blacksmith. Small wonder that Mr. Gorman was driven to calling Longfellow "Henry" so persistently, for the poet does not lend himself to the situation in which this biographer places him. What Lafcadio Hearn told his Japanese students of the ghostliness of Longfellow's poetry, of his kinship with the North, of his hold upon the mystery of the sea; and what Theodore Roosevelt once had to say of the power of "The Saga of King Olaf" in his own experience, boy and man, are truer to the life history, as well as to the work of one who has been too

often tagged "children's poet" and dismissed unread except for his most hackneyed and least representative verse. For Longfellow was above everything else a dreamer, his didacticism was but the reflection of the age in which he lived, while his dreams were his very life and were the source of that hidden strength with which even Mr. Gorman credits him in meeting the tragic sorrows of his later life.

I think part of Mr. Gorman's difficulty lay in trying to take Longfellow's life and consider it apart from his work. His work was in too large measure his life ever to be separable from it, and it was rooted in a region of Maine which Mr. Gorman never penetrates. He never gets back of his fixed idea of what the Longfellows must have been like, into old Maine itself—that bit of our country whose supernatural history was part and parcel of the boy Longfellow's spiritual inheritance and of which he has given superb evidence in his poems dealing with the mystery of the sea and the elements of strangeness in old legend and saga.

To associate Longfellow's poems with the reading and telling of ghost stories and mystery tales of which he himself was very fond is to give the familiar poet a new place in the memory of many a boy or girl of today. We do not outgrow Longfellow if we know how to choose the time and place and group with whom to share his poetry. I can think of nothing to put one so quickly in touch with the North as the little group of poems I have chosen. Every reader and every group will turn to their favorites. "Every reader has his own first book . . . one book among all others which in early youth first fascinates his imagination and at once excites and satisfies the desire of his

mind. To me, this first book was 'The Sketch Book of Washington Irving.' "

I like to think of the twelve-year-old Longfellow reading the first number of "The Sketch Book" as it came out—dreaming, it may be, as he lay looking seaward from the grassy slope of Munjoy's Hill. I like to remember also that Longfellow's Poems was my own "first book" when a child in Maine, and how many were the trails I followed from it. I am not much concerned about where Longfellow rates among poets to-day, nor with other factual evidence of his good life than may be found in his writings, nor am I fearful that the meter of Hiawatha will be destructive of other forms of poetry in childhood. I am inclined rather to think that children who are being deprived of the opportunity to form their own impressions of Longfellow at first hand are missing something they will not find elsewhere. From one of our leading schools came a recent bit of confirmation. A teacher had been giving her class the very flower and fruit of English poetry. "I was sure," she said, "that at last they were really enjoying de la Mare to the point of calling for more, but as soon as I paused came the eager demand *'Now* will you please read "The Village Blacksmith," by Longfellow? Everybody likes that!' "

PROGRAMS FOR LONGFELLOW'S BIRTHDAY

FEBRUARY 27, 1807

THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE

"So far I live to the northward,
No man lives north of me;
To the east are wild mountain chains,
And beyond them meres and plains;
To the westward all is sea. . . .

"Of Iceland and of Greenland
And the stormy Hebrides,
And the undiscovered deep;
Oh, I could not eat nor sleep
For thinking of those seas.

"To the northward stretched the desert,
How far I fain would know;
So at last I sallied forth,
And three days sailed due north
As far as the whale ships go."

The Saga of King Olaf

And King Olaf heard the cry,
Saw the red light in the sky,
Laid his hand upon his sword,
As he leaned upon the railing,
And his ships went sailing, sailing
Northward into Drontheim fjord. . . .

The Building of the Long Serpent

Thorberg Skafting, master builder,
In his shipyard by the sea,
Whistling, said, "It would bewilder
Any man but Thorberg Skafting,
Thorberg Skafting, master builder,
Any man but me!"
Near him lay the Dragon stranded,
Built of old by Raud the Strong,
And King Olaf had commanded
He should build another Dragon,
Twice as large and long.

The Crew of the Long Serpent

Her forecastle man was Ulf the Red.
Like a wolf's was his shaggy head,
His teeth as large and white;
His beard, of gray and russet blended.
Round as a swallow's nest descended.
As standard bearer he defended
Olaf's flag in the fight.

GHOSTS

The Skeleton in Armor

Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
  Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms
  Why dost thou haunt me?

The Wraith of Odin

The door swung wide, with creak and din;
A blast of cold night air came in,
And on the threshold shivering stood
A one-eyed guest, with cloak and hood.
  Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert

Southward with his fleet of ice
Sailed the corsair Death;
Wild and fast blew the blast,
And the east wind was his breath.

The Beleaguered City

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound
The river flowed between.

The Ballad of Carmilhan

For right ahead lay the Ship of the Dead,
  The ghostly Carmilhan!
Her masts were stripped, her yards were bare,
And on her bowsprit, poised in air,
  Sat the Klaboterman.

Her crew of ghosts was all on deck
  Or clambering up the shrouds;
The boatswain's whistle, the captain's hail,
Were like the piping of the gale,
And thunder in the clouds.

ANCIENT CITIES

The Belfry of Bruges

I beheld the pageants splendid that adorned those days of old;
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece of Gold;
Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies;
Ministers from twenty nations; more than royal pomp and ease.

Nuremberg

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laughed.
Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard;
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs, thy cobbler bard.

A Dutch Picture

Simon Danz has come home again
From cruising about with his buccaneers;
He has singed the beard of the King of Spain,
And carried away the Dean of Jaen
And sold him in Algiers.

In his house by the Maese, with the roof of tiles,
And weathercocks flying aloft in air,
There are silver tankards of antique styles,
Plunder of convent and castle and piles
Of carpets rich and rare.

In his tulip garden there by the town,
Overlooking the sluggish stream,
With his Moorish cap and dressing gown,
The old sea captain, hale and brown,
Walks in a waking dream.

Castles in Spain

How much of my young heart, O Spain,
Went out to thee in days of yore!
What dreams romantic filled my brain
And summoned back to life again
The Paladins of Charlemagne,
The Cid Campeador!

Old towns, whose history lies hid
In monkish chronicle or rhyme,—
Burgos, the birthplace of the Cid,
Zamora and Valladolid,
Toledo, built and walled amid
The wars of Wamba's time;

White crosses in the mountain pass,
Mules gay with tassels, the loud din
Of muleteers, the tethered ass
That crops the dusty wayside grass,
And cavaliers with spurs of brass
Alighting at the inn.

From the Sea

The Secret of The Sea
Twilight
The Phantom Ship
The Ropewalk
The Fire of Driftwood

The Lighthouse

A new Prometheus, chained upon the rock,
  Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,
It does not hear the cry, nor heed the shock,
  But hails the mariner with words of love.
"Sail on!" it says, "sail on, ye stately ships!
  And with your floating bridge the ocean span;
Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,
  Be yours to bring man nearer unto man!"

From Portland, Maine

I remember the black wharves and the ships,
  And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
  And the magic of the sea.
    And the voice of that wayward song
    Is singing and saying still:
    "A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

SAILING IN MARCH

THREE times I've sailed in March. The first time was on the third day of the roaring lion's month, on the *Minnehaha* of the Atlantic transport with Captain Robinson in command—the *Minnehaha* with her broad decks and her load of living "moo-cows" whose distant lowing was a source of never-ending wonder to the children on board.

That was a memorable voyage, for I had been very ill and the wisest of doctors having done all that he could turned me over to Captain Robinson to do the rest.

"You will not mind a bit of strong language now and then," said he, "the captain has his own way of swearing."

And Captain Robinson, a veritable St. Nicholas of captains, who had sailed the seas since he was nine years old, poured forth a rich treasure of stories as I sat at his right hand. I read no books that I can remember on that voyage but never did so many characters in books come alive to me in ten days' time. Captain Robinson knew Dickens, Cervantes, and Shakespeare as familiar spirits and their words were so lodged in his memory as to take on the salt and tang of the sea when quoted at table in fresh, unexpected association with life on the ship.

The captain's tales were not all of books, most fascinating to me were his racy stories of the circus performers—men and women from the oldest circus fami-

lies of Europe had sailed with him from port to port, year after year. And there were the tales of the circus animals. The time the monkeys got loose in the galley would have made a fine situation for Dr. Dolittle to cope with.

It may be because the Captain was an artist as well as a reader of books that his stories were never boring but retained their full color and invigorating power for a jaded mind.

On one of the last days of the voyage the captain allowed a chosen few of us to see the picture of the sea that he was painting between intervals of reading Bret Harte complete for the thirteenth time. Because he never read magazines or newspapers on shipboard and because he could gulp down the works of a whole author at a voyage, the captain seems to take command whenever I think of books at sea, and the warmth of genial companionship, of broad or of gentle humor, is in most of the books I associate with him. One night, I remember, he spoke of "the ladies of Cranford"—of their habit of rolling a ball under the bed to see if a man was there, of eating their oranges in the privacy of their own bedrooms, and he asked if Mrs. Gaskell was read in America.

"Miss Matty will appear to speak for herself, captain," said I, and flew off to my cabin to fetch a charming little old lady doll dressed precisely as Hugh Thomson dressed Miss Matty, in a real lace cap with strings, kerchief and soft gray silk dress over crinoline. "Miss Matty is taking me to Cranford, if we have the luck to find the place," I said, and the captain exacted a promise that I should write and tell him if we ever got to Cranford, and every day thereafter he would inquire for Miss Matty in terms of her own setting in the story.

Not an incident or character had been forgotten by him, although he had not looked inside the book for years.

Twenty years have gone over, the *Minnehaha* lies at the bottom of the sea, and her jovial captain has sailed west on his last voyage.

SURVIVALS IN BOOKS OF TRAVEL

EVER since the writing of children's books began the fields of travel and natural history have been continuously invaded by hack writers armed with encyclopedias, geographies and guide books of uncertain vintage.

Small wonder then that each generation has scorned the record of the one before unless, by happy chance, some genuine traveler, explorer story-teller has managed to impart the vividness of personal experience in a strange country with fresh observation of its birds, animals, humans, forests, lakes, rivers and mountains.

A notable instance is the survival of active interest in the books of Paul Du Chaillu over a period of more than sixty years. Du Chaillu's observations of the gorilla and his descriptions of the country of the dwarfs were so new and strange to the London scientists of the early '60s as to appear sheer invention when they were first published. But "Friend Paul," as he later became known to his young audience, met the reflections on his integrity in the proper spirit. After pulling the nose of the distinguished scientist who was then the president of the Royal Geographical Society, he settled the gorilla question once for all by sending over to his American publishers for the specimens he had brought back from his four-year trip and sold them to the British Museum. With the ardor of the true explorer he then plunged back into equatorial Africa

and spent two more years adding to his previous discoveries and substantiating his statements.

J. Henry Harper gives a delightful picture of Paul Du Chaillu as a visitor to his grandfather's house in Twenty-second Street, where he often told his jungle tales and would occasionally imitate a gorilla to the intense delight of the children, who were devoted to him and to his writings, even before they took the form of books for boys and girls which have been read with zest by at least four generations of twelve-year-olds: "The Country of the Dwarfs," "Lost in the Jungle," "My Apingi Kingdom," "Wild Life Under the Equator," "Stories of the Gorilla Country"—these are some of the earlier titles published by the Harpers (1868-'70), and thirty years later (1899-1902) "The Land of the Long Night" and "The World of the Great Forest," published by the Scribners, found a double audience of old and new readers. These later books, lacking the color and flavor of the earlier and stressing perhaps more heavily the informational side, are in consequence less popular. The unexplored, the unknown, has ever the right of way with youth, and this is as it should be, since it holds perennially fresh the writings of those men who truly discover new bits of the world.

With the development of the authentic well-indexed geographical reader and the well-organized, well-illustrated encyclopedia, which have their place in meeting both the needs of the school curriculum and satisfying the natural interests of growing boys and girls, the shelves of most libraries and bookshops could be cleared of so-called books of travel for children, with advantage for all concerned. In my own time I have seen long rows of "Zigzag Journeys" and "Boy Travellers" disappear without a qualm on the part of anybody or

apparent loss of knowledge, and I should miss few of the volumes of "Peeps at Many Lands," "Little Cousins" or the later volumes of the "Twins" series, which began so pleasantly with the Dutch.

Fashions in books of travel for little children or for older boys and girls are short-lived and foredoomed by the ceaseless play of living imagination. "Have you been there?" is the question every child asks, consciously or unconsciously, of the author of the book which purports to tell what life is like in another country or in a strange part of his own country. And if you have been there, can you make it all seem real in a book?

Three different stories—W. H. Hudson's "A Little Boy Lost," Grace Moon's "Chi-Wee" and now the Scotts' "In the Endless Sands"—seem to meet this test, each in its own way. All three are stories of the desert, but the desert in three different lands—South America, the United States and Arabia. The three books, so original in conception and delightfully free in treatment, may well be looked upon as forerunners of a new order in books of travel for children.

ROMANCE AND REALITY IN THE SAHARA

IN THE ENDLESS SANDS

By EVELYN *and* C. KAY SCOTT

Illustrated by EDWIN AVERY PARK

Reviewed by LAURA BENÉT

WHEN we were children and read books written for us about other and strange lands, we felt just a little bit consciously "improved" as if we were reading the most colorful parts in our geography. Few writers had the idea of making knowledge fun or of getting pure joy themselves out of what they wrote. I will make one delightful exception, "The Seven Little Sisters" of Jane Andrews, in which there is a most realistic picture of "Gemila, the Child of the Desert." When all else failed, the desert could always enthrall us. But when in this book the grown-up reviewer literally races with the little boy, Jackie Lawrence (who is the nine-year-old hero of these stirring adventures in the Sahara), and when she laughs as much as she reads, scarcely able to wait until she reaches the end of the story—doesn't that argue that the whole race of children will adore it?

Jack with his dog, Papillon, wanders away from the oasis of El Medina into the desert—and so does Fatma, the little Arab girl, who is nine years old, too,

but doesn't know it. And, although neither one of them knows the other's language, they become knit together as boon companions by the dangers they encounter, the strange characters they meet. There is the madman who, appearing suddenly in the desert moonlight, frightens them almost out of their wits with his quavery song; and Mustapha, the camel driver, who guides them to the old mill, where Arab boys attack Jackie and Fatma steals a whole bowl of couscous from the miller. Then both children in their flight discover a cave almost as good as Ali Baba's or Aladdin's, with a real well and snakes—and the dreadful, fascinating snake charmer, who has lost them coming in pursuit with his dog, who is really a hyena. That description is one of the most interesting: "The person they saw turned into a funny looking old man with a white beard. The hood of his burnous was pushed back, and his white turban rose solemnly above his wrinkled face. Over his shoulder hung a very big, loose sack, which almost dragged on the ground, and under one arm he carried a small leather trunk, just large enough for a doll's trousseau. 'Where are my beauties, my little pets?' he kept asking over and over. And then he would groan and peer about among the stones."

The children release the poor, terrified hyena when its master's back is turned, and this causes great commotion. Again they run off, and this time a real lioness comes slowly walking along the desert after them—a tame lioness who doesn't deserve to be killed. She also is made very real. "The great paws on the thick, yellow legs didn't seem like a dream, and the eyes were very still; almost as still as the eyes of the gazelle—but they weren't afraid eyes, and they were like glass with gold behind it. Her ripply sides were like yellow

waves moving, and her tail was like a separate creature, alive all by itself."

But at last everything comes out right, quite like the most ideal fairy story ending—only naturally, with true roasted turkey and a friendly dwarf and the lioness skin made into a rug.

The Scotts are to be heartily congratulated on an unusually sparkling and delightful piece of work. "The Endless Sands" is a modern story that is going to live; and of how passing few children's books can one say that their material is not only splendidly authentic, but brilliantly and poetically handled. One would know that one of the authors is a painter from the sense of color in the word pictures. Witness the little almond tree:

"The prettiest thing was a little almond tree that had come into flower all at the wrong time. . . . And it was like a new kind of Christmas tree of grey-greeny-whitey spray, like snowflakes blossoming. The little white paper flowers had fringy mustaches and the little buds were like bubbles of blood. When you heard birds chirping . . . the bird notes were like the litttle mixed-up flowers of the little white tree."

The black and white drawings that illustrate the book, while real enough to be photographic, have an illusive charm, something with unreal contours that savors of far away things. "In the Endless Sands" is one of the books of Christmas, 1925, that will be read just as eagerly through succeeding Christmases, because, while full of the customs and characters of an ancient, colorful civilization, it has a unique individuality. The tale dashes along with all the freshness of an animated child, and the play of delicious fancy in the two dreams, places them among the best conceptions of child dreams that I have ever read.

CASTLES IN FRANCE

"JUMILHAC—JUMILHAC—I like the sound of the name. Does it belong to a real castle in France, or did you make it up?" asked the Owl who chooses the pictures. "Not that it really matters," he continued, "I'm choosing the drawing because I like to look at it and I find it amusing. That's reason enough for choosing a picture."

"It looks to me like a story-book castle," said the Owl who writes. "Does it belong to history or legend or is it your own castle in France?" he inquired of Emma Brock, over whose portfolio of sketches the Owls had been hovering ever since her return from a long summer in France. "Who was Jumilhac and where does one go looking for his castle?"

"East from Bordeaux," replied the artist. "Possibly thirty miles from Limoges one may begin looking for Jumilhac, but neither time nor distance seems ever the same in France. Jumilhac is not to be found in Baedeker. We just happened upon it, and after looking in vain for its legend I made a little story of my own about the Baron who built the castle. Please explain to the critic that I wrote it in rhyme because it came to me that way. He's not to judge it as poetry."

"The critic Owl has been granted a spring holiday," replied the Owl who writes. "You needn't give him a thought. My brother has chosen the castle because he likes your drawing, and I'm choosing your story in rhyme because it came out of your own mind and be-

cause I know that children will like the fun of the situation. I like it all the better because there's no trace of Jumilhac in Baedeker, in 'Peeps,' nor hint of it by 'Twins' or other uniformed travelers. I knew you would see something new over there. Did you take any books along with you?"

"Only the Song of Roland in old and modern French," said Miss Brock. "It seemed to hold everything I wanted in France. I bought a copy in Paris."

"I wish some one would make new pictures for James Baldwin's 'Story of Roland,'" exclaimed the picture-loving Owl. "Boys and girls love that book, but the pictures are too 'pretty,' and the type is all worn out and never was large enough."

"What can you expect of a book after forty-odd years of active use?" said the critic Owl, who had returned without warning. "It would make a fine spring holiday book, but it should have color and very spirited pictorial treatment against an authentic French background. Do you remember this touch about Easter?"

The time of the Easter festival came at last. Grass was springing fresh and green in the meadows. The trees were putting forth their leaves. In the wildwood the voice of the cuckoo and the song of the warbler were heard. The ice had disappeared from the river, and the snow had melted in the valleys; the roads were once more passable. It seemed a fitting time for the beginning of new schemes and of bold undertakings. And early one April morning the great army, with Charlemagne and his peers at his head, filed out of the city, and began its march toward the Rhine. And Roland, proud and happy as a knight with spurs, was allowed to ride in the train of Duke Namon.

"There are more stirring passages in the book, but

I have always liked to associate this one in all its simplicity and reality with Arthurian legends and with Wilmot-Buxton's 'Stories from Old French Romance' as Easter draws near. We have not done well to obscure the great living festival with materialistic forms and mawkish sentimentality. We've been in need of fairies at Easter as well as at Hallowe'en—of fairies as personalities, not solely as nature myths. Haven't you some ideas on the subject?" asked the critic of Emma Brock, recalling in his turn her delightful pictures for "The Memoirs of a London Doll," to which the book owes its successful revival, remembering also that it was Miss Brock who made the drawings in color, and in black and white for William Bowen's "Merrimeg" and for a recent edition of "Granny's Wonderful Chair." In the latter book she has shown her genial friendship with a large circle of owls and it was therefore not surprising to find that she had vanished at the unexpected return of the critic.

"She wants to do something new and different I know," said the Owl who chooses the pictures. "I've seen an Under-the-Sea picture book that she made just to please herself and some children, and it's exactly the kind of book children are looking for.

Few artists take the trouble to make the kind of pictures children are looking for and when they do it usually costs so much to produce them that publishers hesitate, and since he who hesitates is lost, many original and delightful water colors remain shut up in portfolios while poor smudgy characterless halftones continue to appear in overworked cumbersome editions of the classics. While the Owls find much that is far too poor to publish in portfolios they are of the opinion that the way of the illustrator of children's books should not be

made so much of a beaten path if we are to have the full value of fresh talent in this field.

JUMILHAC-THE-GRAND

By E. L. Brock

Oh, the baron was French, he was very French,
And he lived in France, did he,
In a castle set on a hill alone
A beauteous seven-towered castle of stone,
That was just as French as he.

Seven beauteous firm round towers it had,
A tower for each daughter fair,

With many windows, a pointed roof,
And a winding turret stair.

And lo, when the seventh tower was built,
The castle front was filled;
And wasn't he proud of the handsome sight
And didn't he dance and prance in delight
And weren't the neighbors thrilled?

Now, it came to pass one day in spring
That the baron had a son;
The baron smiled, but he wrung his hands,
Whatever could be done!

Oh, the baron was glad to have his son,
He had wanted him right along;
But where could he possibly build him a tower,
Oh, where could he build him a firm round tower
That would not look all wrong!

He called his architects, one, two, three,
And his pipers, four, five, six,
And they stood and pondered and beat their heads,
It was a frightful fix!

Then cried the one with the longest beard,
"He is but a little chap,
He's a bit of a boy in a rounded hood,
And a round-topped tower for him we could
Tuck into the castle's lap."

And at Jumilhac there's the castle still,
With a round capped tower that is wee,
And seven towers that are tall and firm,
And as French as French can be.

WHAT IS FRANCE LIKE?

ONCE IN FRANCE

By MARGUERITE CLÉMENT

Illustrated by GERMAINE DENONAIN

HERE is a book in a thousand for girls and boys in the teens—for anyone who would know more of France and the French people from an authentic source. Thoroughly French in conception, although written in the English language, informed as to its historical background, true to the life of the provinces from which the stories are taken, modern in spirit, "Once in France" is informed by a wit and wisdom and outlook upon life in general seldom found in books for growing girls and boys.

The ten stories Mlle. Clément has chosen to tell, with the skill of a true dramatist with a light touch, are refreshingly different. She begins with "That Beloved Duchess Anne," and so human a picture does she draw of life in Brittany at the end of the fifteenth century when the twelve-year-old Anne becomes a duchess that any girl will sympathize with her refusal to marry the forty-nine-year-old lord of Albret—a widower with seven children.

By little reminders Mlle. Clément assures us that she has searched the documents for evidence at every turn and that she has rare understanding of girls of the present day. This same Duchess of Brittany, who

married one after another two kings of France, knew both Latin and Greek, "which was very wonderful for a woman in her time, and yet she had as much grace as if she had known nothing at all," adds this painter of her living portrait, advancing proof that she was as simple-minded as she was clever, when ill fortune in the form of a goiter overtook her and all the physicians in Paris and Rennes said that she must die. Then did Anne determine to appeal to Saint John the Baptist to take up her case, and one fine spring morning she sent for the most precious of holy relics to be brought from its sanctuary in the church consecrated to him. . . . "Suddenly, about two hours after the procession had left the church, the marchers began to feel exhausted. The old men gasped, instead of snuffling, the girls sang out of tune, and the little red urchins took to shuffling their feet. There was even an occasional squawk from the silver trumpets, which was most significant. Some one thought of looking at the holy relic in the golden casket. Behold! The casket was still there, but the holy relic was gone. It had gone back to its proper place, underneath the altar of the cool, quiet church. As if Saint John the Baptist wanted Anne of Brittany to understand that a saint is enitled to some consideration and cannot possibly start on a journey any time a king or duke, or even a duchess, sends for him."

And so the priests had to go to Rennes and make the situation clear to poor Anne. "That probably was the first time in all her life anybody had been rude to her, but it made her ashamed of herself, and, although sick and helpless, she said to the priests, 'I will go.' . . . And the next day Anne of Brittany, clad in her royal mantle, during the high mass, while all the bells were pealing, the choristers singing and the people cheering,

Illustration by Germaine Denonain for Once in France

went slowly to the altar and kissed the sacred relic. And not only was she not cured but no one was cured either on that day, which was most exceptional, as Saint John used to lavish his miracles on his poor parishioners." Days went along and many poor people were healed of their diseases, but still the duchess was not cured. Little Duchess Anne was perplexed. "Surely there was something the matter with her soul, as well as her body." And, after making every sacrifice she could think of without avail, she decided to go away and die. "She was not afraid of death, but she was fond of life," and she began to wonder whether the poor people who had been cured needed it as much as she did, and so she went from one house to another until at last she saw and understood. Then she borrowed the threadbare cape of a peasant woman and, mingling with a crowd of pilgrims at a low mass, she kissed the holy relic unnoticed and uncheered, and this was her prayer to Saint John: 'I now understand there is no special reason why you should cure me rather than these poor people, but couldn't you cure me as well?' And then Saint John cured her. You see, nobody could resist the ways she had, that dear little Duchess Anne."

At the end of the book is another and a very different legend of Brittany, the ghostly, terrible tale of the beautiful and wicked Dahut, the daughter of King Gralon, who despised all men and betrothed herself to the ocean when still a little girl, because it was the only strong thing that she respected and admired.

I shall not take the edge from the unfamiliar and altogether human story of Joan of Arc by giving away the tale itself: "I have thought and thought," says Mlle. Clément, "before deciding among the fine old legends they have in Touraine which I ought to choose to

tell you. You see, I was born there, and I love everything about it, from the way the people speak to the way the rivers flow, which is the same way: harmoniously and leisurely." Heliote Poulvoir, daughter of the artist of Tours who made Joan's flag according to her vision, is the heroine of this story, "Her Friend and Her Flag"—a story lighted by delightful touches of humor and glowing with friendly human associations. To fill Heliote's wedding chest, Joan wrote the Mayor of Tours asking "her good city of Tours" to give one hundred gold crowns to Heliote because she wanted to buy so many things. "It is not every woman saint who remembers just at the critical time her friend's need of towels," comments Mlle. Clément.

The romantic and lovely story of Jeanne of Orange, "the Princess Shepherdess," comes from Provence in the time of the Crusades and the ghostly "Baleful Cart" from Alsace in the time of the French Revolution. "The Little Girl From the Island" is a touching portrait of the Empress Josephine, and there is another of Saint Geneviève.

The keynote to the integrity of the book lies in the author's power of living association of historical tradition with the province or city to which it belongs. Born in Touraine, with an intense love of nature as well as of people, she has moved out over her country keenly observant of its physical aspects in different provinces and their relation to the life of the people in all times. She moves easily from century to century because the rhythm of life seems to her unbroken, even after crossing the ocean, as she has frequently done in recent years, when she has become a well-known lecturer to audiences of high school boys and girls, as well as at American universities, colleges and clubs. There is a mel-

lowness about these tales which could only have come out of rich experience of telling them before writing them down in a language not her own, whose idiom Mlle. Clément has mastered. I predict for the book not only long life and many delighted readers, but I believe it comes at a moment when it may very definitely contribute to that body of literature for children and young people which may be translated into other languages to the enlightenment and profit of those too long nursed on conventional text-books and nationalistic propaganda.

A TALE OF FRANCE TO-DAY

TOTO AND THE GIFT

By KATHARINE ADAMS

Reviewed by MARGARET WARREN

ALTHOUGH "Toto and the Gift" is somewhat of a sequel to "Mehitable" and "The Silver Tarn" it is not at all like these earlier stories of Katharine Adams. From Rheims, where the story opens, one is taken to Long Island, then to Paris, back to New York, then France and New York again. In this way Miss Adams shows so naturally that she hardly seems to realize what she is doing, the great difference between American and French cities; American people and French people; American life and French life.

"Toto" is a French girl fifteen years old, who lives in Rheims with two orphan cousins, Berthe, fat and carefree and Tartuffe, quiet and not very strong. Totò has many friends, but only one who knows of her gift—a gift that makes her live the character she is imperson-

ating. This friend, Jacques, who was crippled in the war, told Toto when she was but ten years old that she could act. "I knew it before," she said. "The 'Song of Roland' you know. It was the first thing I knew that wasn't just a baby *chanson.* I was so young—so young, and the whole town was rocking as I sat in my little green chair close to Nannette's fire and read it, and then all by myself I used to act it and, oh—I was Roland!"

Jacques had been a boy of twenty when he left the art school in Paris to fight for his country, and Jacques, who could still use his hands, molded clay figures, which were sold for a song to the shops in Paris. It was for him that Toto gave scenes from "Romeo and Juliet" in English, and recited old French poems, and to him that she confided her great wish.

Toto's American friend, Mehitable Webster, is very familiar to ardent readers of Katharine Adams, but in Nannette, the old fruit woman, and in Madame Tilcot, she has created new characters that any girl would like to know. For Toto's greatest wish comes true and she goes to America. On the steamer she meets Bunny Cooper returning from Europe with his father, and this American boy becomes as interested in her gift as her French friend Jacques. After reaching New York she goes to work in the delicatessen shop of her uncle. Not until she has been there for some time does she meet Bunny Cooper again. Later Madame de Villiers, her son Philippe and other friends of Mehitabel appear, and the book ends with a startling discovery of Toto's family relationships.

This unusual story gives without tediousness fine descriptions of France still suffering from the effects of the war and genuine pictures of warm-hearted and gay

young American boys and girls who welcomed Toto as one of them and gave her a share in their pleasures.

"Toto and the Gift" is a book for the girl who likes to read, or the girl who is different, who has genius and who is interesting. The story is not for those who enjoy such reading as the Elsie Dinsmore series, the Marjorie books and the Girl Scout series. It is a book that one can read twice over (or even more times), getting as much enjoyment the second time as from the first. While it lacks the tense excitement of "Red Caps and Lilies," a romance of the French Revolutionary period, it has historical value of its own in its true pictures of France after the war as Miss Adams herself has known it. I am glad to hear that Miss Adams has written a sequel to her "Midsummer," a story of Sweden, in which an American boy and girl solve the mystery of an old castle. Her new Swedish story is called "Midwinter," and all girls who enjoy her books as much as I do will look forward to a jolly one about winter sports.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

When, after the Winter alarmin',
The Spring steps in so charmin',
So smilin' an' arch,
In the middle o' March,
With her hand St. Patrick's arm on.

SPRING begins for me always on the 17th of March. True, the day was never celebrated in the part of New England where I grew up, but John Riley always kept it—kept it in that safest of all places, deep down in his own heart.

John Riley was an old Irish gardener who was also a romantic adventurer in a new land. Every evening at dusk he would sit smoking his pipe in our greenhouse. He would often tell us stories then, but on St. Patrick's Night and May Eve John Riley was never quite the same man. Then the spell of the old country would come upon him in the new and he would tell of the fairies he had seen in the valley that we knew well and the wonderful dream he had had—the night he slept on the "seat of one stone" on the top of our very own mountain. We had often sat upon that natural seat of stone, but not until John Riley told us his story did we picture it as a throne like the one on which a certain king of Ireland sat watching his bonfire the Easter that St. Patrick came to Tara.

Small wonder that with unrestricted freedom to roam over this lovely bit of country the Irish in Maine called Limerick that I grew up looking at my native

hills and streams with the words of old Irish poets and their magical power of association singing their way into familiar landscape.

The story of the first coming of the Irish into Maine and New Hampshire was ever a romantic story to me, for it must have been they who brought the old songs I loved and the fiddles for dancing—my own ancestor, once fondly though fabulously, pictured as Tom Moore, the poet, with his harp, being among them. There is a round-topped hill in Limerick which I often climbed to take a look at the world when spring was coming up the valley. And from this hill I came to see more and more clearly, with no premature vanishing of fairies from mountain or glen—a little procession of hard-fisted, warm-hearted Irishmen moving up the valley with shovels, pickaxes and hoes, turning bogs and rocky pasture lands into green fields and flower gardens and then marching down toward the sea again for fresh conquests.

Whatever I know or feel about poetry and history had its beginnings in romantic associations such as these, and while my sharing of Irish poetry with children has been at all times spontaneous and by no means confined to St. Patrick's day and May Eve it is between these two dates that I, like old John Riley, feel the Old World spell coming over me and the desire to share treasures that have their roots deep down in the childhood of the world.

In this too brief list of Irish stories and poems I have included a few that I liked as a child along with others more often found in recent collections of stories and poems for children.

SONGS AND TALES OF IRELAND

The cresses on the water and the
sorrels are at hand,
And the cuckoo's calling his
note of mimic bland,
And the bold thrush sings so bravely
his song i' the forests grand,
On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

—Sir Samuel Ferguson.

THE BOY'S CUCHULAIN. By Eleanor Hull.

"Through all my dreams there comes a lad, not old in years, but great in weapon-feats. Young though he is, the marks of many wounds are on his skin, and round his head there shines the hero's light."

THE HIGH DEEDS OF FINN. By T. W. Rolleston.

"These are the things that were dear to Finn— [1]
The din of battle, the banquet's glee,
The bay of his hounds through the rough glen ringing
And the blackbird singing in Letter Lee,

The shingle grinding along the shore
When they dragged his war-boats down to sea,
The dawn wind whistling his spears among,
And the magic song of his minstrels three."

OISIN'S STORY. Told by Lady Gregory in her Gods and Fighting Men.

"The country of the young, the country of victory it was," said Oisin. "And O, Patrick," he said, "there is no lie in that name; and if there are grandeurs in your heaven the same as there are there I would give my friendship to God."

THE BOYHOOD OF FIONN. By James Stephens in his Irish Fairy Tales.

"The music of what happens," said great Fionn, "that is the finest music in the world." He loved "what happened" and would not evade it by the swerve of a hair.

THE STORY OF DEIRDRE. Retold by Joseph Jacobs in his Celtic Fairy Tales.

An abridged and "cobbled" version of one of the great Celtic tales rendered for English rather than Irish children. James Stephens' poem and his beautiful prose version should be read by those who already know genuine Irish lore.

THE CHILDREN OF LIR. Retold by Ella Young in her Celtic Wonder Tales.

"Swim as wild swans on this lake," she said, "for 300 years, and when that time is ended swim 300 years on the narrow sea of the Moyle, and when that time is ended swim 300 years on the western sea that has no bounds but the sky."

"The Fate of the Children of Lir" is the title given by Joseph Jacobs to his rendering of this story in "More Celtic Stories."

THE GOAT PATHS. By James Stephens. In a Golden Treasury of Irish Verse, edited by Lennox Robinson.

The crooked paths go every way
Upon the hill—they wind about
Through the heather, in and out
Of the quiet sunniness.

ST. PATRICK AND THE HILL OF TARA. By Padraic Colum in his A Boy in Eirinn.

Finn looked around expecting to see castles somewhere. But all he saw was grass—the greenest grass in Ireland, and furze bushes covered with golden blossoms and yellow blossoming broom in the hedges.

THE FAIRIES. By William Allingham. In Golden Numbers. Edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith.

Up the airy mountain,
  Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
  For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
  Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap
  And white owl's feather.

THE LEPRACAUN. By William Allingham. In Rainbow Gold: Poems Old and New. Selected by Sara Teasdale.

THE FAIRY FIDDLER. By Nora Hopper. In A Golden Treasury of Irish Verse, edited by Lennox Robinson.

'Tis I go fiddling, fiddling,
By weedy ways forlorn;
I make the blackbird's music
Ere in his breast 'tis born;
The sleeping larks I waken
Twixt the midnight and the morn.

THE GOLDEN SPEARS AND OTHER FAIRY TALES. By Edmund Leamy.

And when the mountain top gleamed like a golden spear they fixed their eyes on the line between the shadow and the sunshine. . . . "Oh, look! look!" said Nora . . . a door opened out and through its portals came a little piper dressed in green and gold. He stepped down, followed by another and another, until there were nine in all, and then the door slung back again.

EILEEN AROON. By Gerald Griffin. In Anthology of Irish Verse, edited by Padraic Colum.

I know a valley fair
Eileen aroon!
I knew a cottage there,
Eileen aroon!
Far in that valley shade
I knew a gentle maid,
Flower of a hazel glade,
Eileen aroon!

THE PLAISHAM. By Seumas MacManus. In his Donegal Fairy Stories.

"What's a Plaisham?" said Prince Connal.

"O," says Nancy, "it's the most wonderful and most amusing thing in the world; it will keep your guests in good humor for nine days and nine nights."

THE BELLS OF SHANDON. By Father Prout. In Anthology of Irish Verse, edited by Padraic Colum.

BILLY BEG AND THE BULL. Told by Seumas MacManus in his Chimney Corners.

Billy got on the bull's back again, and the bull started off and away where you wouldn't know day by night or night by day, over high hills, low hills, sheep-walks and bullock-traces, the Cove of Crok and old Tom Fox with his bugle horn.

WIND AN' WAVE AN' WANDHERIN' FLAME. By Aldis Dunbar. In Twenty-four Unusual Stories, collected by Anna Cogswell Tyler.

THE POPLARS. By Seumas O'Sullivan. In A Golden Treasury, edited by Lennox Robinson.

"THE ROAD ROUND IRELAND"

A Piper in the streets to-day
Set up, and tuned, and started to play,
And away, away, away on the tide
Of his music we started; on every side
Doors and windows were opened wide,

And men left down their work and came
And women with petticoats coloured like flame,
And little bare feet that were blue with cold,
Went dancing back to the age of gold,
And all the world went gay, went gay,
For half an hour in the street to-day.

—*Seumas O'Sullivan.*

THOSE who would truly celebrate Saint Patrick's Day will find rich treasure and high-hearted companionship in Padraic Colum's "Road Round Ireland." It is such a book as we have long needed for the interpretation of Ireland of to-day, with its intimate portraits of the makers of new Ireland—a book in which poets and artists and dramatists are pictured with living associations in Connacht, in Donegal, in the streets of Dublin, in Leinster, or Munster, or wherever they chance to live.

You may visit Lord Dunsany at his castle in Meath or you may take a walk with J. M. Synge upon the Wicklow Road. You may go behind the songs of Francis Ledwidge to the singer himself, or you may enter Dublin through a performance of Sean O'Casey's "Juno and the Paycock" at the Abbey Theater with a long look back to its beginning and the coming into power of William Butler Yeats. You will begin to see the work of Jack Yeats and other modern painters with new eyes for the light and shadow and mists of Ireland—the "Many-Colored Land."

The winding broken "Road" of Mr. Colum will prepare the way for many a reader seeking to explore with insufficient background W. B. Yeats's "Autobiographies." Neither book is a children's book in the accepted sense. Both, however, would have yielded

quotation and delightful association had they been available when William Butler Yeats first came to this country to read from Lady Gregory's books.

As clearly as if it were yesterday do I remember listening to the first real poet I had ever seen. How handsome he was Charles Shannon's portrait partly reveals in the reproduction to be found in the "Autobiographies." It was on St. Patrick's Day at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn that I heard him read, and just as I then rushed back to the children's room of the library, thrilling with excitement and wonder, to share the event with the children, so I feel to-day that these two books may be shared and associated with the reading of Irish poetry and hero tales—in which we are now made richer than ever by Ella Young's "Wonder-Smith" with Boris Artzybasheff's drawings. This is a book for any age, but one of special delight to the sports-loving girls of our time, who will find in its heroine, Aunya, a girl after their own hearts.

THE WONDER-SMITH AND HIS SON

By ELLA YOUNG

Reviewed by PADRAIC COLUM

TO begin with its format: "The Wonder-Smith and His Son" is one of the handsomest of children's books. Boris Artzybasheff has taken the Celtic patterns that are so eminently adapted to book decoration and he has given them such new and profuse vitality that the book is worth possessing for the sake of those black and white illustrations.

It seems to me that Ella Young has discovered a new material for children's stories. The Gubbaun

Saor, his son and his daughter are characters so human, so simple and so entertaining and their adventures are so unhackneyed that it is possible that they and their concerns will become part of the lore of childhood. I had a fear that the names of the people in the stories and the incidents that are related of them would be so unfamiliar that children would be halted and puzzled in their reading. This has not proved to be so. I have given "The Wonder-Smith and His Son" to intelligent children of ten and twelve and they have been enchanted with the stories. So it may be that the Gubbaun Saor, who is still a living character to children and grown-up people in remote parishes in Ireland, is about to become known to a wider circle.

And now, who is Ella Young and what other work has she done in the world?

A. E. once said about her that she must be a Druidess reincarnated, because her knowledge of Celtic lore was so sure and so full. She is a poet, a scholar and an accomplished story-teller.

Her most distinctive achievement is in her story-telling. Besides "The Wonder-Smith and His Son" she has written "Celtic Wonder Tales." She is one of the few English-speaking people who really possesses the art of the Shanachie or traditional story-teller and who can hold an audience with a story told. She has lived in places in Ireland and in Gaelic Scotland, where she has listened to the story-tellers and learned their art. She has taken her method, as well as her material, from the people who spend "the long nights after Samhain" discoursing around the peat fires. She has scholarship as well as living knowledge, and this scholarship has enabled her to give these seemingly simple stories their full traditional value.

In "The Wonder-Smith and His Son" (his daughter is at least as important as his son) she has taken one of the minor cycles of Irish story-telling—perhaps what was once a cycle of Celtic mythology—and has made it over into a short series of stories for children. In Irish story-telling of to-day this cycle exists only in a very fragmentry state. The Gubbaun Saor was originally the builder for the gods. In the story-telling of to-day he has come to represent the shrewd but magnanimous old peasant—the hold-together of the property, the bargainer, the shrewd dealer, the man who has wisdom and perhaps a secret knowledge. As I read the stories about the Gubbaun Saor that Ella Young has brought together I have an odd delight—the delight of one who has come upon something that is real treasure trove, amber beads, pieces of bronze shaped into strange patterns, animal figures in black bog oak. Pieces are broken and parts are missing—there are patchings of silver upon bronze and of blackthorn upon ancient yew, but somehow the sense of something still uncovered, for one mature reader, adds to the interest of the collection.

THE DONEGAL WONDER BOOK

By SEUMAS MACMANUS

Reviewed by MARGERY WILLIAMS BIANCO

IN most of the Irish tales, and particularly in the folk-tales of Seumas MacManus, the heroic theme is predominant. In Donegal, the county where MacManus was born, and among whose legends he grew up, the early people must have been, if not a race of heroes, a race of ardent hero-worshipers. Their stories

are all cast in a large and noble mold. Whether it be a prince battling against giants and enchantments, or a peasant pitting his bare wits against human intrigue and malice, the story is one of victory and overcoming. Defeat did not exist, except for the wicked. Always justice prevails and the hero triumphs. And his triumph is of no mean order.

"Donegal Fairy Stories" was the first collection of these "wonderful tales of old anshunt happenin's."

Those who treasured this earlier volume will welcome its successor, "The Donegal Wonder Book," in which MacManus has gathered still more of the wonderful legends of his own childhood and the childhood of his race. Here again old friends turn up, clever Conal and the little red man and the enchanted mare. Once more we are transported to a world of grand doings, of incredible encounters and heroic tasks. However great the odds, never once are we left in doubt of the hero's prowess; the stories move like a pageant, in triumphant measure to a triumphant end.

Through them all the single theme runs like a thread. Their heroes are all one hero in different forms, their tasks are the same task over and over, but their fascination lies in the endless variety and invention of the telling. It is like listening to music in which the same melody recurs time and again, but always in a slightly different strain. This haunting cadence is peculiarly characteristic of the Irish folk-tale, the recurrence of incidents which are the same and yet not the same, the skilled use of reiteration and the exact-chosen phrase which is an inevitable part of the miracle —all these are essential to the magic of the story and come to form almost a ritual without which much of its beauty would be lost. When for endless days and

nights Maeve follows her lover, who has been turned into a black crow, always "When the crow was on the hilltop, Maeve was in the hollow, and when Maeve had reached the hilltop the crow was in the hollow," and "at night he perched on a tree, and she threw herself down beneath it." It is always by looking in the right ear, or the left ear, of the horse he is riding that the hero, escaping with his hard-won princess and pursued by enemies, finds the secret of deliverance:

> "He is overtaking us," said Rory Og "and our lives are surely lost."
>
> "Not yet Rory," said the Princess. "Look into the horse's right ear and see if anything is there."
>
> "Nothing is here but the seed of a tree," said Rory.
>
> "Then throw the seed over your right shoulder, Rory, and see what will happen," said the Princess.
>
> Rory did this. And immediately he did so a great wood that was twenty miles every way and so thick and so high that a bird couldn't fly through it or over it, sprang up behind them, between them and the pursuing King.

The third time it is a drop of pitch, which becomes a boiling river in which the wicked king is engulfed:

> Then on and on rode Rory and his beautiful Princess through the cavern in the mountain and out on the other side. They swept past the castle of the Master of the Winds, who was waving to them from a tower—but no wind stirred even the grass-blades. They swept past the castle of the Master of the Rains, who was waving to them from his tower—and no raindrop fell on the fields. They next swept past the castle of the Master of

the Snows, who was waving to them from his tower—but no sprinkle of snow did they find.

Halt or pause they did not, nor draw rein till they crossed the bridge over the Erne and entered the country of Rory's father and rode to his father's castle in Donegal.

Very beautiful these tales are, rich in language and color, and full of humor and whimsicality. The Black Sheep is the old story of Cinderella, but so transformed and enlivened that beside Ethna, mounted on her "sleek, slender brown steed that was swifter than the wind," the while "her ten fingers dripped honey and nine birds of love were carolling above her handsome head," the more familiar Cinderella seems a pale, lifeless puppet.

In addition to two-headed giants, sorcerers and "wee red fellows" of the wild hillside, many enchanted beasts and birds figure in these tales—the Blue Heron, the Gray Hawk, magic horses and fairy hounds, all loyal in the service of those who accidentally befriend them. Each story is delightful in itself, and the book will invite reading again and again for its fine sense of beauty and magic of style.

WASHINGTON IRVING'S BIRTHDAY

APRIL 3, 1783

I WELCOMED a recent suggestion to celebrate Irving's birthday as we have long done Hans Christian Andersen's. For as an early lover of "Old Christmas" and "Knickerbocker," as well as "Rip Van Winkle," it has seemed to me that in connecting the reading of Irving so closely with academic requirements we had lost the very associations most characteristic of him in life, his merry and natural companionship with little children wherever he met them, at home or abroad, his gift for story-telling as well as for story-writing, his jollity and kindliness, his deep love of his own land, of the little old city where he was born, its rivers and neighboring mountains.

But how to begin this celebration? How could it be made to seem real to New York children first of all? The Library Lions of Saint Nicholas, patron saint of Manhattan Island, are jointly responsible for the first step, which took the form of a Christmas party for a strange little boy from Holland who finds Washington Irving an old man asleep by the fire in one of the rooms of the great marble palace of books which he had helped to create.

The Knickerbockers live again for a few hours in "Nicholas" and Washington Irving, grown young again at sight of the characters he created in his early twen-

ties, becomes Nicholas's host at the Christmas party which fills the great reading-room from end to end and spills over into two miles of book-stacks. Sindbad the Sailor and Robinson Crusoe are first to greet Washington Irving, who somewhere confesses they were his very first friends among books.

So far as I know, this is the sole attempt to introduce Irving to children in a festive and characteristic setting. Children of seven and upward find a new friend who is theirs by every natural right. Last year when the Seligman and the Hellman collections were placed on perpetual exhibition in the rotunda of the library it seemed the realization of a dream for the children of New York and their friends from other parts of the world, and I felt that the birthday celebration could be postponed no longer. And so it began in the little room in which the children come to hear stories told on Saturday afternoons. They found birthday candles burning and a bowl of yellow primroses planted before a quaint old lithograph of Katrina Van Tassel's cottage above the Hudson River. None of the children had ever seen English primroses before. They all knew Rip Van Winkle, but Irving was not even a name to most of them. They all liked ghost stories and the idea of traveling which made them feel kin at once to one who had intimate acquaintance with the goblins of so many lands.

Inside of half an hour (for successful birthdays must be kept moving), we were stealing silently through marble halls, looking for Washington Irving in the place where he is destined to live by virtue of the romantic associations his name has lent to one of the great libraries of the world.

"Is there anybody alive now who ever saw Wash-

ington Irving?" asked one of the boys, and when I said that I had a friend who had been a boy when Irving was an old man, but who remembered going often to see him at Sunnyside with his father, who was Irving's publisher, they begged me to invite Major Putnam to come and celebrate the next birthday. Since it falls upon Sunday this year, the Owls asserted their claim to share Major Putnam's letter with a larger audience. It is full of varied and timely suggestions for those who would keep the day in that spirit of fresh association with contemporary life so essential to living interest in a writer of another century and I was delighted to discover that Major Putnam's own birthday falls on the eve of Irving's.

"Washington Irving is no longer very much read," says George S. Hellman, in his recent biography, "Washington Irving, Esquire." "His is too quiet a flavor for the palate of our generation. His fame is accepted; a set of his works stands in the best selected libraries; but he is not much read."

I think Mr. Hellman is both right and wrong on this point. More people are reading some of his books than have ever read them before. Others have been allowed to drop out of consideration for general reading without ever having been read at all by our generation. Irving has suffered from fine bindings and close type, as well as from school livery. Good then it is to know that vigorous new pictures for "Knickerbocker" are on the way. The Owls, it may be remembered, called attention to the grievous neglect of our own Odyssey in their second issue (September, 1924), and reminded their readers of Sir Walter Scott's letter to Henry Brevoort, telling of his reading "Knickerbocker" aloud to Lady Scott and a visitor, and of how

they had laughed until their sides were sore. This was long before Irving visited Abbotsford, for "Knickerbocker" was published when he was but twenty-six years old and ten years lay between its appearance and that of the "Sketch Book."

James Daugherty, who has made the new drawings, says that his passion for "Knickerbocker" was born in Ohio in his boyhood and flourished alongside the Daniel Boone legend until it, like murder, would "out."

A BIRTHDAY LETTER

By MAJOR GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM

WHEN a boy I had the privilege with my father of making frequent visits to Sunnyside. On one of these visits Irving told me that General Washington, not at that time President, had given to him (Irving) a formal blessing. This was in 1784, when Washington Irving was one year old, and the account of the matter was given to his mother by the nurse. The General was riding along Broadway, and the nurse, a Scotch woman with the persistence of her race, had the boy out in a perambulator. The nurse called the General: "George Washington, here's a little boy who has been named for you; won't you stop and give him your blessing?" The General was, as we all know, a gracious man, and it is to be remembered that in 1784 there were not so many Washingtons in the country as there came to be in the later years. In any case the General stopped and the boy was lifted up on to the pommel of the saddle and received a solemn blessing. I looked with awe at the head that had been blessed by Washington, but was perplexed when the old gentleman said: "Haven, you

will see the head that General Washington blessed, but you will not see the spot that the general touched." I did not dare to ask why, but in going home I put the perplexity to my father. "You goose, Haven," said my father, "don't you know that Mr. Irving wears a wig." Before I left the house that afternoon, however, my father persuaded Mr. Irving to pass on to me the blessing that had been received from Washington, and this blessing I still carry at only one remove from the great President. I shall probably place it upon the head of my grandson as soon as he is old enough to appreciate it.

I shall always recall the gray day in November, 1859, when this great citizen and much loved man came to his resting place in the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. The people had gathered from the countryside for miles about. The fields were filled with the farm wagons and the old buggies in which they had traveled. It is doubtless the case that many of those who came to honor the memory of the great author had little knowledge of his writings, although probably all were familiar with "Rip Van Winkle" and "Sleepy Hollow," but the gathering was an expression of respect and affection for the beloved neighbor who had brought fame to Sleepy Hollow.

In thinking of Irving as an author we may not always recall the patriotism and the public spirit that were shown in his readiness to render service to the state when called upon. During the war years of 1812-14 he was on the staff of Governor Tompkins as lieutenant-colonel and had the responsible work of completing the fortifications along certain divisions of the northern boundary of the state. He showed himself to be always a good campaigner. He made long journeys through the West with trappers and with Indian

guides, being in the saddle for weeks at a time. It was in these journeys that he gathered the material for the frontier sketches which were presented in the "Adventures of Captain Bonneville." It was in his work with the trappers that he secured the thorough understanding of the great business of collecting furs that enabled him to make such a vivid account of Astor's great venture on the Pacific Coast. The volume "Astoria," which describes the expedition sent out by John Jacob Astor, is one of the most dramatic stories in American literature. It was in 1832 that, starting from the trappers' post, later known as St. Louis, he made the journey which is described in the "Tour on the Prairies." Irving's "Sketch Book" is still in use on the Continent as an example of the purest and most graceful English literary style. His "Knickerbocker's History of New York" takes high, if not the highest, rank among the humorous histories.

EASTER

MARCH HARES AND APRIL SHOWERS

By MARCIA DALPHIN

So forth issued the seasons of the year;
First lusty spring, all dight in leaves of flowers
That freshly budded and new blooms did bear,
In which a thousand birds had built their bowers.
—Edmund Spenser.

THE great feast days have much in common, survivals, as most of them are, of ancient pagan festivals, with their roots down deep in the most primitive simplicities of folklore. Granted a little snow has fallen upon a May Day party, you might easily mistake it for some winter merry-making, and certainly the ceremonies for Midsummer Eve and All Souls' would be quite interchangeable.

One thing Easter has, however, that sets it proudly apart from all the rest, feast days, fast days, plain days. It is the only day of all the year that the sun *dances* in the sky! This could happen only on a spring holiday. Spring is the time for dancing; a mild madness seizes us all then, young and old alike. Not by chance alone is Easter a lunar holiday, with March hares as her symbol. It may be peculiarly a religious festival, but the Church, too, lays aside her dark garments, her penitential offices, her Lenten fasts, and joins heartily in the great rejoicing, bending a benignant brow upon her

children as they dance and sing to commemorate the great awakening.

Aside from the mass of sacred song and verse that has grown up around the religious side of the holiday there has been little of value written about Easter. When requests for something to read or tell to children have come, the best suggestions have always been those stories and poems which have some sense of the renewal of life in them, of running brooks freed from their icy prisons, of the birds coming back, the grass and flowers springing. Now is the time for the Sleeping Beauty to be waked from her long slumber. You may wake her in the pages of Grimm or Perrault, or you may rather choose to hear "Siegfried." I went, the other day, having heard "Die Walküre" many times, but never "Siegfried," and experienced the strangest sense of actuality as the curtain rose on the third act and I saw that Brünnhilde, whom I had last seen sleeping, fire-encircled, about to be awakened for the first time, as it seemed. It gave one an authentic thrill.

The Three Owls have already suggested Roland for Easter reading. It is a good time for reviving all the old chivalric romances—the stories of King Arthur, especially those in the Mabinogion or Welsh version; of Charlemagne the Great, of Bayard and the Cid, of Cœur-de-Lion and Blondel, and Robin Hood; the Greek and Norse myths with their stories of Demeter and Persephone, Perseus and Balder the Beautiful; the tales of Deirdre and Cuchulain; all the old Irish legends and folktales in fact, because there is so much greenness and freshness in them and a sense of springing life and the youth of the world. Aucassin and Nicollette is for early spring, and some of the old ballads of England and Scotland. It is the time for poetry, too,

but not all kinds. Things that in winter, by the fire and under candle light, were lovely, seem almost stuffy now. Some will be caught by the fancies of Emily Dickinson, others find James Stephens's poetry, with its goats, just prankish enough to please. Best of all, perhaps, we like to go back to the clear, untroubled singers—to Chaucer and Herrick, to William Blake and to Shakespeare in his lyrics and sonnets.

No one gives us anything better for Easter reading than the great poet and philosopher and child whose birthday has just been celebrated, Hans Christian Andersen. Every time I read in his "Wonder Stories" I feel that April 2 should be set apart from all the other days in the year as a day of thanksgiving. Why aren't his stories on every desert island list? One can imagine subsisting on them in plenty for years and years. There is something so naïve and childlike, and yet so deeply wise in them; and every line is filled with an un-mawkish, natural piety and goodness. He is tonic, too, with a little of the delightful taste of the spring dandelion. There is no better Easter story in the world than "The Flax."

Another Easter tale for children which has genuine literary quality is "The White Blackbird," in Padraic Colum's "The Peep-Show Man."

"Mok an o-ee Slaun! Mok an o-ee Slaun!" the cock crows in Ireland on Easter morn. "The Son of the Virgin is safe! The Son of the Virgin is safe!" The cock in the story does not know when Easter comes unless he sees the white blackbird on the thatch, and so it is a tragic day when the boy catches the white blackbird and shuts him up in a cage. It is the little wren who dares then the terrors of four walls and the green eyes of the house cat, and, hiding herself behind the little

lustre jug on the dresser, waits till night comes and sets the captive free.

We have kept to the last the good news that there is a new Easter story for children, just published, a little book by Margery Williams Bianco, called "The Apple Tree," with charming illustrations and decorations by Boris Artzybasheff. It is a wistful, haunting tale that Mrs. Bianco tells of the little brother and sister who, watching longingly for Easter's coming, under the old dead apple tree, entertain unaware a stranger there. Once again, as in her "Little Wooden Doll," Mrs. Bianco's style reminds us strongly of Andersen's. Slight as it is, the book possesses two outstanding qualities—a simplicity of treatment well suited to the delicate theme of the story, and a homeliness of incident which, while it relates the story strongly to everyday life, brings out all the more clearly its spiritual values.

"I tell you he is Easter," the little sister said. "He is just like I said he would be."

"He isn't Easter," said her brother, "but he is a very nice man, and I am sorry he has to walk so far."

But the little sister pulled at his hand, standing still in the road. "Don't you see?" she cried. "There is something shining round his head like gold, and look—the apple tree is all in flower!"

The brother looked.

"It is only the setting sun," he said. "There is no blossom on the tree, for I looked this morning. But to-morrow we'll come back and see."

In the morning, when the children went back to look, the man had gone. But it was as the little sister had said: the apple tree that had been withered for so many years was in flower.

The boughs, covered with pink and white blossom,

stretched out against the blue sky in blessing, and their perfume filled the air all about. It was really spring: the birds were singing and far away, as the children stood under the apple tree, they could hear the bells ringing for Easter.

EASTER RABBITS—AND OTHERS

By MARGERY WILLIAMS BIANCO

TO think of Easter is to think of rabbits. I don't mean that one doesn't think of other things more beautiful and more important, but rabbits somehow manage to obtrude themselves. It was always easier to credit the Easter rabbit than Santa Claus. One can expect anything of a rabbit. There is something about them so whimsical and peculiar, even uncanny. If a rabbit ever did set out to make candy eggs he would certainly decorate them in just the fantastic, elaborate and absurd way that Easter eggs are decorated. And they have a positive genius for invention, particularly in games.

A cat plays, but behind its play one suspects ulterior purpose—a sort of keeping in trim for the more serious avocations of life. A rabbit plays for sheer enjoyment, but brings to the game an artist's appreciation and instinct for perfection. After performing some cabriole, perhaps accidental, that happens to please him he will repeat the same movement again and again as though murmuring the while: "Ah, that was nice! Just a shade higher—not so good! There! *That* was a fine one!" And he flirts his ears with real satisfaction.

There is a game, for instance, which all rabbits will play. I don't know what rabbit first invented it or how far back it originated, but I do know that of a long succession I have never found one that would not play it with me, once he was on sufficiently friendly terms. It is very simple, and, like most simple things, discovered by chance. You have only to walk up and down the floor, and presently, if you take no notice of him, your rabbit will join in, keeping exact step with you, fast or slow, pausing when you pause and turning when you turn, noiselessly and in a solemn and elfish rhythm. Vary the performance by prancing or capering, he will prance and caper, too, and if you stop in the middle and stand perfectly still he will then proceed to gallop round and round you in a circle so many times one way and then so many times the other and thus continue till he is almost exhausted. There is very little variation to this. I have watched it many times and can only conclude it is some sort of a ritual rabbit dance.

To return to the Easter rabbits, that early faith in their responsibility for the sparkling sugar eggs which I found every spring, carefully hidden away under sofa cushions or in other likely nooks, was justified, though

very many years later, by finding a real Easter rabbit one Easter Saturday morning hopping about in the road outside the house. He was snow white all over, very friendly and had apparently dropped from the skies or wherever it is that Easter rabbits live, for close inquiry among neighbors and the school children of the district as to a possible missing pet only went to prove that no one owned, ever had owned or even seen, a white rabbit for miles around. No one claiming him, he was adopted into the family and lived with us many months. He was more whimsical than most rabbits and, as might be expected, performed the rabbit dance with surpassing spirit and elegance.

His manners were far above those of Fluffy Ruffles, a French predecessor. Fluffy also was discovered one rainy February midnight inexplicably strolling under the electric lights of a wide city thoroughfare. It was no hour for baby rabbits to be out alone, so we took her home. She grew rapidly, but remained a street arab to the last. It was her favorite trick, when picked up to be carried to bed, to cuddle her head affectionately against your shoulder, curve her mouth in an engaging smile and then bite you with great suddenness and precision right through whatever clothing you happened to possess at the moment. We lived in an apartment at the time, and in winter Fluffy was taken down for exercise to a large empty cellar belonging to the concierge. Here lived also a small white hen it was Fluffy's delight to chase. No sooner did the hen alight anywhere than Fluffy would stamp loudly and rush at her, head down, and unless restrained would keep that terrorized chicken fluttering in the air, helpless and hysterically squawking for the entire recreation hour.

Most rabbits are merely impish. Fluffy was the only one I knew that had a real streak of malice and almost justified that well-known rhyme beginning:

> The rabbit has a pleasant face;
> His private life is a disgrace.

The Irish authors, Somerville and Ross, who wrote of household pets, as of everything else, so delightfully and intimately, describe a rabbit who became so much a member of the family as to share the nursery table, devouring fried bacon and tapioca pudding, and was even known to dine off rabbit-pie and crunch the bones with cannibalistic enjoyment. This same rabbit used to fight the house dogs for a snug place in the children's bed at night and usually won. Reading this, I was glad that other families beside our own were so badly brought up as to smuggle pets to bed with them, and suspect that the Somerville rabbit, like others, was finally banned for the habit of cutting long slits in the bedclothes with his chisel-like teeth, an understanding and fascinating occupation perhaps when lying awake at night, but one which does not commend itself to the housewife.

Most rabbits adore coffee, and will drink it from a spoon or cup. Guinea pigs, on the other hand, have a preference for strong tea, though it was Tiddles, Pamela's beloved Italian guinea pig, who, after an all-night train journey, caused such sensation in the crowded buffet of the Gare de Lyons by drinking hot chocolate from a teaspoon.

There is a lovely story in one of Maria Edgeworth's volumes about the spotted rabbit who came by night and wrought such havoc in Rosamund's garden, and was caught by Rosamund's clever brother and banished to

the rabbit-warren, in spite of Rosamund's desire to keep him in a box and make him "the happiest little rabbit in the world, if Mama likes it."

" 'You had better consider how the rabbit would like it first,' said her mother.

" 'But I mean to do everything for his good.'

" 'I have heard my father say,' said Orlando, " 'that it is against the laws of England to do anybody good against his will.' "

Sensible Orlando—if a little priggish!

Of rabbits in fiction the most famous of course is the White Rabbit in "Alice," who was always in a hurry. Lewis Carroll emphasizes perfectly a rabbit's instinctive neatness and sense of propriety—pairs on pairs of clean white gloves and the little fan!

Do children nowadays, I wonder, ever read those affectionate verses which Cowper wrote about his three pet hares? There is a very touching epitaph for Tiny (I think it was), who died at what seemed, in those more leisured days, the untimely age of twenty-one years! It speaks well for the tranquillity of the poet's surroundings; few nowadays could hope to cherish a pet so long. Our rabbits usually, I think, were given away on occasions of family moving. Only Nicholas, gift of William Nicholson, the artist, a very charming Belgian hare who gladdened one memorable summer in North Wales and was the first to introduce us to the magic dance described earlier, finished tragically. Growing too big for his soap-box in the kitchen at night he was allowed to sleep in the chicken-house, and fell victim to a night-prowling Welsh farm dog.

All dogs are not enemies of rabbits. Our bull-dog regarded Fluffy with toleration, if not approval, and at the worst would resolutely hide his eyes in mo-

ments of great temptation; while Wahb, a collie belonging to my sister, became quite friendly with a white rabbit in the household. The rabbit finally wandered off and was killed. Wahb, missing his companion for a day, went off in search of him, to return after many hours carrying in his mouth the small body, which he laid silently at the threshold.

Some of de la Mare's loveliest short poems concern rabbits: "I Go Home" and "Master Rabbit."

The de la Mare children had at one time a most enormous and aged rabbit called Rupert. He was the biggest rabbit I ever saw, and resembled a brown velvet sofa-cushion. One chilly winter Rupert was taken ill and brought almost to death's door. As a last resource he was wrapped in one of the poet's thickest suits of woolen underwear and laid in the warm oven. During the night he came to; ate three-quarters of the woolen vest, and recovered. It would be interesting to know if he developed any lyric qualities as a result.

For a poet the rabbit should be an ideal companion. He flits about the rooms on noiseless feet, like a little pale ghost, examining everything, insatiably curious but never intrusive; he will practice new dance steps by himself, flop down presently with a little sigh of contentment to lie dreaming by the fire, or from time to time come softly up, lay thistle-light paws on your knees, gazing up into your face, and then, satisfied, depart once more on his own mysterious business. As you move about he will follow you, never forcing his company, but always there. But he never mews, he never worries you for food, or to take a walk; never disturbs your peace by look or sound. I know that my own "house beautiful," when I ever get it, whatever else may be lacking, will contain lots of rabbits.

FOLLOWING THE CIRCUS

EVERY spring before it goes out over the country under the "big top" the Circus comes to Madison Square Garden, and every day, except Sunday, for five weeks is a circus day for the children of New York.

With the passing of the old Garden a singularly romantic and beautiful setting for the circus is ours no longer. Doubtless both animals and humans will be vastly more comfortable in the spacious, well-ventilated new building which bears the name but must forever lack the outward grace and charm that made Diana so completely at home on her high tower down in Madison Square. No wonder "Old John," the leader of the elephants, kept wistfully on down the East Side the night the Circus came. Old John was not to be easily diverted to crossing the Island at Fiftieth Street when the moon was making a path of gold all down East River luring him on past Turtle Bay, over Murray Hill—back to Diana's own garden with its friendly pigeons and the flashing beacon light and chime of bells across the Square.

And Diana, what must be her feelings to know the Circus has come without her welcome—that nevermore will the great gray elephants, the Eastern camels and the marvelous snow-white and coal-black circus horses pass up and down their own private runway into her strangely ordered stables. Who shall measure the grief or bind up the wounds of Diana, banished from the heart of a city's life to a place that knows her not—

to a place where children will never come running across the Square in early spring calling "Diana, Diana, did you see the Circus come last night?"

Yes, Diana came alive for many of us at circus time. She it was who made it clear that the circus may still be the marvelous circus to children under a city roof even as under a canvas tent. To Diana and to Joyce Kilmer I, at least, owe a painless transition from the joys of the circus tent in Maine in July to those of Madison Square Garden in March.

But the satisfaction of a lifelong desire to go behind the circus and follow its movement out over the country I owe to Edwin P. Norwood, whose circus stories for children I had read before meeting his friends among the circus performers and animals. It is now three years since I went with him to the "Other Side of the Circus" in Madison Square Garden, accompanied by two small boys. "Nicholas" holds the realistic record of that experience and the meeting with Jules Turnour—dean of the clowns—who is also postmaster of the circus. Isaac Marcosson told the story of Jules's life in "The Autobiography of a Clown"—told it so well that I seemed to be meeting an old friend when Jules came over to the elephant tub, on which we were all standing to watch the procession go in, and shook hands with the boys.

Last year, on the day of the special performance the Circus gives each year for the crippled and orphaned children of New York institutions, I saw Jules again. It was after his act and he was no longer wearing his make-up, but carefully dressed in business suit and hat—his hands full of letters—he was the center of a group of gay circus riders, acrobats and clowns eager for news from home. I knew him at once. No

one walks like Jules, for one thing, and he has other ways of his own that defy the clown's make-up or the business suit of a civilian. Jules is a personality whose like we may not see again, and I am glad that we met for the first time in Diana's Garden.

"Why don't you write a book out of all you know and feel of the life of the circus?" I asked Mr. Norwood one day. "Write a true story for children, instead of making up stories." He had been answering my carelessly put question, "Where do you go from here?" with a series of quick-flashing, definite pictures, beginning with the first setting up of the new tents in Philadelphia in May.

"Several days before the 'opening stand' engagement begins," he said, "two trainloads of equipment trek forth from Bridgeport. The tents are put up and of the entire season these are the strangest tents of all. For they are without *contents!* But the New York engagement at an end, performers, properties, animals and staff go over to Philadelphia to fill them. The whole henceforth travels as a unit. The road tour begins."

Philadelphia claims the circus for a week, and so does Boston; but out of 150 cities and towns visited in a single season not more than twenty have more than one day of circus. "Your true trouper would not have it otherwise," asserted Mr. Norwood. "His motto is: 'If we are here to troupe, let's troupe!' Did he crave a sedentary life he would not be of the 'white tops.'

"So the sixteen hundred people, the thousand menagerie animals and the hundreds of horses that constitute the personnel of the Big Show move from state to state. In a single season they have traveled from Quebec in the northeast to Seattle in the northwest, then

to San Diego in the southwest and to Jacksonville, Fla., in the 'other corner'!

"And everywhere the circus program is the same. For while audiences are as widely different as are the populations of the various cities and towns—Indians, Negroes, Chinamen, white men and their children all seem to like the same type of circus entertainment."

To prove that Mr. Norwood has faith in the intelligence of audiences one has only to look carefully through the informing and well-illustrated booklet in which the circus program is issued from year to year. In 1925 on one of its pages there appeared for the first time a list of books about the circus compiled by the Cleveland Public Library.

"What a good idea!" "Whose was it, the library's or the circus?" "Why has no one ever thought of it before?"

Why, indeed; why shouldn't books follow the circus over the country, revealing its authentic tradition, delighting and informing its patrons, young and old; suggesting a theme of perennial interest to writers who have the knowledge and skill to write of the circus.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CIRCUS

By EDWIN P. NORWOOD

Illustrated from photographs

EDWIN NORWOOD has done a difficult piece of work and he has done it with clarity and discrimination. He has made an absorbingly interesting narrative of the everyday life of the circus of to-day from the standpoint of a boy who wants to write a circus story for his school paper. John Foster is neither a

lifeless dummy of interrogation points nor a bright journalistic gas bag, but a natural, keen-witted, adaptable boy who is up and out to see the circus train come in at half past two in the morning and stays up until the last tent pole comes down at night.

It is an experience with which any boy or sympathetic grown-up can identify himself completely from

start to finish. The boy psychology is sound all through. There is a wealth of detail as to how things are done and what things mean, and there are delightful and true glimpses of the best known animal trainers and performers.

"Elephants, like folks, are wise in some ways, but mighty foolish in others," says George Denman, ruler of the elephants, who first sets John Foster to washing the faces of his twelve babies and then tells him, along

with other elephant lore, the romantic tale of Old John —the once-upon-a-time white elephant of Adam Forepaugh who became the famous boxing elephant—John L. Sullivan—of the 1890's. Old John's day as a performing elephant is over, but in the spring of 1922 he was chosen to make a pilgrimage for the herd to the grave of Old Bet, the first elephant ever brought to America, a hundred years ago. Mr. Denman's description of Old John walking out of the old Madison Square Garden and up Fifth Avenue in purple galoshes on a Sunday morning, with all his amusing adventures up-state, delights John Foster and imparts a glow of human interest and association to everything this man who knows elephants so intimately has to tell.

Mr. Norwood not only knows the circus people as friends but regards them always as artists, and this fine feeling he manages to communicate, partly, I think, by sticking to their real names as circus performers and by so carefully preserving the tradition of a circus family well known in another country—that of May Wirth, of Australia.

There is excellent dialogue in the chapter in which John visits the bear wagons and meets the Pallenbergs and learns that, "bears, more than any other animals, are like people." "Butterfly" Stelling not only teaches John the clown's slap but tells him the story of his life and training as a clown. His father was a clown before him and his mother a tight-rope dancer and Fred Stelling himself, before ever he chased "The Butterfly," appeared as a cherub before Queen Victoria. He and Jules Turnour, who was born in a circus wagon in Spain, are among the last of the vanishing old clowns whose technique is unknown by the moderns and whose grace, once seen and recognized, is unforgettable.

Such a book as Mr. Norwood has now written has been needed ever since I can remember. His earlier circus stories for younger children were not convincing, because they were not clear in conception or vigorous in form. Designed as a series of light fanciful tales, they seemed made up: they neither floated with the lightness of a circus balloon nor sparkled with genuine nonsense, but bore a sentimentalized relation to fairy tales. After seeing what Mr. Norwood is capable of doing on a realistic basis. I think we must demand that any future work he may do for little children be equally sound. The circus itself is both story and drama. If presented as fantasy it must yet seem true.

The halftone illustrations are reproduced from excellent photographs and contribute to the text rather than deaden it, as such illustrations frequently do. But for a true likeness of a white elephant the Owls were obliged to turn to their old friend Vimar, who made the drawings for "L'Illustre Dompteur," familiarly known among American children as "The French Circus Book."

ANIMAL BIOGRAPHIES

THE biographic treatment of animals, little and big, has been one of the interesting new developments in the world of books since 1900. If it has sometimes resulted in temporary violation of traditions of nobility and sound character and in upsetting well-established notions of how a particular member of a large family of animals will act in his own environment the close watcher of the trails leading to forest, jungle, or open field realizes that freedom for animals in literature is as necessary as for humans.

It has been good to let lions, tigers, elephants and monkeys escape from the restrictions of the natural histories written for the boys and girls in the nineteenth century. In my own experience they were little read in its last decade except by boys with special interest in this subject. Boys and girls were looking for something more than the dry bones of natural history or isolated anecdotes and facts concerning animals. They wanted something as humanly interesting as "Rikki-Tikki" and "Little Toomai of the Elephants." But Kipling's English was strange to the multitude when the Jungle Books appeared in 1894 and 1895, and they stood unread on many a public library shelf until long after Ernest Thompson Seton came along with his "Wild Animals I Have Known" and the "Biography of a Grizzly."

Then like a plague of locusts came the nature readers and the nature fakers. If their day was sentimental

it also was short, yielding to Thornton Burgess with "Danny Meadow Mouse" and "The Burgess Animal Book," the field of little animals in easy—too easy English.

If it takes a rarely good observer and a very competent writer to achieve a successful biography of a human being, what must we have in the biographer of a lion of blood royal, a tiger of parts and stripes or a monkey of ancient lineage, to make no mention at all of the fox ("epic hero from Æsop to Baynes," as Dallas Lore Sharp characterizes him in his introduction to "The Sprite"), nor yet of the horse, the rabbit, the dog or the cat detached from conventional human relationships and placed where Kipling places him in "The Cat That Walked By Himself."

Just as any story is kept alive by its characters, so is the life story of an animal. Mukerji's "Kari the Elephant" bids fair to live not merely because he bears an interesting name, but because he is a personality living in an environment that lends actuality to all his experiences. The boy who received Carveth Wells's "The Jungle Man and His Animals" last Christmas knows very much more about elephants than his father did when he first read the story of "Little Toomai" in *St. Nicholas,* while the children who welcomed Hugh Lofting's "Story of Doctor Dolittle" five years ago will not soon forget the proud leader of the lions and the sick monkeys in Africa. The appeal of such stories as these to the younger children and of Olaf Baker's "Shasta of the Wolves" and "Dusty Star," Clarence Hawkes's "King of the Thundering Herd" and Jack London's "Call of the Wild" to those who are older must enter very actively into the conception of animal biographies *per se,* such as are suggested by Samuel

Scoville Jr.'s "Wild Folk" and Ernest Baynes's "The Sprite," "Jimmie, the Story of a Black Bear Cub," and his last book, "Animal Heroes of the Great War," which contains incidents of much interest to the future biographer of animals. "Which of the wild animals do you like best?" Ernest Baynes says he was asked a thousand times. It is a question boys like to ask and to try to answer as they turn to books about animals.

The lion needs, in forest station,
No trappings and no education,
But lonely power and pride;
And all the song his subjects sing,
Is in the words: "O, King! O, King!"
No epithet beside.

—From *The Panchatantra.*

ABOUT COWBOYS

Hoo-de-i-yea-e-ho, travel you Doe'gies
Hoo-de-i-yea-e-ho, travel along—
Hoo-de-i-yea-e-ho, step to it cattle,
For old Wyoming will be your new home!
—Old Texas Trail Herd Song.

BOYS and girls who are reading "Tawny," who have already taken "Smoky" to their hearts, will be eager to know more of the romantic life behind these stories. And it is a phase of American life that they should know from reliable sources. Whether it is Will James speaking in pen-sketch and story, in his "Cowboys North and South," or in "Drifting Cowboy."

"I was born and raised in the cow country. I am a cowboy, and what's put down in these pages is what I've lived, seen, and went thru before I ever had any idea that my writing and sketches would ever appear before the public—"

Or whether it is Theodore Roosevelt saying, in "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail" or "Rough Riders":

"We worked under the scorching midsummer sun, when the wide plains simmered and wavered in the heat; and we knew the freezing misery of riding night-guard round the cattle in the late fall round-up. . . . We knew toil and hardship and hunger and thirst, and we saw men die violent deaths as they worked among horses and cattle, or fought in evil feuds with one another; but we felt the beat of hardy

life in our veins and ours was the glory of work and the joy of living—"

all becomes grist for the mill of American history if the miller knows his job.

There are many good points of direction for separating the wheat from the chaff in Douglas Branch's "The Cowboy and His Interpreters." Boys will find many of their questions about cowboys and ranch life answered in this book. It also contains a suggestive bibliography of authentic literature in magazines as well as in books, with a full chapter devoted to Andy Adams, whose one book for boys, "Wells Brothers, the Young Cattle Kings," is not stressed, but whose "The Log of a Cowboy" is rated "the finest piece of literature the cattle country has produced." From Brownsville, Texas, to the Blackfoot agency near the northern border of Montana, boys will eagerly follow this trail herd of the 1880's:

McCann banked his fire, and the first guard, Wheat, Stallings and Borrowstone, rode in from the herd, all singing an old chorus that had been composed with little regard for music or sense, about a hotel they had stopped at the year before:

"Sure it's one cent for coffee and two cents for bread,
Three for a steak and five for a bed,
Sea breeze from the gutter wafts a salt water smell
To the festive cowboy in the Southwestern Hotel."

"The real kinship of the American cowboy," says Douglas Branch, "is with the men on that everlasting frontier, the sea—a closer kinship than between the Western cowboy and the Argentine cowboys, the Western cowboy and the Florida cowboys." And this kin-

ship may be easily traced in the cowboy songs to which another chapter is devoted. Nor does Mr. Branch fail to pay tribute to the cowboys of the dime novels. His book, in fact, is a line of suggestion for the camp leader or the adviser of a boy's club, who has the background and the imagination to relate the interest aroused to still earlier sources, to Cooper, Irving, Parkman, Inman, as well as to Emerson Hough and Owen Wister.

When are Western stories not Western stories? is a question both the movies and the Western-story magazines and manufactured novels have assisted in solving for the next generation if not for this one. Beadle's dime novels have the authenticity of historical documents compared to the so-called Western stories and pictures of the motion picture world of the first quarter of the twentieth century.

"The Covered Wagon" was no doubt the forerunner of a better day. Meanwhile, we cannot too strongly emphasize the importance of providing powerful antidotes in real books with pictures true to life to fortify the intelligence and offset the vacuities and absurdities presented in the medium of trumped-up stories and pictures displayed upon the news-stand and the screen. The wonder and the mystery of the West still live in our imagination, although they may seem to have vanished completely before the Ford and the dude-ranch.

We need a Carl Sandburg to interpret the ranges, the herd trails and the cowboys, no less than the Rootabaga Country. We need a poet and a philosopher and a playwriter to give the cowboy his own place in American folk literature.

TAWNY: A DOG OF THE OLD WEST

By THOMAS C. HINKLE

Reviewed by ROBERT ALLEN

IT is not always easy to make friends with collies. They sometimes terrify by their aggressiveness and are exacting in their playfulness. One that was romping in the deepest snow of last winter insisted on blocking my path to the trolley, and it was only because of a great St. Bernard dog, which enjoyed a tussle with the collie, that I was able to hurry on without being late.

The collie I have known best was Hiram. He was so fond of people that he had to be shut up when we motored any distance because he would follow on foot. He once ran seven miles after the Ford up and down New Hampshire hills and lay panting lickety-split with his tongue lolling out for fifteen minutes. If we went in swimming he would make the shores of the lake echo with his piercing barks, running back and forth at the water's edge and finally plunging in. Once he dived right on me and left long, red claw marks on my back. It was unwise to go rowing in Sunday clothes with Hiram near because he might get tired far from shore and have to be taken aboard. His fur had a capillary attraction for water and he would always shake himself.

The collie is an ideal dog to help cowboys because he has speed, endurance, aggressiveness, loyalty and that sharp bark of his, and because he fears neither bulls nor wolves. Some collies, however, if they are ill treated, leave their masters and become marauders. Then they have to be outlawed. Tawny, in Mr. Hinkle's book, became an outlaw. Many cattle were at-

tacked by wolves during the winter, and Tawny's tracks were often seen with those of the wolves. The cattlemen were quite right in hunting Tawny with guns, dogs, poison bait and traps, and yet Tawny was right all the time. It would spoil the story to tell why in this review. The thing I like best about the book, however, is not the intricate mystery of the case for and against Tawny, or the careful way in which Tawny's motives are accounted for, or the charm of the descriptions of nature, or the thrilling dénouement, but the fact that I felt in reading it that I was actually in Tawny's place—hiding, running, fighting, hungering, tasting, watching, eating, barking and sometimes not daring to bark. I don't know just how a puppy sniffs violets, but I take Mr. Hinkle's word for it. I remember that in "Greyfriars Bobby" the little dog whose bronze statue sits over a drinking fountain in Edinburgh was being taken across country shut up in a box, and he smelled the heather through the cracks of the box.

After "Tawny" I reread "The Call of the Wild." Jack London makes Buck go through experiences such as many civilians went through in the war. A family pet has to become one of a team of sled dogs. The way Buck became a leader of the huskies, the way he pulled them through a terrific Alaskan trip, and the way he rescued his master and finally joined the wolves are told with great skill. I doubt if Buck ever dreamed of cave men. You and I can, because we have read "Just So Stories" or "The Outline of History." And I doubt if Buck made Thornton turn around by looking at him. But Buck was a fine dog. Jack London, moreover, has a rare gift of thumbnail characterization.

Dogs are Mr. Hinkle's long suit, and not cowboys. It will help to understand "Tawny" to think of the men

in "Smoky, the Cowhorse," by Will James. It is a great horse story, and has as good a description of cowboys in the round-up as can be found anywhere. It is all in cowboy lingo, worked out in a literary way somewhat as Mark Twain used the Pike County dialect in "Huckleberry Finn." The cowboy language is natural to Will James because he learned to read and write from a Montana fur trapper. He learned to ride bucking cowhorses about the same time or earlier. How he learned to draw so well I don't know. Few artists have drawn cowboys and horses any better. Will James tells Smoky's life history, beginning when he is a colt, and about as helpless as the white seal in "The Jungle Book." He has as many adventures as Black Beauty, and the adventures are as different as the life of a cowboy is from that of an English squire. Smoky does not tell his own story, as Black Beauty does, but his deeds speak for themselves. I remember a little girl, now a married woman, who cried because she couldn't *be* a horse. She had been reading "Black Beauty." Happily, she soon learned to *ride* a horse. After reading "Smoky" I felt not only as if I had been a horse, but I wanted to ride one. Some of us are almost hopeless as equestrians, but if any book will help a person to understand horses, and in particular the bucking cowhorses of the plains, it is "Smoky."

MAGIC AND MAGIC MAKERS

By JOHN MULHOLLAND

MAGIC is the only one of the old romantic ventures left for boys. So many opportunities have been done away with by modern science. As the telephone connections with all parts of a ship take away the work of cabin boy so do other inventions do the work of boys. Modern prices prohibit sending any but the technically trained to explore the unknown places. The trip of Beebe's ship *The Arcturus,* the Hamilton Rice expedition into the wilds of South America, and the North Pole flight of Commander Byrd were expensive experiments of scientists and engineers. Most of the old jobs for boys are gone. Gone as went Indian fighting when the Indians began to have university degrees. But for those who prefer to lose themselves in this matter-of-fact world and find fanciful places where spells and incantations are required for passwords, there still is magic. To perform magic for your friends is interesting and to read of the exciting experience of a magician who, with the very tricks one performs, subdued the Algerians after the whole French army had failed is—well, the next best thing to doing it.

Magic is so mysterious and thrilling, especially after you have been let into the secret of how to be a magician yourself. There is something about magic that make brothers of all those who know even a smattering of it. All magicians of all time form a sort of great unorganized brotherhood. My good friends Tenyo Shokyo-

kusai, of Tokyo; Long Tack Sam, of Shanghai; Mohammed Babbsh, of Cawnpore, and Hadji Mohammed, of Tangier, are bound to me in the same way as the American magician whom I often see. So, in fact, are all magicians of the past and future. The great professional is no more truly a link in the chain than he who, though he can do but one trick well, has a real interest in the fascinating art of magic.

The craft of conjuring is very old, one of the oldest in the world. Because of the belief of the people that the magician possessed supernatural powers, magicians have been made kings, and to-day among savages the most powerful man of the race is the medicine man or tribal magician. The lives of these men are full of adventures and it is unfortunate that we can't read of them all. The very earliest magicians left no records, but the later men wrote of their lives and their tricks. These old manuscripts and books are very valuable because of their age and because of the interest people have in the stories of magicians. The early books are amusingly quaint and filled with such things as what sort of man the magician must be. The old book of Richard Neve is a good example.

"A Description of the Operator:

"First, he must be one of a bold and audacious spirit, so that he may set a good face upon the matter. Secondly, he must have a nimble and cleanly conveyance, for if he be a bungler he discredits both himself and his art: and therefore he must practice in private till he is perfect! Usus promtus facit; and by that means, his tricks being cunningly handled, he shall deceive the eye, the hands and the ear; for oftentimes it falls out in his art, deceptio visus deceptio tactus et receptio auditus. Thirdly, he must have none

An Old-time Japanese Magician

of his trinkets wanting when he is to use them, lest he be put to a non-plus. Fourthly, he must also have his terms of art; namely, certain strange and emphatical words to grace and adorn his actions and to astonish the beholders. And these kinds of speeches must be various, according to the action he undertakes; as, Hey, fortuna, furia, nunquam credo, pass pass; whence come you, sirrah? Or this way, Hey, Jack, come aloft for your master's advantage. Or otherwise, Alif, casil, zaze, hit met mertat Saturnus, Jupiter, Mars, Sol, Venus, Mercury, Luna. Or thus, Dorocti, Micocti et Senarocti, velu barocti, Asmorocti, Ronnsee, Faronsee, Hey pass, pass, etc. Fifthly, and lastly, he must have such gestures of body as may lead the spectators' eyes from a strict and diligent observation of his manner of conveyance." Which boiled down means a magician must try to please his audience with well-practiced tricks.

As we read of these men we find that a magician's training makes him resourceful, makes him ready to meet and talk to any group of any size and fits him for emergencies. A magician's work depends on himself alone. Whether he is facing a friendly audience or a howling group of savages he is prepared. Or at least we have no record of an unprepared magician meeting a band of savages. The savages would probably have stopped the memoirs of such a man. One of the most interesting autobiographies of a magician is George Sanger's "Seventy Years a Showman."

He tells of going from town to town as a boy in a gypsy wagon, stopping at every village and hamlet with his performance of "hanky-panky" and trained birds and mice. He traveled when it was still believed that trained animals were demons in disguise and that the

simplest trick was due to supernatural agency. He tells of the way the crowds talked around and about his tent. "Them be witch-taught, them be!" exclaimed a bent old farm laborer at one place. "Them be witch-taught, I tell 'ee! I knows, for I 'ave a-had to work in a place where a charmer abided and small creeters had to do as she were a-minded they should. A real witch she was to be sure, an them as crossed her knowed it, for she could plague cattle 'oondreful. Gypsy-bred she was, the old varmint, and them as travels the roads knows war to find her likes, I'll be bound, to put a spell on small creeters to suit their own purposes. They things be witch-taught, I tell 'ee and them as is wise 'll 'ave nowt to do with 'em." The crowd was likely to be quite as sure the magician was a "true warlock and servant o' Satan." Not always were the people satisfied with pronouncing the magician and his work to be connected with the powers of darkness, for Sanger says: "Muttered threats, too, were heard as the day went on of ducking the wizard and burning his show, and matters became so threatening that Eagle, long before the fair was over, thought it wise to pack up and clear out." It is interesting to note that when Sanger became a man he bought Astley's circus. This famous circus was under the leadership of magicians for a hundred and fifty years for it had been started by another magician, Philip Astley, ninety years before Sanger purchased. These men were successful because they pleased the public and they were able to please largely because as magicians they had learned showmanship.

Sanger became interested in magic after witnessing the performance of Bill Bright, a real old-time English conjurer. His start was very different from Robert Houdin's, who so pleasantly tells of his life in

his "Memoirs." But you should read these books and learn the tricks of the magicians. Furthermore, even if you have no idea of becoming a necromancer at once, they are fascinating books to read.

FIVE GOOD BOOKS ON MAGIC

MAGIC IN THE MAKING

By JOHN MULHOLLAND *and* MILTON SMITH

A first book of conjuring requiring no previous knowledge.

LESSONS IN CONJURING. By David Devant.

Practical lessons for the more ambitious student of the art by the best known English magician.

THE MODERN CONJURER. By C. Lang Neil.

A collection of tricks by famous magicians with photographs showing the magicians doing their tricks.

INDIAN CONJURING. By L. H. Branson.

A collection of the most famous East Indian tricks made by a major in the British Army, who spent years in collecting them. He is an authority on the subject.

LATER MAGIC. By Professor Louis Hoffman.

This book contains tricks of to-day while the two earlier volumes by the same author, "Modern Magic" and "More Magic," belong to an earlier time. These books, however, teach the underlying principle of the subject, and the three together form an encyclopedia of magic.

CHINESE STORIES FOR AMERICAN CHILDREN

SHEN OF THE SEA

By ARTHUR BOWIE CHRISMAN

Illustrated with silhouettes by ELSE HASSELRIIS

THAT Mr. Chrisman had a good time bringing these fascinating tales from the Chinese to tbe English-speaking boys and girls of his own day the stories themselves bear living testimony. The attractive little book is both original and convincing—two qualities which have been conspicuously lacking in children's books dealing with Chinese life and custom. Almost invariably they have borne the hall marks of educational or missionary propaganda.

It is a book to read slowly, one story at a time, beginning with little Ah Mee—Ah Mee who plays elephant in his Uncle Cha's cabbage patch; Ah Mee, destroyer of beautiful toys, who hurls his toy dragon through the paper window of his house; Ah Mee, "who doted on jam and dabbled in all the hundred and one varieties of mischief"; Ah Mee, whose innocent dabbling in the jam pots led straight to the invention of printing.

"What is better than roast duck with sweet ginger dressing? Is anything—anything—in the world and all superior?" Two roast ducks, as Ching Chung said, are more to be desired. Ah! of a certainty. Two.

It is a fascinating story that is told of the cook who was made king all because he roasted duck as never duck was roasted before. He it was, King Cheng Chang, who abolished knives and forks and spoons and ate his rice with chopsticks.

And there is the charming little Princess Chin Uor, or Princess Many Dimples, who cared nothing at all for royal wheelbarrows spilling over with golden dolls, for the 2,000 ivory cats and 2,000 ivory mice for the cats to catch, for the lovely tossing balls, wonderful dishes and puppy dogs that bark and come when called, all fashioned from jade for this tiny but determined Princess Chin Uor, who gave no thought to such toys, but continued to shape the tastiest of mud pies, although it made her father old King Yang Lang, very angry to see her do it.

Very stimulating to the imagination of children who are beginning to find new ways over the world are such stories as these, and it is high time that our children gained earlier and truer impressions of what goes to the making of boys and girls of the Eastern countries. Too long have they been fed upon disconnected scraps, indicating strange ways and customs, with little or no appeal to emotions which are essential to any real understanding or sympathy.

The sense of fun has always been at a discount in schemes of education, and notably has the absence of it affected the broader treatment of history and geography for children.

Illustration by Else Hasselriis for Shen of the Sea

DO AMERICAN CHILDREN LIKE POETRY?

"Is it true, do you think, that young American children don't care for poetry, and that love of it comes later—if at all?"

The author of "Peacock Pie" asked the question in a recent personal letter and I venture to send my reply by the Owls, since similar inquiries are raised whenever the reading of children is under discussion.

The premature publication of data purporting to evaluate the reading tastes of American children on a scientific basis is accountable for a good deal of buncombe concerning children's reading at the present time. Children who care most about poetry will even more rarely than their elders be brought to confess that love by methods involving use of the "graph," "media" or questionnaire. Every reader for reading's own sake carries his own smoke screen, assumes his own protective coloring. If it were not so then the children's rooms of public libraries would become mere laboratories or experiment stations instead of theaters in which books live and move and play their various parts in daily human experience.

The longer and more steadily one looks out upon great audiences of readers who have come voluntarily to read unmolested, the more reluctant one feels to draw any sweeping conclusion from sense impressions.

Reading is not a science but an art. It concerns the *whole child,* boy or girl, and calls for instinctive, intuitive sensibility in relation to each individual as well as for well-assimilated knowledge of many kinds of books and finely adjusted understanding of children's needs.

And this, I think, has not been widely understood or sufficiently dwelt upon in the education of American parents and teachers. It is they, in my opinion, who do not care enough for poetry or fairy tales, as the case may be, to foster the early love of it by natural exposure, familiar association and a living example of spontaneous enjoyment. Too often do they seem obliged to form a class or a society in order to get any pleasure out of it. Neither do we set the value that England does on a store of old rhymes and jingles. Nonsense for its own saving sake of balance and rhythm is still regarded dubiously in many quarters, as is instanced by the opening paragraphs of the introduction to "Singing Youth," an anthology of poems by children:

A century ago a little girl, Marjorie Fleming, aroused wonder because she wrote a few verses which we now think of merely as jingles with touches of humor here and there, humor into which she was sometimes forced by the exigencies of rhyme, such as her famous "dam." Of her method of finding rhymes she frankly tells us herself in the "Sonnet to a Monkey": "I could not get a rhyme for Roman, So was obliged to call him woman."

The attention that such efforts as those of Marjorie Fleming attracted can be accounted for only because of the scarcity of children's poetry throughout the nineteenth century. But in this century of the child, children are encouraged to develop their powers in a natural manner; and since rhythm of thought and emotion is as much a part of their

nature as rhythm of motion, the child trying to express his feelings often answers in verse Swinburne's question, "O Child, what news from heaven?"

Shade of Sir Walter! What are we coming to?

We have not yet given poetry its true place because we have been too preoccupied with arranging and rearranging anthologies or forming committees to count the number of children who have said they liked or disliked a given poem or poet. We have even been known to dismiss the entire work of poets rich in quality and varied in content if children in the third, fourth or fifth year of some well-known experimental school didn't appear to like the selections they tried to read without any background of imaginative experience.

In short, we have not hesitated to set a classroom experience and outlook in the place of sound critical appraisal of books as books and call it "what the children think," which is taking unfair advantage of the situation in which some children have been placed. The most reliable native American appreciation of poetry to-day will be found, I venture to say, among the thousands who read or listen and make no reports on what they take in by eye or ear, but go their ways more joyfully because of fresh discoveries of their own, whether they be made in Maine lumber camps or Texas oil towns; in cultivated centers of Iowa, Ohio, Illinois or New York—in public or private schools, in library, bookshop, in their own homes, or in the homes of more fortunate book-owning friends.

How are the poetry lovers of America to be found and enumerated? Who shall say? I surprised one the other day in a typist who clicked off William Rose Benét's "Clock of the City" with shining eyes.

"I always look for poetry first of all in the newspaper," she said.

"Do you like the old or the new poetry best?" I asked. "Have you a favorite poet?"

"I never notice the names of authors," she replied with a smile. "It's just their *ideas*. I get a new way of seeing things myself from them. It rests me. No, I've never owned a book of anybody's poems; I just read what I find in the newspapers and magazines, whether it's old or new. Traveling as much as I do, I have no place to keep books, and, besides, I get a thrill out of finding something new and beautiful in the newspaper." And then she added, "It's my kind of a gold mine, I guess."

I remembered the office boys and girls in business I had known over a long stretch of years, who often shared their newspaper clippings and little books into which they had copied verses they liked, and back of all these I remembered the joy of similar discoveries made in my own childhood, a joy that grows by what it finds to feed upon in unexpected places.

And so I say confidently: Yes, dear author of "Peacock Pie," American children do like poetry when it is honestly and naturally come by and lived with, when it is neither forcibly fed nor artificially presented with irritating guide-posts in condescending anthologies with age tags, when the reader, be it teacher, parent, or child, knows how to read aloud, and when to stop, when to share,

> Ann, Ann,
> Come quick as you can,
> There's a fish that talks
> In the frying pan. . . .

and when to bring forth the Songs of Shakespeare, or the Psalms of David, or, most important of all, when to leave children or grown-ups alone with poetry.

I think we need convincing tests of the folk culture and literary appreciation of American adults who are shaping new educational policies in relation to reading before we can rely very confidently upon findings on behalf of children and poetry. Reading as a subject *per se* and pursued *con amore* is by no means the same thing as reading considered as a by-product of a general intelligence test. We are suffering just now from the "creative urge" in education to a painful degree. Determined to repress children no longer, we are in a fair way to become equally exacting in "setting free the creative spirit." Whatever we may do or leave undone, we seem determined to harness that shy, elusive, spiritual force and make theoretic and practical use of it. That "creative spirit" stoutly resists group formation and stratified arrangement is apparent, in books and out of books, wherever children are to be found. By its very nature it has to be free as air and sunshine.

DE LA MARE'S BIRTHDAY

April 25, 1873

"LOTS of birthdays come in April—Andersen's, Patriots' Day, Shakespeare's, de la Mare's, Boys' Week and *my* birthday. It's most as 'portant as February."

So declared one of the small boys who run in and out of the library which bears the name of Hamilton Grange and stands on the slope of the heights above the Hudson River where Alexander Hamilton planted the fields and gardens surrounding the lovely country home to which he used to ride up the Bloomingdale Road on horseback after his day's work in the city was done. Here, as at all branches of the New York Public Library, Walter de la Mare's birthday has already taken a place of its own in living tradition.

A casual reference to its celebration in "The Three Owls" has brought so many inquiries as to its origin and requests for definite suggestions for observing it elsewhere, that the Owls prevailed upon Catharine Schwartz to allow them to print programs arranged by her for the children of the Hamilton Fish Park Library. Miss Schwartz says that every de la Mare lover, child or grown-up, will naturally wish to substitute other poems and selections for those she has chosen. She believes that there should be no fixed choice if the day is to be spontaneously kept as one of perennial interest.

The idea for this birthday celebration was born on a Broadway subway train in the month of February,

1924. I had been reading and re-reading Mr. de la Mare's poetry and prose in the light of fuller knowledge of the circumstances under which much of it was written, by way of preparation for a truer appraisal of "Come Hither"—a poet's anthology of poetry. I opened the book at random as the train rushed on up the island, and on one of the pages belonging to "About and Round About" my eyes lighted on this quotation from Coleridge, "When no reason can be adduced against a thing, custom is a sufficient reason for it."

"When I read this remark for the first time," says Mr. de la Mare, "it was as if my mind had been startled into a tension as one's body is when it collides with a stranger in the street. There is wide wisdom in it. How many natural human and delightful things are in this world indeed for which custom is a sufficient reason: Children, for instance; daisies in the grass, skylarks in the clouds, dreams in sleep, rhymes, gay clothes, friendship, laughter."

And Walter de la Mare's own birthday, I added. Now I know how it is to be done. We must make a "custom" of it while he is still living, that the children may realize how natural a part of life poetry really is and how close to their own love of fun and beauty are his jolly rhymes and ballads and his beautiful songs and stories.

It chanced that I was on my way that morning to a meeting of the heads of the forty-odd children's rooms of the New York Public Library, and when its business was over I spoke of Walter de la Mare as I had seen him familiarly in his own home in England three years before, of his children who had listened evening after evening with breathless interest to the adventures of

the three monkeys royal—Nod, with his wonderstone, and his brothers, Thumb and Thimble—long before the story got into a book called "The Three Mulla Mulgars." And, again, of how the same children, lying between wake and sleep, would call for a glass of water and upstairs would rush their father, glass of water in hand, and on his lips, more often than not, a gay new rhyme or a sleepy song to carry into their dreams. Those were the days when Walter de la Mare was still in the statistical department of the city office of the Anglo-American Oil Company, where eighteen years of his life were spent.

"I think one can find an interest in any task which has *got* to be done," he answered when asked if he did not find his work at that time distasteful.

The proposal to celebrate a new birthday was received with enthusiasm on behalf of the children, and fresh copies of "Peacock Pie," "A Child's Day," "The Three Mulla Mulgars" and "Down-A-Down Derry" were ordered at once to be in readiness for the day when they should be set forth with birthday flowers on special table or bookshelf, along with "Come Hither" and the new edition of "Songs of Childhood."

Each library made its own plan for such a celebration as its children would most enjoy: Story hours and informal readings were given, copies of favorite verses printed on posters were read with delight, the girls of the Pocahontas Club gave an act from "Crossings," another group were thrilled by the description of the round room in the tower of the old house in the introductory story to "Come Hither." Winifred Bromhall's drawings for "A Child's Day" were much enjoyed by the little children. But a celebration that

would have gone straight to the heart of Walter de la Mare himself was that of a little gypsy girl who danced and sang of her own accord in the children's room of the Seward Park Library. For days afterward the children browsed among poetry books they had scarcely opened before.

And then, by happy chance, a few months later, Mr. de la Mare came to New York and read from those very same books to an audience of boys and girls who had kept his birthday all over the city.

"He might come again almost any time," said one of the fortunate group. "Most birthdays are for dead people, but Mr. de la Mare is alive and living in London. He looked very strong. He'll come back again to see us!"

THREE PROGRAMS FOR DE LA MARE'S BIRTHDAY

Selected and Arranged by CATHARINE SCHWARTZ

LITTLE CHILDREN

MR. ALACADACCA

Mr. Alacadacca's
Long strange name
Always filled his heart
With shame.

MISS T.

It's a very odd thing—
As odd as can be—
That whatever Miss T. eats
Turns into Miss T.

The Cupboard

I know a little cupboard,
With a teeny tiny key,
And there's a jar of Lollypops
For me, me, me.

Jim Jay

Do diddle di do,
Poor Jim Jay
Got stuck fast
In Yesterday.

Alas, Alack

Ann, Ann!
Come! quick as you can!
There's a fish that talks
In the frying-pan.

Tired Tim

Poor tired Tim! It's sad for him,
He lags the long bright morning through,
Ever so tired of nothing to do;

The Bandog

Has anybody seen my Mopser?—
A comely dog is he,
With hair of the colour of a Charles the Fifth,
And teeth like ships at sea . . .

—From *Peacock Pie.*

The Huntsmen

Three jolly gentlemen,
In coats of red,
Rode their horses
Up to bed.

—From *Peacock Pie.*

Softly drowsily out of sleep. . . .
Little birds bathe in the sunny dust. . . .
The Queen of Arabia Uanjinee. . . .
England over and all June through. . . .
When safe into the fields Ann got. . . .
As soon as ever twilight comes. . . .
But now dear me! what's this we see. . . .
The king in slumber when he lies down. . . .
Now through the dusk with muffled bell. . . .

—From *A Child's Day.*

MIDDLE-AGED CHILDREN

Tartary

If I were Lord of Tartary
Myself and me alone
My bed should be of ivory
Of beaten gold my throne.

—From *Songs of Childhood.*

The Bee's Song

Thouzandz of thornz there be
Of the Rozez where gozez
The Zebra of Zee:

Off the Ground

Three jolly Farmers
Once bet a pound
Each dance the others would
Off the ground.

—From *Peacock Pie.*

Nod's Adventures with the Gunga-Mulgar

The three Mulla-Mulgars set out to find their Royal Kinsman in the beautiful valley of Tishnar. Nod the youngest is captured by a gigantic Gunga. Nod is a Nizza-Neela and has magic in him. He possesses the Wonderstone which enables him to outwit the crafty Gunga and escape with his brothers.

The Mulla-Mulgar's Journey Song

That one
Alone
Who's dared and gone
To seek the Magic Wonderstone,

No fear,
Or care,
Or black despair,
Shall heed until his journey's done.

Nod's Adventures with Andy Battle

Nod falls in with a shipwrecked sailor. They become the best of friends. Immanâla, the Nameless, plots to kill Andy, but Nod entices Immanâla to her own destruction.

Andy Battle

Once there was a young sailor, yeo ho!
And he sailed over the bay,
For the isles where pink coral and palm branches blow
And the fireflies turn night into day.

—From *The Three Mulla-Mulgars,*
Chapters 4, 8 and 10.

The Ship of Rio

There was a ship of Rio
Sailed out into the blue
And nine and twenty monkeys
Were all her jovial crew.

—From *Peacock Pie.*

OLDER BOYS AND GIRLS

The Story of This Book

—From *Come Hither.*

Berries

There was an old woman
Went blackberry picking
Along the hedges
From Weep to Wicking.

Someone

Some one came knocking
At my wee, small door;
Some one came knocking,
I'm sure—sure—sure. . . .

The Little Green Orchard

Someone is always sitting there,
In the little green orchard. . . .

The Ride-by-Nights

Up on their brooms the Witches stream,
Crooked and black in the crescent's gleam;
One foot high, and one foot low,
Bearded, cloaked, and cowled, they go.

—From *Peacock Pie.*

O for a moon to light me home. . . .
I saw three witches. . . .

—From *Songs of Childhood.*

The Ghost and the Fairy Wine

Four children arrive at a little old house in the wood late at night. There is a ghost in the house and the woods are full of fairies.

Lullaby

Now silent falls the clacking mill;
Sweet-sweeter smells the briar;
The dew wells big on bud and twig;
The glow worm's wrapt in fire.

Then sing lully-lullay with me,
And softly, lill-lall-lo, love,
'Tis high time, and wild time,
And no time, no love!

—From *Crossings, a Fairy Play.*

READINGS

Selected by WALTER DE LA MARE *and*
THOMAS QUAYLE
With Woodcut Illustrations by C. T. NIGHTINGALE
Reviewed by FRANCES CLARKE SAYERS

THERE is an old song which says:

"I will give you the keys of heaven,
Lady will you walk,
Lady will you talk,
Lady will you walk and talk with me?"

This old rhyme bears out a theory of my own concerning these mythical keys, for I have long believed that the keys of heaven were words, since words open gates and doors into regions of delight, and the mention of "talk" in this old song of wooing is proof of my contention.

To children, at least, words are more than an assemblage of letters and sounds. They are worlds in themselves. They may or may not have a definite meaning. The elements they define in the mind of the child may bear no relation to the meaning of a word as defined in the dictionary. Children treasure words for their own sounding worth, and children can create songs that are the more wonderful for their being understood by no one save the creator. Parents and teachers and other authoritative adults are too seldom aware of the quality of words. They are too much concerned with meanings, too eager to make each frigate of a word bear a cargo of information and instruction.

The names of homely things and places are often very beautiful, and lucky the child who is given the

leisure to mumble these names to himself for the enjoyment of his own ears or to give names of his own choosing, as did the "Master of all Masters" in "English Fairy Tales" of Joseph Jacobs to places, trees, beds and chairs, dogs and cats, all the familiar things of his world.

In my own childhood I remember my delight in the heroic Biblical names which my mother would call off in a sort of chant. They were the names of my grandfather's sisters and brothers: Shadrach and Abraham, Benjamin, John, Deborah and Ruth. They seemed fine and fitting names for the sons and daughters of pioneers. She would also say to me the names of the apples which had grown on the old farm in Ohio. They were as round and sweet as the fruit itself: Jonathans, Greenings, Winesaps, Belle Fleurs and Early Bowers. And the rivers of America! What sound there is in them. The Rio Grande, the Susquehanna, the Chattahoochee, the Rappahannock. There is in these names the sound of great waters, turbulent and everlasting. Why do we seldom speak of the sounds of the place names in America? Why are these beautiful words lost to our senses, being mere designations of places which export this or that commodity? There is great wealth of poetry in these names; the Indian names, rugged and musical; the Spanish names of California—San Juan Capistrano, Atascadero—soft as the coming of stars in the evening, colorful as old Spain. The names of flowers are like songs: Lady's Slipper, Blue Bell, Trailing Arbutus and Periwinkle, Bouncing Bet, Jasmin and Oleander. There is endless pleasure in this gathering of words, and he who has tuned his ear to catch the sound need never tie bells on his toes in order to have music wherever he goes.

If words be the keys of heaven, then Walter de la Mare must have them in the pockets of his mind, for he never sets pen to paper but what we hear the jingle of them. There are few who have as great a sense of the power of sound as he has. Who else has put bee song into verse? Nor is he content to enjoy alone words and sounds. He has set down for the enjoyment of others the sound of poetry in "Come Hither," a collection of rhymes and poems for the young of all ages, and in "Readings," with the collaboration of Thomas Quayle, he sets down the sound of prose.

"Readings" is a collection of fragments of English prose. It is not a comprehensive and critical study of the development of prose, nor a chronological arrangement for classroom use. It is a book to read, and to read aloud. The compilers have written down those bits of prose which held for them real beauty, in the hope that others might find it likewise, and, having found it, might follow the clues, seeking out the source and the detail of the pattern set forth by these fragments. This is a book for young readers, for those who, as the introduction says, "are not old enough to have read much, or to have had the chance of seeing many books." However, the authors have not hesitated to present anything which seemed to them worthy of inclusion, whether it be in the realm of childish fancy, or whether it includes the deep pathos of Thomas Hardy's Tess, standing with tears in her eyes, and "blowing out a kiss upon the snowy wind to her departed lover." Here is respect for the intellect of children, for their ability to react to beauty and sincere emotion.

The instructions of the compilers, given in the introduction are: "Be master of as many good, old, sound,

exact, subtle, sweet-sounding English words as you can." In proof of the worth of English words, they have taken from the works of the prose masters admirable and varied selections. Jonathan Swift's clear, unemotional words are here, and Katherine Mansfield's words, dimly sad. W. H. Hudson uses words to recreate the world of nature, exact words, laden with the spirit of the man. Joseph Conrad's rough blowing words have the taste of the sea in them. Lewis Carroll's are mischievous and full of nonsense. John Bunyan's words are slow and beautiful and heroic, like the tramping of gods across the world, and Emily Bronte's are sharp and strong, like the wind on the top of Wuthering Heights. All of these and more are in the book. There is fair sample of the prose of other days when a piece of writing was embellished with words like an old tapestry in which the main tale is told amid elaborate weavings of minor designs. No reader will be content to end his reading with this book. Each selection stimulates the reader's interest, and there will be many a title from this book added to the boy's or girl's list of books to be read.

The notes which precede the readings are scant and brief, mere fingers pointing the way. This is a fact we regret, remembering the richness and beauty of the notes in "Come Hither." If there be anyone who has not yet found "Come Hither" he had better be off in search of it. It is more than a collection of poetry, having in it the appreciation of poetry as well, and through each word of it there shines the knowledge and the sensitiveness of a man who is himself a poet. I know no better reading for summer days, or winter days either, than the words set down in these two books.

MAY DAY

MAY EVE IN BELGIUM

I CLIMBED the Belfry at Bruges one May Eve to see the chimes rung. They ring four times an hour. While I was standing up there looking all over Belgium I heard a big hullabaloo below stairs. Up came an old man scolding and swearing away in Flemish.

After him came another man dragging a big Christmas tree all the way up the winding stairs. He paid no attention to the scolding old man, but kept right on dragging the tree up after him. It was hard work I can tell you dragging that tree all the way upstairs. The next thing he did was to set it on end and hoist the tree away up to the tip top of the belfry.

Everybody knows May Eve has come when he sees the Christmas tree on the Belfry. It's a lovely sight against the sky.

When I came down again I went to the old archery. I saw an arrow the Duke of Gloucester left behind him. They think a good deal of that arrow. The old woman who takes care of it took it away to Holland while the war was going on. It reminded me of Robin Hood and Sherwood Forest and May Days I've spent in England. Bruges is a nice place, but I felt a little homesick, so I walked into an antique shop and bought a pair of pewter candlesticks and a lovely copper brazier and a funny old wooden candlestick, and then I went to the Flower Market and filled the brazier with

spring flowers and lighted the candles in all the candlesticks and sat in a window of the old Panier d'Or Hotel looking out over the square listening to the chimes and wondering why May Eve isn't kept in New York with all our chimes and high towers and play streets for children.

MAY DAY

By MARGERY WILLIAMS BIANCO

"'Le rivà, 'le rivà, 'le rivà,
La stagiun d'andé 'nt'i pra". . .
It has come, it has come, it has come,
The season to wander out in the meadows.

THE boys and girls of Northern Italy sang in the old days, when they went out into field and woodland to gather the first blossoms of the year. Now there, as elsewhere, the labor songs drown out the song of spring; feet gather to march over city pavements instead of "green meads" and we are more likely, on May Day, to think of the red necktie than the red hawthorn.

Where has the old joy fled? In English parks where the maypole once stood a seedy gentleman now stands on a soapbox, and pounding his fist informs a group of uninterested fellow-beings that they are miserable slaves. Bands play in our streets, a few flags wave and children march. Against the flood of propaganda which has taken May Day for its own effort still succeeds, here and there, in keeping alive some echo of the earlier festival. We still have May Day pageants, May queens, even an occasional maypole. But we seem to be studied and self-conscious over it all. The world is growing older, and one of the signs of old age, as Chesterton somewhere remarks, is the in-

creasing fear of dressing up and making one's self ridiculous. If the old spirit of May Day expressed anything it was a feeling of joy and abandonment, a happy and unrehearsed rejoicing in which everyone did pretty much as he liked, and this many of us have lost. In this sense any staid old gentleman out alone for a country walk in springtime, skipping and humming all to himself when he thinks no one is looking, is more truly an expresson of May Day than the best schooled group of little girls in white dresses performing their evolutions to music on a greensward. The thing itself is not so important as the spirit of it.

As a small child in London I can remember seeing what were then known as the May Day sweeps. Why it should have been given to the chimneysweeps alone to celebrate May Day was never clear to me, nor by what survival of ideas the custom came about, but on that day they and their families made holiday. Grimed and inhuman the rest of the year, they then for twenty-four hours showed radiant faces to the world. Radiant is a pale word. One of their number, as Jack-in-the-Green, gyrated inside his tower draped in greenery, like an animated bean-pole, while around him, to the music of drum and penny whistle, danced his companions attired in the gayest and most fantastic costumes they could devise, the men as a rule attired as women and the women as men. Thus they paraded the side streets, pausing every now and then to give a special performance and passing a hat for coppers with the familiar plea "Remember the swee—eep!" So startling were some of these costumes that they became a current byword and catty matrons of those days, wishing to depreciate the finery of an unfortunate neighbor, would say: "My dear, I assure you . . . positively like

Illustrations from Flora *by Pamela Bianco*

child
with
fruit
LETTER
Dear Daddy,

a May Day sweep!" But to a child's vision at least those May Day sweeps did much to brighten the city dullness, and year by year I watched for them eagerly from the window. They have long since passed for good, but, travesties though they were, one did seem to catch, through their tawdry rags and tatters, some gleam of the old pagan spirit in which their festival long ago had birth.

Cornwall, incurably pagan, has still in Helston its Furry Dance, when the townsfolk dance in and out the open house doors. A stranger custom is that of the Padstow Hobby Horse, a grotesque and terrifying beast, almost suggestive of Mumbo Jumbo, carried in procession through the town to the beating of drums and tin pans. Women did not figure in the Hobby Horse's retinue, which carries still further its suggestion of a remote fetichism, but money was collected, as with the May Day sweeps. This money went to the further support of the Hobby Horse itself, a contrast to the more generous impulse of the May Day processions in certain parts of Italy, where the money collected is expended on masses for the dead.

There are other customs, too, and gifts connected with May Day. Cowslip balls . . . do cowslip balls still exist, or is the secret of them lost? As a little girl I once had a real cowslip ball sent me from Gloucestershire, and I can see and smell it now, a globe of pale greenish yellow, soft and elastic to the touch and sweet with the perfume of spring itself. Its making was a mystery to me, one of those miracles one accepts without question, but it was probably done by threading the blossom sprays on a string and then tying them very tightly, in much the same way one ties those fluffy woolen balls for babies. The hanging of May baskets

is one of the prettiest customs, and I believe in parts of New England it is still done. Hard-shelled old Maine fishermen, whom one would never suspect of having once been sentimental, have told me of the May baskets they used to hang in their youth, and how they would knock on the door and then rush away to watch from safe hiding if the basket was taken in.

Old customs may change and even vanish, but that which was at the root of them will remain, though we may not always recognize it shorn of its traditional trappings. The maypole was the symbol one danced around, but after all, what people really danced for was the spring itself, and that at least has not changed. It is just as good a reason for dancing to-day as it ever was, and I think in most of us the impulse is just as strong. No one perhaps has voiced more perfectly than Rosamund Marriott Watson that feeling one has at some time known with the first breaking of green buds and the smell of wet earth:

> My heart's one festival, O far or near
> The spring could never call and I not hear;
> Deep under graveyard grass it could not be:
> The spring could never pass, and I not see. . . .

It is this, then, which is really May Day, and not the songs and the speeches, the baskets and the garlands. Jack-in-the-Green has long danced his way into the land of the past things; the maypole with its ribbons and streamers may have vanished, but every year nature plants her thousand maypoles throughout the countryside, and wherever a group of children are gathered together in springtime, on city grass or country meadow, we shall always have that which is the living spirit of May Day itself.

MOTHER GOOSE AT HOME

Old Mother Goose when
She wanted to wander
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.

Mother Goose had a house,
'Twas built in a wood,
Where an owl at the door
For sentinel stood.

IT is to this house in a wood guarded by their own great-greatest of uncles the Three Owls naturally fly on Mothers' Day—not with a gift of carnations but with "Daffy-Down-Dilly in her yellow petticoat and a green gown" with "lavender blue and rosemary green," with "silver bells and cockle shells," with rare "little nut-trees" trailing homely clothes-lines to stretch across the Queen's garden.

A spacious house and a merry one is this home of Mother Goose where kings and queens, great lords and fine ladies, wise doctors and friendly cobblers, butchers and bakers and candlestick makers, farmers and tailors and lively parsons, simple Simon and Tom the Piper mix and mingle in gay camaraderie with little Bopeep, dainty Nancy Etticoat in her white petticoat, little Polly Flinders among the cinders, Jack and Jill and their kin among children. Here are kits and cats and dogs and dogs, little Tom Tinker's, and Old Mother Hubbard's, from whom all performing dogs are descended. Here the birds both both talk and sing, little dogs laugh, and the bells of old London ring, while hens and ducks and geese and pigs work daily marvels of their own. Here old riddles and wise proverbs are propounded quite irresponsibly, as they should be, for

each new generation. Here, it seems to me, are all the elements of democracy in an English-speaking country —a democracy rooted in jollity and human kindliness with a sense of friendly companionship for the gallant old woman who flies up alone to sweep the cobwebs from the sky.

"Why not substitute other rhymes for those of Mother Goose?" I have been so often asked in the last quarter century of experimental education, that I venture to quote from the back of the title page of the reprint of "The Only True Mother Goose," 1833, with its delightful introductory tribute by Edward Everett Hale, what "Old Ma'am Goose" herself is saying to the two children at her knee:

My dear little Blossoms, there are now in this world, and always will be, a great many grannies besides myself, both in petticoats and pantaloons, some a deal younger, to be sure, but all monstrous wise and of my own family name. These old women, who never had chick nor child of their own, but who always know how to bring up other people's children, will tell you, with very long faces, that my enchanting, quieting, soothing volume, my all-sufficient anodyne for cross, peevish, won't-be-comforted little bairns ought to be laid aside for more learned books, such as they could select and publish. Fudge! I tell you that all their batterings can't deface my beauties, nor their wise pratings equal my wiser prattlings: and all imitators of my refreshing songs might as well write a new Billy Shakespeare as another Mother Goose—we two great poets were born together, and we shall go out of the world together.

No, no, my Melodies will never die,
While nurses sing, or babies cry.

For those who would explore the antiquity of the old rhymes we include one or two collections recording their history among several greatly enjoyed by children.

MOTHER GOOSE'S NURSERY RHYMES. Edited by L. Edna Walter. Illustrated by Charles Folkard.

THE CALDECOTT PICTURE BOOKS.

MOTHER GOOSE. Illustrated by Kate Greenaway.

NURSERY RHYME BOOK. Collected by Andrew Lang. Illustrated by Leslie Brooke.

MOTHER GOOSE MELODIES. Edited by William A. Wheeler. Illustrated in black and white.

The introduction relates the history of Mother Goose.

THE ONLY TRUE MOTHER GOOSE. With an introduction by Edward Everett Hale.

An exact reproduction of the original edition published in Boston in 1833.

NURSERY RHYMES. Illustrated by Lovat Fraser.

MOTHER GOOSE. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham.

THE LITTLE MOTHER GOOSE. Illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith.

GYPSIES

THE WRAGGLE TAGGLE GYPSIES

By MARCIA DALPHIN

There were three gypsies a-come to my door,
And downstairs ran this a-lady, O!
One sang high, and another sang low,
And the other sang, Bonny, bonny Biscay, O!

Then she pulled off her silk-finished gown
And put on hose of leather, O!
The ragged, ragged rags about our door—
She's off with the wraggle taggle gypsies, O!

—Old Ballad.

OFF is the true gypsy word; there is not a piece of writing of any length about these folk that the words *off, away, gone* do not enter. Escape is the gypsy note, and the right word for spring. We are all for the tilted carts and the round brown tents under the hedge, for the thin smoke curling up at evening, the dark forms around the fire, the flash of white teeth in swarthy faces as the fortune teller and the singer beckon us on.

For hundreds of years people have been running off with the gypsy, probably ever since he came to Europe five centuries ago. One day in the spring of 1604, a boy of twelve, named Jacques Callot, ran away from his father's house in Nancy, setting out penniless and on foot for Rome. Early in his travels he fell in with a band of gypsies, and traveled as far as Florence with them. He did not get to Rome, but stayed in Florence,

to become by and by a great etcher, and eight years later he did a series of etchings known as Callot's "Bohemians" which preserve for us forever the life of the gypsy in France 300 years ago.

"He is the wanderer whom all of us who are poets, or love the wind, are summed up in. He does what we dream. He is the last romance left in the world," chants Arthur Symons. For years gypsy lovers have gloomily predicted that, as a people, they are vanishing, but it is a strangely pertinacious race, and we doubt if our children's children, who will undoubtedly be even more keen on romance than we, will let them utterly disappear. It is only a year or two ago that a bright flash of full skirts, velvet jackets and silver buttons caught my eye in a commuters' village in Westchester. True, they were packed into automobiles; gone were the lean horses and the dogs running under the carts. Read in Bercovici's "Around the World in New York," about that city's Gypsy Quarter if you doubt their existence among us, or take up your morning paper, as I did a few days ago, and be startled by the flaring headlines "King Brings His Gypsy Queen Home: Frank Koslov, Ruler of American Romany, Goes to Europe for Bride."

It is said that interest in or love of the gypsies "breeds a strange fury to search deeply and curiously into everything that can be known of the race." Charles Godfrey Leland and George Borrow, among the writers, and Haydn, Liszt and Sarasate, among the musicians, to mention only a few out of many, found this true. Anyone who needs a vacation and can't take it, should begin to read up on gypsies. Let him pile up on his desk a dozen volumes of the Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society, and he will be *off*. He will not

notice the dust piling up on his belongings; he will not hear the roar of the elevated or cries in the street. No, he will see only those dark faces and gleaming eyes; he will hear only those soft, wheedling voices with their strange falls and lilts, upraised in that still stranger language of theirs.

Is it because it seems less like a real language than like some queer, code-like speech such as children make up to discuss their own affairs in, that this gypsy talk is so fascinating? You remember the old riddle: Hicky-Picky in the hedge. Touch Hicky-Picky and she will bite thee. (A nettle.) In Welsh gypsy talk this runs:

"Hiki-Piki 'dre borriati; cala tu i Hiki-Piki dandela tut. (Basavi patrin.)"

And here is part of the song that the gypsy lad sang to the Lady Cassilis, and she left all and followed him. He said: "And we will bid the hearth farewell, and never seek it more, my love, and never seek it more." But how much more musical the Romany:

Mukas ame kereski yag,
Kek-komi la rhodav';
Kamli,
Kek-komi la rhodav'!

Was it the song alone, or the look in the gypsy's eye as well, that lured the Lady Cassilis on—that eye which looks you through and through, glazes over, seems to see something behind you? Sir Richard Burton, they say, had the gypsy eye. Whenever he entered a gypsy camp they always claimed him. "What are you doing with a black coat on? Why don't you join us and be our king?"

Gypsies have been favorite characters in English fiction for a long time. They were often pressed into

Illustration from Puck in Pasture *by Elizabeth MacKinstry*

service by the writers of fifty years ago as villains of the piece, and as many British children have been frightened by their nurses with tales of the gypsies stealing children as with threats of "Bony" or the Black Douglas.

Meg Merrilies in "Guy Mannering" is perhaps the classic gypsy in English literature. Her tall, gaunt form stalks through Scott's pages, unforgettable to those who read the novel in their youth. And who today can read without a little thrill of the Martinmas day when the gypsies were evicted from that glen where they had lived so long? You can fairly see the wild, ragged procession coming down the path, and hear Meg's curse:

> Ride your ways, Laird of Ellangowan—ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram! This day have ye quenched seven smoking hearths—see if the fire in your ain parlour burn the blither for that. . . . There's thirty hearts there that wad hae wanted bread ere ye had wanted sunkets. . . . Yes, there's thirty yonder that ye have turned out o' their bits o' bields to sleep with the tod and amid the black-cock in the muirs! Ride your ways, Ellangowan!

It remained for another Scotsman—Barrie—to give us a modern gypsy to set against Meg Merrilies. Characteristically, his gypsy, the one we remember most vividly and fondly in recent literature, is not a gypsy at all. Babbie, that Egyptian who is no Egyptian, dances light hearted through the pages of "The Little Minister," flouting him and us alike. Poor Gavin! But it was a lucky day for him when he decided to do his spiritual duty by the Wild Lindsays, for on that day he met Babbie coming singing down Windyghoul, "a gleam of color, a gypsy elf, poorly clad, her bare feet

flashing beneath a short green skirt, a twig of Rowan berries stuck carelessly into her black hair." Little did she reck, the limmer, that her feet were already set on the path that led straight up the hill to the Gypsy King and the tongs.

Scotland was always a kind harborage for the gypsy folk. That is where the Faas pitched their tents.

> The Earl of Cassilis is lying sick;
> Not one hair I'm sorry,
> I'd rather have a kiss from Johnny Faas's lips,
> Than all his gold and his money.

It is a far cry from Scott and Barrie and the old ballads to George Eliot, but it is pleasant to remember that one of the most delightful chapters in "The Mill on the Floss" tells how little Maggie Tulliver, more than usually tried by her brother Tom one day, runs away to live with the gypsies on Dunlow Common. She announces that she has come away from home because she is unhappy, and that she will live with them and teach them many things. But veiled hints that she would make a very good queen of the gypsies fall on unresponsive ears, and poor Maggie is ignominiously trotted home on the donkey when night comes and restored to her father's arms.

"Lavengro" is not a children's book, yet many readers owe their first interest in gypsy life to it, and there are chapters, notably the one in which Lavengro makes such an impression on the Petulengros the first time he meets them with the viper concealed in his bosom, that fairly cry out to be read aloud to young people of one's acquaintance. How the gypsy names in this book, and some of the others, sing in the ear: the Lees, the Lovells, the Hernes, the Coopers, the

Bucklands, Susy Boswell, Jasper Petulengro. And most musical of all—a poem in two words—"Isopel Berners."

"Aylwin," by Watts-Dunton, ought to be mentioned in any list of stories about gypsies for young people, and Meredith's "Adventures of Harry Richmond," which contains that rare portrait of the gypsy girl, Kiomi.

Mrs. Ewing liked to put gypsies in her stories for children. It was a gypsy boy, you remember, who was riding Lollo, the red-haired pony, at break-neck speed across the Common when Jackanapes lost his balance, first, in a physical sense and then in a figurative one, falling heels over head in love with the pony. He describes him to his grandfather in a strain which every parent will recognize:

> Oh, he is beautiful! You should see his coat in the sunshine! You should see his mane! You should see his tail! Such little feet, sir, and they go like lightning! Such a dear face, too, and eyes like a mouse!

And it was from the gypsy father that the General bought Lollo for £15, and he it was who whispered the secret in Jackanapes's ear:

> Good, my little gentleman, good! said the Gypsy. You were born to the saddle. You've the flat thigh, the strong knee, the wiry back, and the light, caressing hand, all you want is to learn the whisper. Come here!

In "Lob Lie-By-the-Fire" the Luck of Lingborough was found under a broom bush clad in a large yellow kerchief and with a crimson toadstool clutched tightly in one small brown fist. It may have been gypsies who left him there. Mrs. Ewing more than suggests it.

"Us," by Mrs. Molesworth, is a pretty old-fashioned story about two little children who were stolen and carried off by the gypsies, and two other books that have good chapters on gypsies are "Sir Toady Lion," by S. R. Crockett, a book popular with bookish children of twenty years ago, and E. Nesbit's "Five Children and It," that book which introduced to English children the never-to-be-forgotten Psammead. He is too choice a character, too much of a person to be tossed off in a few words, the Psammead.

But, after all, E. V. Lucas's "The Slowcoach" is the book of all books for children who have dreams of leading the gypsy life, for in that delectable story seven children and old Kink actually live and travel around the country in a caravan. It is painted in gay colors, there are curtains in the windows and everything for proper housekeeping, as well as a white horse and a dog. In one chapter they rescue a real gypsy baby that is lost out of a caravan, and the father and mother are so grateful that they invite them to a hedgehog supper, both stewed and baked. There are scores of delightful adventures in this book and a surprise at the end. There are many colorful bits of verse about gypsies and a choice selection of them may be found in the section called "Feasts, Fairs, Beggars, Gypsies of de la Mare's "Come Hither." But the poet who has given the picture of her own gypsy camp is Elizabeth MacKinstry in "Puck in Pasture."

WHERE SHIPS COME HOME

THE THREE OWLS have been exploring Virginia again. Flying down by the Old Dominion, they alighted on the sand dunes that stretch for miles along Cape Henry.

There is a wonder and strangeness about these high wind-swept sands of Virginia that lures one on and on until time seems no more and one goes down to the low sands of the shore, there to lie dreaming for hours on end.

Straight across the sea from Spain what wonder ships come sailing still—Spanish ships, French ships, English ships, pirate ships, ships of pilgrims, ships of traders, ships of smugglers bound for the Western World.

If we must go to Mount Vernon to feel and know the living Washington—the man with a country—so I think one must go to Cape Henry rather than to Jamestown to get the real thrill of finding the Virginia of America for one's self. To steal away from Manhattan Island at noon of one day, sail down the coast and enter Virginia at Old Point Comfort next morning with no desire to challenge her "priorities" or to gaze upon her "antiquities," but merely to get the feel of the country three hundred years back—this is an experience worth having and worth repeating many times over.

Is it strange that after a feast of roast Lynnhaven oysters provided by a native and lover of the "Tidewater," for whom "castles in Spain" rather than pal-

aces of Colonial Governors have ever held right-of-way—is it strange that, like the sage Oloffe Van Kortlandt of Manhattan, the Three Owls fell asleep there on the sands of Cape Henry and dreamed a dream in which three ships came sailing by. And so swift was the passing of these ships of the air that they left no names or dates behind to distract the memories of children to come, yet there on the dunes lay their cargo—a cargo of living poetry and song, fresh story and legend, history and adventure. Yes, there it lay upon the sands—a spacious new literature for the children of Virginia to share with the children of the world.

It's perfectly practicable for boats to sail anywhere in Norfolk, the Owls were told next day, when they saw a number of boys from ten to eighteen years old entering boats of their own making for a "Regatta of Model Ships," held in the children's room of the Norfolk Public Library. No airships were among them, but here were tug boats (one with complete machinery inside), speed-boats, yachts, sloops, catboats, freighters, rum chasers and even a Spanish galleon of the type used in the Spanish Armada.

The seafaring judges of the contest were as keenly interested as the boys in reviving a once popular custom of building ships, and some very fine models had been lent by "old boys" of Norfolk, handed down from the days of clipper ships and Mississippi River boats. The exhibition of old models, held while the boys were engaged in work upon their own, excited their admiration and emulation, although in their choice of types of boats they appeared to be more influenced by the everyday boat of their own harbor. Nor were books forgotten. Gordon Grant's "Story of the Ship" was worn to tatters in this library as in all others where it

has found a place of its own since its publication. The book tells the story of the ship—from the crude Egyptian vessel of 3000 B.C., the oldest known sailing craft, to the superdreadnaught of 1919. Tells it in excellent pictures with terse, clear, well-chosen text to reinforce the picture. "Ship Models and How to Build Them," by Charles G. Davis, published by the Marine Research Society, of Salem, had been added to the library's collection just in time to be of use to the shipbuilder. "The Mutineers" and "The Dark Frigate," by Charles Boardman Hawes, "Moby Dick" and "Typee," "Westward Ho!" and many another good sea story had been read with fresh interest by boys and their fathers, while Hakluyt and Purchas were being rediscovered in Norfolk by the more adventurous of her book lovers. "Jack Ballister's Fortunes," Howard Pyle's story of the "adventures of a young gentleman of good family, who was kidnaped in the year 1719 and carried to the Plantations of the Continent of Virginia." There he fell in with that famous pirate captain Edward Teach, or Blackbeard."

His escape from the pirates and the rescue of a young lady from out of their hands is a slow-moving story which takes on more life in its own setting.

"It was after sunset when the brig, half sailing, half drifting, floated with the insweep of the tide up into the York River. Jack stood with the other redemption servants gazing silently and intently at the high bluff shores. Above the crest of the bluff they could see the roofs and brick chimneys of the little town. A half dozen vessels were riding at anchor in the harbor, looming darkly against the bright face of the water. . . . Along the shore toward the bluff were two or three small frame houses and a couple of big brick buildings.

. . . A boat was pulling out from the wharf—it was the customs officer's boat. Other boats followed it, and a sailboat came fluttering out from the shore into the bright stretch of water. Suddenly there was a thunderous splash. It was the anchor dropped. There was a quick rattling of the cable and a creaking as it grew taut. Then the *Arundel* swung slowly round with the turn of the tide and the voyage was ended."

Reading that page of "Jack Ballister" in the Norfolk library brought so vivid a picture of Yorktown that I borrowed the book, and with it a copy of Forrest's "Historical and Descriptive Sketches of Norfolk and Vicinity," which I did not find rewarding except in its reminder that Tom Moore came to Norfolk from the Bermudas and made a special visit to the Great Dismal Swamp—a place that haunted his imagination as his verses haunt the memory.

> But oft from the Indian hunter's camp,
> This lover and maid so true,
> Are seen at the hour of midnight damp,
> To cross the lake by a firefly lamp,
> And paddle their white canoe.

It was from a rare little book I found in the Virginia collection of William and Mary College at Williamsburg that I learned of little old Norfolk, and I hope the "Lady" who wrote this rhymed chronicle of what she chose to remember out of her several years' experience of life in Norfolk and Alexandria sent a copy of her book to Washington Irving.

It was published in the same year as "Knickerbocker's History of New York," and contains, among other joys, a lively story of a nine weeks' crossing, including a description of the steerage. I found the book so

amusing and refreshing that I suggest that present-day visitors to Norfolk do not only walk down Bermuda Street and Tripoli Street with remembrance of old traders and Barbary pirates, but that they also explore the markets with the "lady" who notes the price as well as the name of the fish, flesh, fowl and fruits of her day, and when she goes back to London tells how glad she was to hear striking clock and bell once more.

There is said to be room enough for all the navies of the world to ride in Hampton Roads. No wonder marvelous tales of the Americans were carried back across the seas, for the wonder is there still for all who go in search of it.

DISCOVERERS, STRANGE LANDS, AND BOOKS

By HENRY BESTON

OF all the great views which stir the hearts of Americans, the finest, to my mind and the most characteristically national, is the sight of the Rockies rising to close the immense vista of the Western plains.

For a day or two your west bound train has been lost in a tawny vastness of treeless billowing land, an emptiness of land whose hundred-mile horizons make the circle of midocean seem a shrunken pool, and whose blue sky seems less a sky than a part of space itself. Presently, perhaps on a casual glance out of your window, you become aware of a boundary, of a change; the landscape takes on a superb quality of drama and the Rockies are rising ahead—great mountains, stony and ancient and gray, seen through a delicate beauty of blue air.

The sight is one to catch at the heart, and I wish I might have seen it when the huge herds of buffaloes moved like cloud shadows over the land and the tepees of the Indian hunters were to be seen on the watercourses. Nowadays, perhaps, all that the studying eye can find is a Ford scooting west along the Santa Fé trail, loaded with baggage to the scuppers and leaving a trail of dissolving dust behind, similar to a steamer's smoke at sea.

Yes, I should like to have seen the Spanish gentle-

men from New Mexico ride down into the plains on their little Arab horses, to have seen the French seigneurs of Canada and the black robed Jesuits exploring the muddy rivers in canoes they had brought down the Mississippi; and the Indians, the half-breed scout, the courier des bois, troopers of the old forts, the traders and the immigrants as well. The Ford is hurrying on past splendid ghosts.

As I write here, musing on the magnificently romantic history of our Great Plains country, it strikes me that we lack a book for youngsters dealing intelligently and comprehensively with the exploration and the opening up of North America. Such a book as will do justice to all the nations who explored the continent and fought to hold it. I confess myself weary of the kind of history which makes the American epic a mere matter of Eastern overflow, and seeks to interest us in a process as irresistible and solemnly mechanical as a rising tide. It is true enough that a mighty westward flood from the original colonies has obliterated and submerged the labors of other peoples, but it is equally true that the stream flowed along channels of communication discovered and preserved by others.

Let us have the Spanish friar, the Castilian adventurer, the French younger son, the English seaman, the half-breed scout, the courier des bois, the mustachioed army officer, the Scotch fur trader and the rest of the adventurous crew.

Why have we neglected such a mass of unparalleled material? Our ignorance is really appalling. What on earth does the average Eastern boy know about the first explorations of the prairie country, what does he know about the opening up of the mountain states? Would he recognize the name of John Ladyard, the

Illustrations by Laurence Irving for Hakluyt's Voyages and Discoveries

runaway Dartmouth sophomore who was the first citizen of the republic to see our northwest coast? What could he tell of the adventures of Alexander Mackenzie in Arctic Canada? The long, long search for the Northwest Passage? The finding of the Great Lakes and the Grand Canyon?

When this book comes to be written and the author pauses to tell of Columbus's San Salvador, I trust that we may at last have an accurate description of that fateful isle. The balmy, tree-covered, Tahitian paradise of the popular illustrator is a colorist's dream. Watlings, or San Salvador, is a long isle of low, bare, tawny hills, the highest of which is crowned nowadays by the white stump of a lighthouse. A typical Bahama cay inhabited by a forlorn and isolated population of West Indian blacks. The keeper of the light, by the way, must have been following the primrose path, for I saw a note in "The Coast Pilot" a year or so ago saying that the light on Watlings had been reported as "unreliable."

To turn from a consideration of the history of exploration in North America to a general consideration of the whole subject of discovery and geographical advance, I am glad to begin by calling attention to a book which has long seemed to me one of the best and most intelligent of all "juveniles." The book in question is "A Book of Discovery"; the author is M. B. Synge, of the Royal Historical Society.

This is an excellent book, and will do as well for grown-ups as for younger folk. It tells the romantic story of the unfolding of the world, comprehensively, accurately, and very fairly. As a general survey of the subject, as a means of wakening the imagination to the heroism of the great venturers and the honorable na-

ture of their quest, it has no rival. Sailors, missionaries, pirates, explorers in sun helmets, Arctic travelers in furs—all are there. The account closes with the discovery of the South Pole. This sound body of text, moreover, is illustrated in the fullest manner with well-chosen cuts and colored reproductions of interesting old maps. I should like to see this excellent, civilized book in every children's library.

Those who wish to pursue the subject in more detail will find special material in E. Heawood's "A History of Geographical Discovery in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries." This book is really a kind of university text-book published by the press of the University of Cambridge. As such, it is a scholar's treatise addressed to an educated public. The youngster who is really ready for this professional kind of thing will find here the most careful and complete special study of the two great centuries which exists in English. Mr. Heawood happily avoids the frequent British failing of giving British ships and sailors exaggerated applause, and seems scrupulously just in his awards of praise.

John Buchan's book "The Last Secrets," subtitled "The Final Mysteries of Exploration," is another study addressed to both youngsters and oldsters. Grown boys, in particular, should take to it, for it is simply written, appeals strongly to the instinct of adventure, and is connected up with events and people of our own time. The chapters deal with Sir Francis Younghusband's expedition to Tibet, the ascent of Denali (Mount McKinley), the survey of the Brahmaputra, and various other well-known successes of the modern scout and engineer.

For those who do not wish to let the old romance

escape them, there is Mr. Colum's recent "Voyagers, Legends and Romances of Atlantic Discovery." This book is addressed to somewhat younger folk. Here are romantic quests, the dash of waves, the scream of sea birds in the darkening night, and the far, flaming ramparts of legendary isles—all cunningly made into a tapestry of truth and dream, woven of Mr. Colum's sensitive and distinguished prose.

New editions of Hakluyt's voyages and Marco Polo's travels have this year come from the press. The Hakluyt volume, which is edited by Laurence Irving, contains the voyages of Drake and Hawkins, the voyage of Thomas Candish, and Hakluyt's contemporary account of the destruction of the Spanish Armada. As the original spelling is preserved, these selections may daunt a younger reader; should he take heart, and advance at them, however, he will find himself in a marvelous age seen by the light of its own eyes. The volume, moreover, is a fine piece of bookmaking and printing. The Polo, too, is well printed and has a serviceable introduction by Manuel Komroff. The Polo book, picturesque and original as it is, is hardly a thing to be followed with thumping heart and bated breath; it is a thing for leisure dips and stolen quarter hours. This modern edition seems admirably suited to just this kind of reading.

The best example of a modern explorer's own report of his work seems to me to be Stefansson's "My Life With the Eskimos." I like its thoroughly readable quality, its sound common sense and its civilized point of view. Boys read this book, I am told, with decided pleasure. In "Peary, the Man Who Refused to Fail," Commander Fitzhugh Green has done his friendly best for a personality to whom the American public would

never warm. Poor Arthur Hildebrand's "Magellan" is sound and entertaining work to which the world of younger readers has not yet had sufficient access. It would be well worthwhile to place it on a shelf reserved for books on discovery. President Roosevelt's books on Africa and Brazil ought to be there, and Tomlinson's account of a voyage up the Amazon contained in "The Sea and the Jungle."

PIRATES

THE ADVENTURES OF A TRAFALGAR LAD

By JOHN LESTERMAN

Illustrated by ROWLAND HILDER

Reviewed by HELEN HAMMETT OWEN

PIRATES have always been the most romantic and appealing of rogues. Who would be a bandit or highwayman if he had a chance to stride a quarter deck awash with blood smiling the mocking smile of all pirates in the right tradition.

All places once frequented by pirates hold their grim memories forever. In such spots one may be happy all day digging for buried treasure or close the eyes and see ghosts with cutlasses and gold earrings.

Such a place is the lonely and beautiful Jewel Island in Casco Bay, the reputed haunt of the great Captain Kidd. It is a cruelly beautiful island with dark stunted pines and bold, dangerous rocks fronting on the open ocean. Captain Kidd is said to have buried treasure there in a swamp, leaving the bones of a comrade to stand guard over it till he came again. The swamp is a gloomy spot—a spot that fairly cries aloud of pirates and evil deeds done long ago. The earth is dark; coarse grass grows in tussocks among inscrutable pools. The whole is inclosed by sombre pines. It is a place that comes always to my mind whenever I think of pirates or read a pirate story.

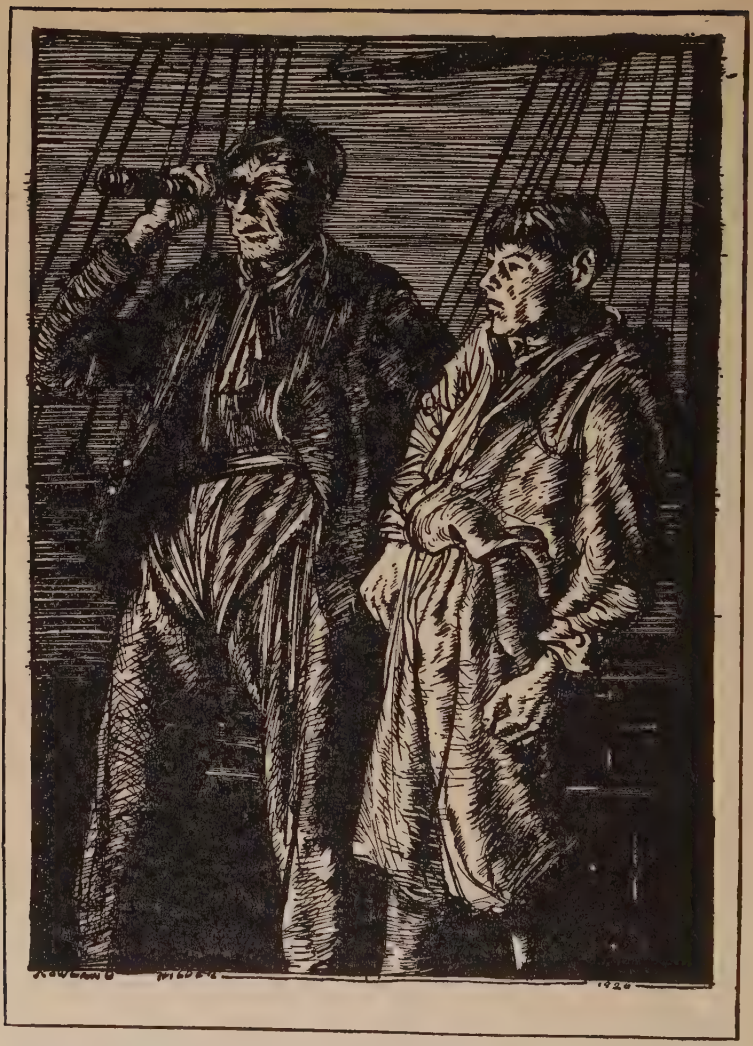


Illustration by Rowland Hilder for The Adventures of a Trafalgar Lad

Of all pirate stories "Treasure Island" is the best known and the best loved, for Stevenson immortalized the pirate as Defoe did the shipwrecked mariner. Children of each passing generation shiver deliciously with Jim at the tapping of Long John Silver's crutch. Long John is an especially terrifying villain because he can be such a good fellow when advantage demands. As the gullible Squire puts it, Long John was a prodigious villain and the dead men hung round his neck like millstones.

The Old One, pirate captain in "The Dark Frigate," by Charles Boardman Hawes, is not so smooth a villain, but he would stab you in the back just as gladly. Like Long John Silver, the Old One comes aboard the *Rose* of Devon as a friend and incites a mutiny. The Old One's intentions are not discovered in time and gallant Captain Candle is killed and the *Rose* turns pirate ship. After this success fate deserts the Old One and his battles are almost always blunders. Though he is unsuccessful there is a kind of dogged courage about him which wins reluctant admiration in spite of his evil deeds. He is the only one of all his band to face the gallows without cringing. "The Dark Frigate" is more than an exciting pirate story. It is a true piece of creative writing done with a sure mastery of style and character.

"The Adventures of a Trafalgar Lad," by John Lesterman, is a recent pirate story which follows in the "Treasure Island" tradition. The dread Estramier, the captain, is ugly and harsh featured, but "with a full, large eye, very black and glittering." Pirates, like snakes, seem to have magnetic eyes. Like all buccaneer chiefs, he is "bold, enterprising, brave to a wonder, unscrupulous beyond any man."

John Purdie, a young English boy, falls into the pirates' power when Estramier engineers a successful mutiny on board the *Sans Souci.* From this time on, like Philip Marsham in "The Dark Frigate," he is a forced man in the pirates' business of capture and slaughter.

Because John knows too much, Estramier orders him buried up to his neck in sand in face of an incoming tide. From this dreadful predicament he is rescued and sheltered by a wild Negro who lives in hiding on the pirates' island. Eventually he escapes in a small boat, is picked up by a slaver and sold as a slave to a sugar planter. The last episode tells of John's revenge on Estramier and his band. Freed from slavery by an English captain, John guides an English ship to the pirates' island, where Estramier and all his evil crew are trapped and destroyed.

But alas for piracy! In all these 300 pages there is not one shudder. Death, treasure, torture can fail to thrill if there is no creative spirit behind them. One reason for the book's failure to convince is the needless complication of the plot. Another is the historical novel style which seems forced and unnatural. Mr. Hawes used the language of a bygone day in "The Dark Frigate," but he managed to invest it with life and beauty.

"The Adventure of a Trafalgar Lad" is in the last analysis a made-up story, but the pictures which Rowland Hilder has drawn for it give it life and value. These, bold and vigorous, convey a true sense of the majesty of ships and the beauty of the sea.

MERMAIDS AND SMUGGLERS

BILLY BARNICOAT

By GREVILLE MACDONALD

With drawings by FRANCIS BEDFORD

JIM DAVIS

By JOHN MASEFIELD

Illustrated by MEAD SCHAEFFER

Reviewed by JACQUELINE OVERTON

The boats go out and the boats come in
Under the wintry sky;
And the rain and the foam are white in the wind
And the white gulls cry.

MERMAIDS since time began have slipped in and out of legends and stories as illusive as the glimmer of the new moon in their own mirror. But until we read Greville MacDonald's "Billy Barnicoat" we never met a mermaid quite so human and charming as the patron saint of Mullinstow Haven, the guardian mermaid of the harbor, who drives the pilchards into the fishermen's nets as a shepherd drives his sheep into the fold.

On moonlight nights under the great rocks at the foot of the breakwater she sits among the blue mussels and green sea-weed, catching the moon and herself in her mirror and combing the yellow shells out of her hair. There were primroses in her hair, too—Billy

had seen them, "fine and yellow"—and he "could smell primrose-smell"—and heard her speak, too, "so pretty and quaily, fine Cornish."

Billy loved the Guardian Mermaid (or Merrymaid, as they call her in Cornwall) better than anyone on earth; better even than Aunt Rachel, who had rescued him from the sea and taken him to live at Primrose Cottage, where there were no babies.

In her strange way Aunt Merrymaid, as Billy called her, comforted him for his own mother, whom he had never known, and waking or sleeping she was part of all he thought and did.

Aunt Rachel couldn't *quite* understand this, and even his beloved herring-marked tabby, Caroline, who was a wise one about most things, was inclined to be doubtful, so Billy gave up trying to explain. "Unbelievings ain't sharings," he argued to himself with a philosophy beyond his years, and continues to live quite merrily in two worlds of his own. One belonging to Aunt Rachel and Uncle Jacob and Primrose Cottage, and the other to Aunt Merrymaid and the sea. And of the two the last was the more real to him because the sea that had once so nearly caught him for its own had never quite given him back.

A glint of the moon through his little window at Primrose Cottage, the sound of the waves or the call of the wind was enough. Billy was out and off down the shingle, across the slippery rocks of the breakwater and into Aunt Merrymaid's arms, safe out of the reach of Bucca's wild sea-horses that stamped and beat and dashed themselves against the rocks, tossing their white manes life blown sea spume.

Billy himself was never quite sure where his adventures with Aunt Merrymaid began or ended. He

Illustration by Francis Bedford for Billy Barnicoat

slipped in and out of them as one slips in and out of a dream. Of only one thing he was sure—in some strange way all the adventures brought him nearer to the loveliest one of all, when, after slipping through Aunt Merrymaid's mirror, he had stood with his cap in his hands in the hull of a great drowned Spanish ship, watching his own beautiful lady-mother, sitting in a golden chair rocking *him,* a tiny baby, in her arms. (One of the loveliest of Francis Bedford's interpretive drawings for the book is of this very scene.)

There is a delightfully eerie description of a buried city lying in silence under the sea, all in a green half-light with the moon looking down from above and shadowy fishes big and little gliding by. Here Billy finds the mer-children "gliddery and pretty, their hair like spun silver," making gardens gay with cockle-shells and silver bells like flowers set out in beds, and they welcome Billy as one of their own, little guessing he had come a-fishing for a mer-baby to take home to Aunt Rachel.

A fine blending of the human and the fanciful, a rare understanding of children and a love for the country that make Cornwall live in every page, make Billy Barnicoat a distinctive book—distinctive in authorship and illustration.

Having seen the response to the charm and vigor of Francis Bedford's original drawings, we hope some time to see an edition in which they are more adequately reproduced.

Not Cornish mermaids but Devon smugglers, form the background of John Masefield's story of "Jim Davis." The sea is all around you in the story, as it was around Jim when he fancied he heard it at night from his uncle's house, a good mile back from the shore.

There is a sense, too, of strange things happening, of which highly respected citizens knew more than they cared to admit. Calls sounded and returned, horsemen galloping by in the night.

If a pony was mysteriously spirited away one night and just as mysteriously returned days later, together with a strange looking parcel containing a dozen yards of fine Malines lace or silk handkerchiefs of all colors "worth a lot of money in those days," wise ones asked no questions.

For those were the days when smugglers plied a thriving trade up and down the coast, hiding their treasure in natural caves under the cliffs or among the gorse bushes, and boys like Jim Davis and Hugh Cottier mimicked the smugglers' weird signal cries and shuddered delightfully over old Evans, the postboy's, stories of underground passages and the bogs at Dartmoor where loot was said to be hidden.

Through his friendship for the sailor-gypsy Marah Gorsuch, Jim became involved with the smugglers against his will. In their roost cleverly hidden beneath the cliffs Marah "signed him on" as one of them and rough voyages in the smuggler's lugger and wild rides at night follow until the lugger is wrecked, the smugglers captured or scattered and Jim escaped home aided by the gypsies along the London Road.

John Masefield the poet is as evident in this adventure story as John Masefield the sailor. Through Jim's eyes he gives rare glimpses of the character of Mrs. Cottier, Jim's foster-mother. "She was like my mother," says Jim, "strangely like I think she was. The dearest woman who ever lived. I was always proud when she asked me to do something for her."

Nowhere do I remember reading a description of

a snowstorm so thrilling as the one in which Jim searches for Mrs. Cottier, and has his first encounter with the night riders. "There was nothing but darkness and drifting snow and the gleam of the drifts where the light of the lantern fell. . . . What made the ride so exhausting was the beating of the snow into my eyes and mouth. It fell upon me in a continual dry feathery pelting, till I was confused. . . . For a while I had the roar of the trout-stream in my ears to comfort me; but when that died away . . . there I was in the night, beating on against the storm, with the strange moaning sound of the wind from Dartmoor, and the snow rustling to keep me company."

The sailor-gypsy, Marah Borsuch, is a fascinating smuggler. You share the thrill of guilty delight that Jim and Hugh had in their afternoons with him on the beach when he taught them to rig and sail boats and told them rare tales of old Van Horn's buried treasure ship "as full of gold as the Bank of England." And you run every step of the way with Jim to warn him that the Coast Guards are on the smuggler's trail.

After reading "Jim Davis" I wonder if any boy or girl will be able to walk along the Devon shore where it is "steep-to" without imagining they hear a murmur of voices coming from a smuggler's roost beneath the cliff or spying for the Coast Guard lying hidden among the gorse.

Illustration from an original drawing by Francis Bedford for Billy Barnicoat

Illustration by Dorothy Lathrop for Down-A-Down-Derry

SEA GULLS AND FISHES

THE LOST MERBABY

By MARGARET BAKER

With pictures by MARY BAKER

THIS is the most original and cleverly executed of all the books the Bakers have done for little children. It takes a unique place among picture-story books, for there has been nothing so fascinating in relation to sea life. Children living inland, as well as those who live by the sea, will take from it a genuine impression of an English coast, where mermaids abound and fisher folk shelter lost merbabies in their snug little stone houses.

Seaweed, anemones, waddling puffins, swimming fishes and sea gulls in flight appear in silhouettes so natural and lifelike that one instinctively exclaims, Why has no one ever thought of doing this before! It prepares the way for keener enjoyment of such stories as "Water Babies" and "Billy Barnicoat," as well as for more fun and closer observation of what children may look for at their own bit of seashore. It is the more significant because the touch is so light. While the story is manifestly built about the pictures, it has a certain charm of its own. Mary Baker must know and love the coast of Cornwall well to have cut a way so delicate and definite to the life within its rocky pools and under the sea below the towering cliffs.

"The Lost Merbaby" is a book for summer holidays and for school days, for a bon voyage list and a stay-at-home list.

WHEN CHILDREN BECOME AUTHORS

"WHAT do you think of making authors of children?"

The question has been so evidently perplexing many minds during a wave of child authorship that perhaps the time is ripe to say what I do think about it, which is that I can conceive of no greater handicap for the writer between the ages of nineteen and thirty-nine, than to have published a successful book between the ages of nine and twelve.

Time was when I contended that a child of any age who had something to say had as good a right to appear in print as the child with a gift for acting to a place in the theater under well-ordered conditions. But no corresponding tradition of respect for the writer's art has yet grown up in the publishing world and I am forced to admit that my original contention does not hold in the light of existing conditions.

The publishing world must first be made safe for child authorship on merit, which seems, after all, sound justification for published work at any age. Furthermore, there is an obligation to childhood itself which may not be lightly set aside in the interest of particular children exceptionally circumstanced. Space, freedom, food and rest for the changing needs of the mind and spirit, as well as for those of the body, are all vitally necessary to a childhood that is to withstand the stress of life in later years.

True, parents of contemporary child authors are unanimous in disclaiming precocity on behalf of their offspring. *Precocity* is taboo in the twentieth century. Writing by typewriter, we are told, is accomplished with all the ease of physical exercise—in the midst of physical exercise.

"Writing is in his blood. He is the sixth generation to write," proclaimed the gray-haired father of a bright-eyed, shy little country boy, who recently visited my office on the way to arrange for the publication of his first book. Within twenty-four hours a smiling photograph of the little author had been secured for the cover jacket of the advance dummy and public announcement had been made in the presence of the boy that the book was to be the first of a popular series bearing his name.

Whether the manuscript has intrinsic merit or whether it is merely such another set of exercises in English as I have come to dread the sight of, in prose or verse, in book form, I cannot yet say, but long and intimate association with boys and girls, young men and young women, leads me to protest against giving first place to publicity. It is neither fair to potential writers nor to their readers. Truer standards for the measure of a book are needed and more time allowed for the writing of it.

Quick writing of books by children for other children to read is as unchildlike an enterprise as writing to supply documentary evidence for education and parents. In either case it is playing with fire, whether a spark of divine flame is at stake or merely an honest instinct for reporting the obvious.

"Not to be disturbed for unknown crimes," wrote the mysterious victim of something or other upon a

questionnaire, calling for his opinion concerning what was then a new idea in education.

The phrase has stuck in my memory for a quarter century and rises persistently whenever I meet a new child author in the limelight.

What unknown crimes are being committed on public platforms and in orgies of autographing as an incentive to bookselling! I do not believe there is a boy or girl whose sensibilities are not unduly excited or prematurely deadened by such experience in childhood and early adolescence. I have personally seen and heard nothing more painful than the flowerlike, vivid Nathalia Crane reading out her poems so mechanically as to make them all sound alike before a great audience of parents and children assembled to celebrate Children's Book Week. Of all the child writers of our time, Nathalia best deserved cherishing care and freedom to create. What price will she pay, I wonder, for being allowed to read her own poems in public so badly and so often?

What price will Barbara Follett have to pay for her "big days" at the typewriter, days when she rattled off, we are told, four to five thousand words of original copy at a speed of 1,200 words to the hour, producing at the end of three months a complete story of some 40,000 words. I have only words of praise for the story itself. "The House Without Windows" is exquisite in conception and all too complete in execution in its reconstituted form. But as the work of a nine-year-old whose manuscript was destroyed by fire and who rewrote it by a feat of memory, I think it raises rather a grave question than a justification of a home-grown system of education. That a child should carry so well-defined a professional attitude toward writing

between the ages of nine and twelve seems to me less a matter for congratulation than for keen regret over certain inalienable rights of childhood which she is bound to have forfeited by that same token.

Even a poor school may be good fun because of the variety of its social relationships. Children need the companionship of other children, however companionable and understanding the father and mother may be, however superior the teaching delivered at home. Such companionship would, no doubt, have been fatal to the completion of Barbara's story as it has been to the stories of other gifted children at the expressive age which Wilson Follett has so clearly pictured in his historical note. Would it have been lost if it had lain fallow in her own mind? Who shall say? Possibly Barbara herself, at an age when childhood memories flow back, flooding the consciousness with light, or remain forever in oblivion.

"I can remember nothing out of my childhood except that I was bored," Alice Meynell records one man as saying.

Children are usually bored by any repetition of an experience. They do not dwell upon or care to talk much about their operations or their adventures. Surprise and adventure are part and parcel of their everyday life and the price of early publication with its endless chain of repetition and exploitation of personality is the inevitable one of finally boring child authors and child public, as well as the public at large.

When children become authors they cease to be children in our thought. They become identified with a suspected species of writer whose age tag all too soon becomes a handicap rather than an asset. Children who want to write will write willy-nilly, just as they

always have done, but I would have the question of publication of this work left to their own mature judgment after reaching years of discretion, just as I would leave any other business decision of corresponding personal importance. It seems to me far too great a risk for parent or guardian to undertake to sell or to mortgage any portion of a child's inheritance of ideas and emotions, even for so worthy a cause as to secure an education the parents may be unable to afford to give. There are no satisfactions comparable to a free and spacious childhood with a clear title to one's own good name at maturity.

THE HOUSE WITHOUT WINDOWS

By BARBARA NEWHALL FOLLETT

Reviewed by LEONORE ST. JOHN POWER

"I WANT to take you with me to live wild, and eat leaves and berries with the birds—sweet red berries. And if you come, the butterflies will gather round you, too," is Eepersip's way of enticing her little sister, Fleuriss, to leave the comfortable shelter of the "little brown-shingled cottage on one of the foothills of Mount Varcrobis" for the sweeter joys of The House Without Windows. The cottage had a garden—a lovely garden bordered with apple trees and pear and peach, with azaleas, honeysuckle and fire-blossoms in between. There were seven kinds of roses in the cottage garden. Eepersip knew she would have to fascinate Fleuriss in order to draw her away from all this. "The sun makes the waves sparkle like gold," continued the enchantress, "and the great white gulls with their long, narrow

wings go gliding, circling over the water, sometimes plunging down and catching fish underneath. And there is white sand there, soft sand, and shells, and pretty pebbles, and little fishes swimming. And when it's windy the waves come dashing up on the rocks, flinging spray high in the air. Oh, my little sister, it's so, so beautiful. I would show you how to leap into it from the rocks and how to swim—to be a mermaid and play with the gulls and the fishes, dressed all in seaweeds!"

"Oh, Eepersip, let's go now!" the delighted Fleuriss cries, and the reader, who has already been in Eepersip's House Without Windows, knows that Fleuriss has chosen well. Whoever, child or grown-up, has come this far in the book is ready to see another succumb to the wonders that came to Eepersip when she yielded to that "fresh idea" one July day and packed a basket of sandwiches and went forth to find a new life for herself. Such experiences as this are distinctly to be shared. Barbara Newhall Follett has, in describing her adventures, an extraordinary power of sharing them with her readers in all their beauty and intensity.

In freeing Eepersip from the trappings of civilization all childhood is appealed to—and responds—to the mere act of getting rid of one's shoes—"the instant she got there a madness came upon her, and whizz! two shoes and two stockings were flying through the air at a tremendous rate." It will be quite natural for children reading of Eepersip in the meadow to feel the cool grass bttween their own toes. They will respond, too, to the exciting drama of Eepersip's determination to escape her loving and grieving parents. It makes the doe and the fawn, the chipmunk, the soft bed of leaves in a fox-hole, the blue mountains, the hay-scented ferns, the

dark places in the woods where the sun never strikes, all the more precious when they are in peril of being lost forever. Eepersip had, as she says, "a fascinated eye" for these things and she transfers this fascination to the reader who gasps with anxiety when she cries "What! are my parents still here!" and smiles with satisfaction when Eepersip, with an incredible acrobatic feat, leaps to her captor's shoulders and escapes down his back. There is always a good-humor and an amusing toleration about Eepersip's determination to stay free. She sees her parents and their friends, the Ikkisfields, making plans for her capture with a distinctly mischievous appreciation. "Get up! Get up! Sounds like high doings out there." Mr. Ikkisfield shouts, as the nimble Eepersip escapes on the back of a fawn. Three families rush up hill and down dale, through ferns and brambles, to catch this wood nymph who was once a cottage child. In the end they give up, rather cheerfully, too, and all children will smile in agreement when Eepersip whispers in the ear of the fawn: "Whew! That was a narrow escape!"

There is something essentially human, even pleasantly vindicative, about these pursuits and escapes. They add a story element to the adventures that undoubtedly will hold the interest of children that might otherwise find the truly exquisite description of nature lacking in a *raison d'être* were there no parents, neighbors and a strange little boy forever trying to take these things away from Eepersip. Almost captured, and then miraculously rescued, Eepersip can well exclaim: "The sun was pleased and smiled. I danced for him, and the bobolinks and skylarks greeted him with song."

That a child should record such experiences as these is not strange in itself. Undoubtedly some chil-

dren are born to wander into "miniature cities in the air," and none can say what they see there. The strange thing is that a child should have the words and the workmanship in which to set it all down in such incredibly good form as Barbara Newhall Follett has done.

FAIRY POETRY

By ANNE THAXTER EATON

"Fairy o' the bean bloom, Fairy o' the pea [1]
Fairy o' the pink hedgerose, show yourselves to me!"

ON the shelf of a wide bookcase in a certain clergyman's study where a small reader had free run of the books there once stood a row of little blue and gold volumes. Their size and binding might have attracted a child not given to exploring bookshelves. All of them were examined, some dipped into, here and there; a few, such as "Baron Munchausen," "The Gesta Romanorum," "Undine and Sintram," read from cover to cover, but one volume was promptly appropriated and carried off to stand in another bookcase, in the company of Grimm, Andersen, Howard Pyle and George Macdonald.

This volume was "Songs of Fairyland; Collected by Edward T. Mason," and published as one of the "Knickerbocker Nuggets." Years later, in 1909, there appeared "The Magic Casement: A Book of Faery Poems Giving Glimpses of the World Beyond the Casement; Selected and Arranged With Introduction and Notes by Alfred Noyes." Most of the poetry anthologies for children contain sections under which headings as: "Elphin, Ouph and Fay," "Fairies and Phantoms," "Fairy Songs and Songs of Fancy."

In fairy poetry there are a surprising variety and a range to satisfy children of all ages. At first a child's

interest in fairies takes the form of wanting to know all about them—"just how small are they?—can they really creep inside a nutshell—what do they eat?—and wear?—where do they live?—must they always go to sleep at dawn?" Drayton's "Nymphidia," with its fairy palace made of spiders' legs, its snail shell chariot, with seat, cover, wheels, carefully described; its hazelnut used as a hiding place, its fish scale armor and hornet's sting rapier, answers many of these questions. "The Culprit Fay," by Joseph Rodman Drake, adds further information about acorn helmets and firefly steeds; and who can ever forget the purple mussel shell, which

> —was as lovely a pleasure boat
> As ever a fairy paddled in,
> For she glowed with purple paint without,
> And shone with silvery pearl within.

William Allingham's charming and apparently little known "Prince Brightkin" adds other details of fairy court life.

The Elizabethans, with the same zest that children have in their enjoyment of Fairyland, furnish much of this lively, ingenious description. Shakespeare's fairies, however, belong to all ages. We are told all about Queen Mab, even to the lash of her charioteer's whip, but we have, too, Ariel and that elfin company of "a wood near Athens," Titania, Oberon, Puck, Peasblossom, Cobweb and the rest; fairy beings in the larger sense of seeming part of day and night, star and flower, and all the world around us, as we see them "following darkness like a dream." A line which Alfred Noyes calls "perhaps the most beautiful in all fairy literature."

Illustration by Dorothy Lathrop for Down-A-Down-Derry

Illustration by Dorothy Lathrop for Down-A-Down-Derry

After the first charm of picturing a life in miniature has worn away, children are ready for another type of fairy being. They may not go quite to the point of saying with Puck of Pook's Hill, "Can you wonder that the People of the Hills don't care to be confused with that painty-winged, wand-waving, sugar-and-shake-your-head set of imposters?" But if they chance to run across William Butler Yeats's "Irish Fairy and Folk Tales" many difficulties are explained away. "Do not," he says, "think that the fairies are always little. Everything is capricious about them, even to their size. They seem to take what size and shape pleases them."

The child fortunate enough to fall under the magic spell of Mr. Yeats's verse will find a new world of faerie romance. "The Stolen Child" is sheer beauty against a background of folklore. Besides "the Trooping Fairies," there are, Mr. Yeats tells us, "the Solitary Fairies" and his poem about one of these—the Lepracaun, gives us in livelier vein, an unforgettable picture of the Fairy Shoemaker:

Irish writers tell us so convincingly of "the hidden people" that it is not hard to believe that the fairies have remained in Ireland long after they were driven out of the rest of the world. "The Fairy Thorn" and "The Fairy Well of Lagnany," both by Samuel Ferguson, are stories with a real hush of suspense as they tell of the approach of the fairy host. Moira O'Neill's "The Fairy Lough" catches the mystery of fairy haunted places. Ethna Carberry and Elizabeth Mackinstry write of the Fair Country of Youth, "Tir-n'an-Og," or, as Yeats calls it, "The Land of Heart's Desire." The land that James Hogg's "Bonny Kilmeny" strayed to and found so fair that when she returned, it was only to realize that the real world, "wasna her hame and

she couldna remain." She, in turn, reminds us of little Bridget, stolen "for seven years long" in William Allingham's "Up the airy mountain"—one of the loveliest and best loved of all fairy poems.

Not only the woods and fields but the sea, too, has its fairy inhabitants. Yeats tells us of the Water-horse who gallops on the sands (not to be confused with the Pooka, however). In "The Kelpie of Corrievreckan" by Charles Mackay, a water-sprite mounted on one of these steeds bears away a mortal beneath the waves.

"The Forsaken Merman" by Matthew Arnold is a favorite with children of widely different ages. This poem, with "The Merman" and "The Mermaid" of Tennyson, furnish a rather complete picture of the kingdom under the sea, while Fiona McLeod's plaintive little "Moonchild," describes the sad lot of the being belonging neither to earth nor ocean.

The poets who write of fairies to-day show the characteristics of the age. They are more subjective than the Elizabethans, more inclined to project themselves into the fairy world of which they write. In Mr. de la Mare's fairy poems we hear the fluttering of shadowy, unseen wings, though we find, too, the quirks of a Puck-like humor. Rose Fyleman has caught a glimpse of fairyland now and again but the writing of fairy poetry means something much deeper than the coupling of elves and flowers in rhyme. The fairies are shy folk—force them into verse and like the Lepracaun of Mr. Yeats—"Pouf—they are gone!"

A MIDSUMMER FLIGHT

THE THREE OWLS are flying out over the Rocky Mountains in full cry for freedom in vacation reading.

They have always believed in it, but with the Lindbergh saga thrilling mind and heart, stirring the imagination with a thousand associations and implications, they feel more than ever impatient of any certificate or gold star plan of summer reading. The Owls consider that such devices bear about the same relation to vigorous voluntary reading as despised calisthenics to sound physical training.

Reading at best is a sport that we never outgrow if we come by it naturally, of our own volition and in our own good time and day. Impatience of times and days unlike their own and a readiness to substitute mechanical forms for saturation with the subject, be it books or children, have characterized the efforts of far too many librarians as well as teachers in this matter of children's reading the country over.

In the city of Toronto stands a library, unique in conception and realization, which bears the name of "Boys' and Girls' House." Not one room or one floor only, but a whole house, has been given over to the boys and girls of Toronto in which to exercise their freedom in choosing books at all times. The invitation to read is in every room. Books are greatly loved and fully trusted to do their own work in this house of the boys and girls. Results are measured not alone by sta-

tistics or yet by theories, but by the philosophic mind engendered by so wise and liberal a plan of basic organization.

Books in every room of your house is its challenge to every city or town where a dull basement room has been set apart in a new library building in which to grow strong book associations for impressionable boys and girls, who, of all users of a public library, are the most sensitive to light color, and comfort.

The Owls paused in their flight at St. Louis just long enough to visit the beautiful Carpenter Branch of the Public Library. Rarely on a fine summer afternoon does one see so many children inside a library. At bookshelves and at tables they were reading with gusto, and we carried a lovely picture of their room out of Missouri and across Kansas until the Rocky Mountains suddenly appeared and everything else was forgotten.

AIRMEN AND AIRCRAFT

By DUDLEY C. LUNT

IN days when a youthful Viking wings in a magnificent arc from the Statue of Liberty to the Arc de Triomphe, where may a youngster search for the lore and lure of the air with pleasure and with profit? Indeed, this is a barren field. A search in the metropolitan libraries brings to light six volumes, published from 1912 to 1919, dates which to-day spell ancient history, for the way of a man in the air is as swift as the flight of his ship. Of these six, five will instruct an ambitious aeronaut in the mystery of construction with the aid of matches, elastic and a bit of linen, whereas the sixth presents reminiscences of a once famous flyer and designer. The latest publication unearthed bears the date 1926 and retails the newspaper tales of the epoch-making flights, from those of the NC boats to the Arctic cruises of Amundsen and Byrd.

This material is meager in so fertile a field. There have recently appeared from the pen of Thomson Burtis a series of books for boys known as the Russ Farrell books. In these volumes Mr. Burtis outlines the career and experiences of his central figure, Russ Farrell, in the days of his early army training in a ground school, then his preliminary flight work in a flight school, his qualification as a pilot, and finally his work in stunt and cross-country flying. In another volume, "Russ Farrell, Test Pilot," the story centers around his experi-

ences as a test pilot at McCook Field at Dayton, Ohio. This air station is the foremost experimental station operated by the United States Army, and young Farrell's work and experiences are interesting. In his most recent book, "Russ Farrell, Circus Flyer," Mr. Burtis follows Farrell all over the United States in his detail as the acrobatic performer of a flying circus which has been organized for the purpose of bringing aeronautics before the eye of the public and promoting the future of the Aviation Service.

The experiences of Russ Farrell will make interesting reading for any alert youngster, and into the stories there is subtly injected much authoritative information on the art of piloting a ship. In the writing of these books Mr. Burtis speaks with authority. He is a pilot himself, having served for several years as a lieutenant in the Air Service of the United States Army in varied and interesting assignments. His work is happily purged of technicalities and he has presented the argot of the airman in such a way that in most cases his context makes his meaning clear.

There is urgent need of further writing, such as has been initiated by Mr. Burtis. Flying has too long remained a mystery in the hands of those who, delighting in its technicalities, have furthered the inevitable growth of the jargon that always obliterates a particular line of endeavor. In the air there are great moments, moments of thrilled suspense, periods of delicious contemplation. There comes to mind a lazy afternoon in the Caribbean when one floated in space above the shining deck of a battleship. To right and to left, stretched in four columns, there silently cruised the toy-like ships of the Atlantic fleets. Suddenly below a minute flag mounted the signal halyards. A moment later

flags fluttered in answer from every ship present. Then that of the flagship broke in descent and thereupon twelve battleships simultaneously made right-angle turns. Maneuvers at sea are great things to watch and the best seat of vantage is in a kite-balloon.

It is moments such as these that have been neglected. The hurtling into a damp shroud of mist, to be enveloped in the gray depths of a cloud and then to emerge into another world where one soars utterly alone in a sun-bathed lake of clear air above a puffy blanket of clouds, is an experience productive of unique sensations and reflections. It is the relation of these things to the man on the ground that flyers have lamentably missed.

As only a sailor can write of the sea, so only a flyer can write of the air. Throughout "Moby Dick" Melville has recorded his sensations and reflections during his long and lonely vigils in the crow's-nest of the *Pequod* when he says he seemed to be stalking over the sea on an enormous pair of stilts. Flying is akin to this, and when there emerges an airman who knows full well the feel of the air and is gifted with imagination, a sensitive temperament and a desire for the detachment and solitude wherein genius is nurtured, there will be written an epic of the air as "Moby Dick" is an epic of the sea. Captain Charles Lindbergh has recently experienced thirty-three and a half hours of great moments in the air. If he be as able a writer as he is an airman and a diplomat, tales from his pen will be welcomed by those who would see the real magic and appeal of human flight brought home to those on the ground.

"LINDBERGH SAYS"

"WE."

By CHARLES A. LINDBERGH

With a foreword by MYRON T. HERRICK

"I AM not an author by profession," remarks Lindbergh at the end of his own story of his life. Here is no attempt at fine writing, no play to the galleries, but a simple narrative of everyday events and experiences in flying, leading up to the heroic achievement in which he shares honors with his plane.

Boys will delight in the reliability of his technical statements and in the graphic accounts of early barnstorming experiences, stunt flying and parachute jumps. Determined flyers who are meeting with parental opposition may take heart from Lindbergh's quick but sure conversion of his father during a political campaign.

"My father," he says, "had been opposed to my flying from the first and had never flown himself. However, he had agreed to go up with me at the first opportunity, and one afternoon he climbed into the cockpit and we flew over Redwood Falls together. From that day on I never heard a word against my flying, and he never missed a chance to ride in the plane. . . . My mother had never objected to my flying, and after her first flight at Janesville, Minn., she became an enthusiast herself."

It was not until he had the confidence of both parents behind him that he became a flying cadet at

Brooks Field, and his period of rigid army training began. Of this and of his experiences as an air mail pilot he gives just such an account as boys will instinctively turn to to check up carelessly written aviation stories. "Lindbergh says" will make short shrift of many a manufactured product by "professional" hands.

Greater pains might well have been taken with the original selection, the reproduction and the placing of illustrations in the book. A very real opportunity for a significant pictorial record supporting and supplementing the text was lost by spotting in the pictures without regard to their textual association.

It is to be hoped that subsequent editions will remedy this disconcerting effect in make-up, for the book is one which public and school libraries will wish to add to reading and reference collections as well as to circulate, and effective illustration is a prime requisite for this purpose as for personal ownership by critical boys and girls.

OUT OF THE SOUTHWEST

THE SEVEN CITIES OF CIBOLA

By AILEEN NUSBAUM

With pictures by MARGARET FINNAN

Reviewed by MARIA V. LEAVITT

THESE stories of the Seven Cities of Cibola, Zuni folk tales, told by the Zunis to Té-cha-lé of Hawikuh, the Pottery Child (who is also Deric of Mesa Verde), were retold by his mother, a native of New Mexico, for the enlightenment of other children. They make a fascinating beginning for a better knowledge of our American Indians and form another link with the past, a need that becomes stronger as it is realized that the old Indian traditions of "earth mother," "sky father," the "corn maiden" and the "rain god," though collected for older readers, have had comparatively few

renderings available for a younger group. We learn that the old Sea Serpent, that mythical beast ancient mariners have sighted as they sailed the seas, is a legend among the Zuni Indians, out in the Great Southwest, as he coils and uncoils his "tail" in the story of the Serpent of the Sea, "Kolowissi," and the beautiful maiden who bathed in the sacred spring.

For the Sea Serpent was really a god who came to claim the maiden as his own, and commanded her father and the chiefs of the village to bring her to him. They placed the maiden, who was dressed in richly embroidered ceremonial robes, with turquoise earrings in her ears and shell beads about her neck, on terraces of sacred yellow meal, and the herald priest called for the Serpent to come. Nor did he come down the ladders from the maiden's room as they do in the adobe houses of yesterday or to-day, but glided from the house top, and the length of his tail was over one mountain and still a second mountain, until the last of his strength came forth.

Music and the dance, an integral part of the life of every Pueblo community and a delight to see, whether it be the "corn dance," the "buffalo," "eagle" or the "Yebechai," have a legend in the "Gift of the Flutes."

'Day after day, season after season, year after year, the people of Cibola danced the dance of the Beautiful Corn Wands until they grew weary and yearned for different music and another dance form—'How is it,' said one, 'that the birds have the power to make wonderful music? Surely it must be very pleasing to the gods —and yet we can only sing in a very dull manner?' "

So four of their bravest men went to the home of the God of Dew, who lived in the mist-shrouded Cave of the Rainbow, asking for "song sounds" and something to enliven their sacred dancers. And the God

Paiyatuma conducted them to the place where "flutes sang and sighed as the wind in a wooded cañon, the drum sounded as thunder, and white mists floated from the wands of the maidens and mingled with the breath of music." The god then gave them flutes—"so men may sing as birds, through bills of living wood and reeds from the river mists."

Not every young hunter can be trained to use the bow and arrow with the skill which comes instinctively to the Indian lad. A wise old Coyote, sometimes man and sometimes prairie wolf, who doubtless howled at the moon in the silence of the mesas, teaches a way to track the deer.

"Long ago there were seven terraced cities all red gold in the sunshine, and so fair to see were they that the gods came down and wondered at what men had made." All these cities are now in ruins, but in this land, where the sun shines brighter and stronger, the air is clear as crystal, day a delight in color, night a silver harmony, legends must live and mystery abide. Mrs. Nusbaum, whose contact with the Indians has given her a sympathetic understanding of their myths, has carefully verified her stories with Cushing's "Zuni Folk Tales," which Major Powell says are destined to "become a part of the living literature of the world." Her work is sincere and shows feeling for the simple, direct statement of the Zunis, who have no written language. Her desire to render the tales literally, as she heard them told to a little boy, has led to a sacrifice of freedom and color, that would naturally influence any dweller in this region. Fortunately, these elements are supplied by a unique series of six colored double-page pictures drawn by Margaret Nowell Finnan from authentic Zuni designs, selected by the author, are well produced by the publishers.

THE WASATCH MOUNTAINS

THERE is an Old World spell upon the Wasatch Mountains. Who shall say whence it came or how? Some day it will make its way into American literature, I firmly believe.

Crossing the mountains from Ogden to Logan, I was reminded now of the Land of the Frost Giants in Norway, and again of the English Lake Country, so beautiful yet so friendly seemed these treeless fells of Utah, looking down upon green fields and valleys with long rows of Lombardy poplars separating the farm lands. One instinctively turned to these mountains for stories, for legends, only to be told that they were yet to be revealed by poet, dramatist or story writer. The one fragment of legend I heard on the platform of the observation car, long before the Great Salt Lake appeared, seemed to me prophetic of the whole region as I saw and felt it. The story was told by a young woman returning with her husband to her old home in Utah after two years of life in Richmond, Virginia.

"Look, oh, look!" she cried, pointing to a peak in the near distance with all the ardor of a home-coming Scot sailing up the Clyde. "There's the 'Sleeping Woman' over there on the mountainside. You can see her as plain as day. The Indians tell a lovely story about her. It is only her body turned to stone that lies on the mountain; her heart, they say, still beats inside the mountain because of the great love of the Wasatch she felt from childhood. It was stronger than any other love

of her life. Don't you think our mountains are different——or is it just because I am so happy to be coming home?" she asked a little wistfully. I could honestly say that I felt a difference. I had no idea of finding an American "Sleeping Beauty" on the other side of the Rockies. Scenic wonders in prospect have never fed my imagination, nor do they take first place among the things which live in the memory and flash across the vision at unexpected moments.

One of the most penetrating of Alice Meynell's explorations of life is concerned with "The Spirit of Place." That elusive spirit is to be found in our own land no less surely than in countries of the Old World, although we are as yet but poorly supplied with literature imparting a true sense of it to children.

"Have you ever read 'The Great Stone Face,' by Hawthorne?" asked a very well-read Utah girl of eleven years. I replied that I had, only to be met by the refreshing comment, "Isn't it *terrible?* We've been reading it in school and I hate it."

"You might feel differently about it if you were to go to the White Mountains and see 'The Great Stone Face,'" I said. "The story makes you feel the way it looks there. The White Mountains are different from your mountains. The Catskills are more like the Wasatch—'Fairy Mountains,' Washington Irving called them. You know Rip Van Winkle's story, of course?" Of course she did and liked it whole-heartedly, as does every child of every mountain range I have asked, North or South.

Nowhere has Bernard Sleigh's "Mappe of Fairyland" made a more immediate and spontaneous appeal than it did in the Childrens' Book Clinic I conducted for a fortnight at the Utah State Agricultural College.

Old and young delighted in the many excursions it suggested, leading out from Mother Goose Village to the most cherished myths and tales of Greece and England, the Vikings and the Teutons.

It was a life-giving experience, setting up such a book clinic in the mountains of Utah, with no artificial devices standing between books and students, and it was most interesting to watch book after book go over the top on its own human or pictorial appeal. Nor was it a question of old or new. "Little Machinery," "Once in France," "Pinocchio," with the Mussino pictures, "Susanna's Auction," with Boutet de Monvel's irresistible drawings, were accepted at once. "Peterkin Papers," "Miss Muffet's Christmas Party," "Rosamund and the Purple Jar," "The Princess and the Goblin" of George MacDonald, were new books here, strange as it may seem, and so were the picture books of Randolph Caldecott, Leslie Brooke, E. W. Deming and other familiar artists.

Jaded theorists and advocates of realism only for children would have seen many cherished theories vanish at sunset or with the rising of the moon over the Wasatch country, while those whose faith in the triumph of the imagination over material things could not fail to take a new lease of life in such an environment.

GOING BEHIND THE FOURTH OF JULY

"I HEAR America singing," said Walt Whitman, and straightway began setting down all the songs that he heard.

"A night sky of stars over the prairie has the same march and countermarch of mystery as a night sky of stars over the sea," said another living poet, and recorded the fact that for Abraham Lincoln the year of the comet was one filled with burning struggle.

"It was in this year of the comet," says Sandburg, "that Lincoln was fixing his thoughts on the fact that nothing stays fixed . . . Even in the mathematics of the stars one had to say, 'If we could first know where we are and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do and how to do it.'" At a distance of more than a hundred pages from his reference to Donati's comet Sandburg pictures Lincoln in the midst of an argument over Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." Was it poetry or lunacy? his "office family" debated out there in Springfield, Illinois, one afternoon.

"Lincoln listened, drifted out of a dark, silent mood, and came over and picked up the book. For half an hour, as the argument went on, he read. Then he turned back to the first pages and surprised the office family by reading out loud. There were chants:

Chants of the prairies,
Chants of the long-running Mississippi, and down to the Mexican sea,
Chants of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota,
Chants going forth from the centre from Kansas, and thence equidistant,
Shooting in pulses of fire ceaseless to vivify all.

Take my leaves, America, take them South and take them North
I conn'd old times,
I sat studying at the feet of the great masters,
Now if eligible O that the great masters might return and study me.

"Time and again when Lincoln came in or was leaving," says Sandburg, "he would pick up the book as if to glance at it for a moment, but instead he would often settle down in a chair and never stop without reading aloud such verses or pages as he fancied. 'The things I don't know are in books,' he had told Dennis Hanks when a boy in Indiana. My best friend is the man who'll git me a book I ain't read.' "

What has all this to do with the children of America and their Fourth of July in 1926? Very much more, I believe, than the Revolutionary verses and stories, the arid, condescending and often carelessly constructed histories designed for boys and girls—histories stiff with figureheads and bristling with institutionalism—for the dawn of a new day of American history for the ageless child is really here. I see America in pictures, may have been said before, but with no such convincing evidence as one finds in "Adventures in the Wilderness," the first volume of "The Pageant of America," recently reviewed by Mr. Sherman.

Textually as well as pictorially this volume will fascinate any child, for the things told are the things one naturally wants to know. Constance Lindsay Skinner has written many of the admirable chapter introductions, but "The American Indian" was done by Ralph Henry Gabriel, the editor-in-chief. In three and a half pages he has painted in words a masterly picture of the red man in America. Boys and girls who read it in association with "Black Hawk's Children," in Sandburg's "Abraham Lincoln," will gain a new and enlarged conception of citizenship in the country they have inherited. Indeed, I can think of no more poignant celebration of Independence Day than the discovery of America for one's self, and for all time. Whether it takes place in Philadelphia or out on the rolling prairies, in Virginia or New England, is a matter of small consequence, so that it really happens once in a lifetime.

TALL TALES OF THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS

By PERCY MACKAYE

Illustrated by ELIZABETH MACKINSTRY

Reviewed by MARGERY WILLIAMS BIANCO

BY far-off campfires and the hearths of ancient log cabins, among legend-haunted trails of the Kentucky mountains, Mr. Mackaye has gathered from the dwellers in this primitive region the stories in his volume, survivals of the ancient folk-tales that have delighted the children of that district from the days of its early settlement. Of that country, rapidly changing under the press of civilization, he gives in his foreword

a brief and vivid picture. The originator of these studies, according to local tradition, was one Solomon Shell, a legendary figure with rifle and coonskin cap, who wandered from cabin to cabin spinning his yarns of bravado and adventure, that have been handed down by word of mouth to the present generation. Sol himself actually existed; he died at the age of ninety-eight. Those ancients who still remember his say: "He war the tale-tellin'dest deevil-charmer, top-ground or under!"; their tribute to his memory is that he was one of the wildest and most monumental liars that ever lived.

He was spiritual kin to Baron Munchausen; more than one of his yarns goes back to the legends of his European ancestry, but whereas the Munchausen stories have little to recommend them except their incredibility, these versions are of a totally different quality, vivid, magic, full of dry irresistible humor, unexpected turns and dramatic effect.

Many of these tales are epic in quality; they are of the stuff from which real literature springs. Mr. Mackaye gives them just as he conceives old Sol to have told them, in the mountain vernacular, plain and unsmoothed, the broad, homely speech of the soil. They could have been told in no other way effectively; their whole value is in the presentation. It is a vernacular as racy as Negro dialect or the familiarized phraseology of the East Side, but presenting far less difficulty to the reader. They will delight young people of to-day as they did Sol's fireside audience.

Chinky, the wise old razor-back sow, that "Mountain-borned lady" who shares the log cabin with Sol and his old woman, figures largely in these tales; she is a lady of great decision of character and amazing

resource in emergencies. It is she who inveigles Sol on the mad moonshine excursion to Hogg Inn, who discovers the miraculous flood in the time of the great drought, who also suffers and endures during "The Flea-bitin'dest Night."

"Hogg Inn," "The Mule Humans" and "Who-All's Black Hat" stand out as essentially native tales. The latter is a masterpiece. It has just that rare combination of the grotesque and the commonplace which is the essence of nightmare, and comes nearer to giving the authentic prick of the scalp than anything I have read for a long time.

This volume is one of a group of writings by the same author, all dealing with different aspects of Kentucky mountain folklore. The folklore of the New World is a scarce and precious thing, it has its roots in an earlier civilization, but has taken on a color and poetry of its own, born of new surroundings. Such traces of it as still exist are rapidly being transformed and obliterated. In preserving these fragments Mr. Mackaye has done a valuable work with the true understanding of the artist. In her drawings and decorations Miss MacKinstry has admirably caught the spirit of the tales. It is not often one finds such perfect collaboration between author and artist.

WHEN CHILDREN LIKE DIALECT

CHILDREN like stories in dialect when they are told or read aloud as the natural speech and thought of living people, with true appreciation of whatever humor or pathos may be in them. This liking begins young and grows by what it finds to feed upon. The dialect, of course, must be the real thing, not a made-up substitute.

I think we have not begun to estimate its value in creating interest, sympathy and a common fund of that variety of humor which combines love with wit and tolerance. Few grown-ups know how to read any species of dialect well enough to pass on the natural charm of familiar association. It is a dead language to them rather than a folk language. Either it is to be avoided altogether in favor of "correct English" or read aloud as "a funny story" with mere slapstick associations.

Since the master key to a taste which lends such richness and variety to reading in later years is supplied by the ear rather than the eye, children are usually reflecting the prejudices or incompetence of their elders when they say: "I don't want that book. The people talk *queer.*"

In my own experience as a New England child it was one of the revelations of reading to find people talking in books as I had heard them in life. I "listened in" as I read, and could at any time from the age of six to the teens give a fair imitation of what I heard in speech or in reading such talk as I had heard. Fascinated by Southern stories, I dared not read them aloud because I had not heard them "talked." Remembering this years later, in my experience with children in a public library, I never missed an opportunity to invite a story-loving Southern visitor to read or tell an Uncle Remus story, and I have never known children who would not respond when the story came alive through the voice and personality of one who had gained it first-hand.

Racial imagination, instinct akin to insight, and a true sense of the deep poetry at the heart of life are vividly present in early childhood. Food and drink must be provided, however, or they die out rapidly.

They do not thrive on substitutes. Superimposed knowledge and omniverous undigested reading are poor substitutes for skill in selection from among those natural forms of literature which ever seem strange in a sophisticated environment whether they are tales from Greek classics or tales from the Carolina mountains or Western prairies.

It is important to remember in this connection that children's tastes in reading change and grow according to what they feed upon and that a single short story is a better appetizer than a whole book of short stories. A story from "Tall Tales," for example, read in association with the reading of Stewart Edward White's "Daniel Boone, Wilderness Scout," reinforced by Carl Sandburg's vivid characterization of the talk and ways of Lincoln's Kentucky boyhood, gains place and meaning for boys and girls who might easily pass the book by as not one of their kind. Who, when, how much, and how often, are important factors in fostering genuine liking for dialect stories.

BUILDERS OF THE REPUBLIC

By FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG

Volume VIII, The Pageant of America

AFTER SCHOOL

By LAURIE YORKE ERSKINE

Reviewed by CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER

THESE two books deal with history by very different methods to achieve the same end. They make past events come, living, into the present. "Builders of the Republic" does it with pictures. Its succes-

sion of reproductions of paintings, of old maps, proclamations, petitions, newspaper headlines and columns, cartoons and personal letters, brings out vividly the American mind in its political transitions from Colonial days to the eve of the Civil War. To study its seven hundred and forty illustrations, with Professor Ogg's lucid introductions and captions, is to experience the delight not of "old" things, but of familiar things, and to realize anew that the barriers of time are artificial. When a book of history does this for the reader it becomes an important work. It is then vital, present, human stuff. Otherwise, it is useful only to a small group of research workers. For, after all, no one becomes educated by filling his mind with facts which have neither practical significance for him nor the power to kindle his imagination.

There is no magic in Professor Ogg's writing. But his directness and simplicity, supplementing the pictorial story, help to make this volume of the Pageant of America easy reading for those of high school age as well as for grown-ups. His sentences have substance and force. They frame, simply, essential facts; and ideas which motivated events or sprang from them. There is the movement of a pageant here, though not the color. The figures in black and white are very clear. Perhaps the best results of Professor Ogg's method are to be found in the chapter devoted to Benjamin Franklin. It is a pocket biography, comprising a brief introduction and twenty-four captions. It presents convincingly the Franklin who influenced his contemporaries and posterity; the man to whom Americans turned for counsel, the man the world felt. Its success as a character study is partly due to the elimination of such personalities and, by comparison, triviali-

ties which are the rage with a current school of biographers whose thick lenses do not provide the range of vision necessary to grasp large contours. There are also brief, illuminating studies of Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, and of lesser men who were builders, too, fitting into the story of America's political birth and development. Professor Ogg may have had youthful needs in mind; for nowhere has he written over the heads of intelligent high school students.

"After School" is history set in fiction, a precious bit of reality mounted in a style worthy of it. The story of Nathan Hale is the bit of reality. It is told in an original and moving way which gives new meaning and a special beauty to a well-known tale. The little book—it is very short—opens with a breathless race across fields by Adams, a teacher, and Brent, one of his pupils, to catch a train. They miss the train. While waiting for the next one, Adams tells Brent the story of a young schoolmaster in Revolutionary times who closed his school when the news of Lexington came and went to the war. He does not mention his name. He calls him "the schoolmaster." He talks in the easy conversational English of a man born and bred to pure speech, and who knows that slangy expletives, colloquialisms and bad grammar add neither strength nor wit to story-telling. As he goes on, we feel that for some reason, not stated, the perhaps mythical Revolutionary schoolmaster has a special meaning for him to-day. We are aware of an undercurrent of intensity, which never rises to the surface. He ends the story with the disclosure of the other schoolmaster's name and fate; and dashes down the embankment to his train. A few years later Brent sits alone on the same spot looking at the stone memorial which honors the town's roster

of those killed in the World War. Adams's name heads the list. The train he had caught that day of the story had borne him off to a training camp.

Mr. Erskine, himself a schoolmaster, has made a permanent contribution to literature for the young and their parents. He has told a tale of patriotism with feeling and with reticence; without sentimentality or bombast. And he has told it in a style which is simple, but not monotonous, and which reveals that rhythm and euphony are not meaningless terms to him.

SILENT SCOT

By CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER

Reviewed by HELEN CADY FORBES

"SILENT SCOTT strained noiselessly at the rope binding his wrists behind his back." That is the opening sentence of the story, and in the next paragraph we read: "In deerskin clothes, cap and moccasins, with long-barreled rifle, carved powder horn and leather shot pouch, he had slipped noiselessly along, the freest—and, he had believed, the wariest—lad in the forest." That is a right beginning for a frontier story. Rarely does a boy get such a first page in a book addressed primarily to him, for usually he must find his best reading in novels. And rarely is the English language treated with such respect in a boy's book. Here is a story of American history and adventure for young people writen with as great a regard for the essentials of good fiction as if it had been intended for adults.

This is a story of a boy in the days of the American Revolution, the adventures of Andy MacPhail and his Indian friend, Tuleko, "Runner-on-the-Wind"; how

they ran with messages and warnings over the Tennessee mountain trails, how they scouted and spied and outwitted the enemy and fought in the battle of King's Mountain. It will remind fathers of their old delight in Ellis, a man who held a generation of boys breathless with tales of the adventures of scouts and Indians. This story has the same swift, convincing action, the same thrills, authentic and hair-raising, and that it was written by a woman is a matter for astonishment. Even the names of the characters ring true; One-Eyed Shark, with his sack of hidden gold; Nolichucky Jack, the Indian chief, Dragging Canoe; the MacPhail twins, Rob Roy—they are all names and characters that satisfy. Ferguson, "the crack shot of the world," is a man out of authentic history, and so is John Servier and several of the others. There is but one feature to criticize—each of the chapters is really one short tale, and though they are put together not too obviously, the work is not so skillfully done as to deceive any one into believing that "Silent Scot" is a well-rounded story. Nevertheless, it is American history brought to life in a story worthy of Revolutionary deeds.

THE BAD CHILDREN OF DEERFIELD

By ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH

The little square-toes wouldn't go back!
They preferred the casual forest living,
The speeches and games, the easy giving,
The winter starvation, the summer ease,
The dangers, the hunts, the roof-tree leaves;
The still, swift ways of savage and beast,
The broad, strong rivers, the brown-robed priest,
Notre Dame des Bois—they preferred all these
To their parents' harsh austerities.
No ransom was ever enough to bring
Them back to sober reasoning.
No bribes could ever net them again
In their round of duties to God and men.
Their savage captors had set them free
From their freedom's old captivity—
Shiftless, serene, agile and wild
Grew many a stiff New England child
And commissions might sit and mothers might yearn,
But the little square-toes would not return!

SEEING DANIEL BOONE WITH JAMES DAUGHERTY

"WHEN the dust of our generation blows away," writes a fellow artist, "one likes to think that there are a few things which may escape the general condemnation of posterity. The paintings and drawings James Daugherty has made for a new edition of Stewart Edward White's 'Daniel Boone: Wilderness Scout' are among the most precious of these things. These paintings and drawings for our great American epic, the struggle with a wilderness, possess qualities rarely found in a book or anywhere else. Combining, as they do, something of the spiritual and creative power of Michaelangelo and Blake—rather than a mere manual imitation of technic—with the delightful design and color of Oriental art without its multiplicity of detail and confusing symbolism, they give a genuine pictorial impression of primitive conditions in the Western Hemisphere. Daugherty has made no mere diluted translation of the text into another medium."

Is this too high praise for a new set of illustrations for a book already liked and respected by boys for the authenticity of its Indian lore and general factual information—a book which yet lacks the vital spark of life which continues to make literature in every age?

I, for one, do not think so. Next to Carl Sandburg's "Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years," Mr. Daugherty's pictures stand out as the richest imagina-

tive contribution to the reading and study of American history which has been made in my time.

Here is an artist who has caught fresh sight of the pioneers laughing and shouting, working and singing, and has set down what he has seen with a daring hand. Free use of the brush has made the wilderness live and move and strive all over again.

"But what right had this American artist to put an Italian Madonna in a covered wagon on the Wilderness Road and the face and figure of the young Lincoln on that same road?" asked some one at a recent discussion of children's books. "I am not at all sure," the man continued, "that such pictures may not give our American children queer notions of their own history."

"They already have plenty of queer notions," was my reply. I think the great value of Mr. Daugherty's pictures lies in their power to evoke other images, to set child or grown-up thinking and seeing for himself. They are not static, but are charged with the bold, romantic life of the frontier. There is robustness, gorgeous color about them and always a sense of "something hid behind the ranges" toward which the artist himself is moving with the true spirit of the pioneer.

Had James Daugherty read Carl Sandburg's "Abraham Lincoln" before making these drawings? The question was in my mind as soon as I began to study the pictures. I recognized a certain kinship of conception which delighted me. I had not then met Mr. Daugherty, but in a recent visit he told me that he had not read the Sandburg Life—that he had drawn upon the influence of the pioneer tradition upon his own boyhood; he grew up in Ohio. He was giving expression to something he had known and felt always, he said.

Illustrations by James Daugherty for Daniel Boone

EFFORT
JD

THE CABIN IN THE CLEARING

A week later Mr. Daugherty wrote that he was at last reading Sandburg's Lincoln—fairly revelling in it—and that he regretted that he had not read it before finishing his pictures for "Daniel Boone." Possibly if he had done so we might have been obliged to wait until another season for a book so highly creditable to American bookmaking. From every angle, illustration, cover design, end papers, typography, paper, everything about the book is a delight to the eye and a pleasure to take hold of. The simplicity and good taste of the cover design are in sharp and welcome contrast to covers on which the frontispiece is stuck in place of any design—a fashion born and bred during the long reign of the paper jacket, against which a strong tide of reaction is now setting in on the part of long-suffering librarians and parents. Such covers neither wear well in public libraries nor are they in good taste among the well-made books chosen for children's libraries in their own homes. They are peculiarly offensive when the flashy colored reproduction is the work of another artist than the one who has illustrated the book.

Instinctively we turn to Howard Pyle for models of excellence in cover design as in illustration and make-up. We are blazing no new trail in this regard. We have a tradition of forty years or more of bookmaking for children in America of which we may well be proud. To foster and uphold it implies discrimination and insistence upon good form even at higher costs of bookmaking.

FROM MEDICINE BOW TO UNIVERSITY

HIGH up in one of the mountain ranges of Wyoming, where snowdrifts still linger, and spring flowers are blooming in July—in a veritable land of Christmas trees—the Three Owls seemed suddenly to fly straight into a Norwegian fairy tale. Nor were they the least disillusioned when told that the hero of their tale, descended from the Vikings, was no less real a person in his own right than the president emeritus of the University of Wyoming, and the distinguished botanist who has discovered and named so many of the lovely flowers of our Western mountains.

Here, at last, was a student of nature, who seemed to the Owls as natural as a child out-of-doors. Armed with a kettle filled with smoking twigs and boughs he was for the moment playfully protecting his student companions from the all-devouring hordes of mosquitoes, which descended upon them as they sorted out the specimens gathered in the long day's tramp. Trolls, giants, white bears and golden-haired princesses in need of the tonic of laughter, rushed out of the forest of Christmas trees as the kettle of smoke swung round and round in the fading light.

Small wonder indeed that after such an experience the Owls moulted and appeared at the head of their page in new feathers. Nor was their editor to be outdone after such a challenge. On the very next day a more formal lecture upon children's books and reading

at the University gave way to such a presentation of characters out of children's books as seemed natural and in harmony with the scene on Medicine Bow.

"I sat on the edge of my chair the entire evening," exclaimed this botanist of the Rockies, who was unconsciously responsible for the fresh presentation. I really don't know much about your subject, but I was interested every minute. It was all so fresh and unexpected."

"That is just the way I felt about yours," was the reply. "I hate Nature study, but I have always loved Nature, when I can come by it naturally."

The Owls flew back to Manhattan by way of Chicago, just in time to assist in receiving several groups of summer school students in the children's room of the Public Library. Very persistently through all the heat wave has the picture of the genial botanist of Medicine Bow, with his kettle of smoke and his jolly looking students, stuck in the memory as a kind of symbol of what must happen before a truer appreciation of Nature and of books for children will become widespread.

Literature for children has too long suffered both from pigeon-holing and from that enemy of delight, correlation, both in training schools for teachers, and in schools of education. I feel no longer any hesitation in saying that the subject seems to me to belong by every inherent right in a well-organized department of English, and I believe a living presentation of it will irrigate many an arid stretch in such a department to a degree of fertility undreamed of by those who have not yet given it a fair chance. We have had a number of pitiable lists and bibliographies as evidence of what happens to children's books when treated as so much grist for the general mill.

The time is ripe for better things. We are in the midst just now of such another renaissance of writing for children as Mary Mapes Dodge inspired fifty years ago, yet far and few are the educational institutions which appear to have any conception of its significance in handing on the tradition of a genuine love of reading to fit the needs of a new day.

Literature for children, if taught at all, is still too often presented as something standardized, finished in the nineteenth century, and the graded list is too tightly grasped as the guide and companion of the elementary school teacher when she goes forth. Graded lists have done more to kill initiative in reading and freedom to explore books for what may be in them than can be estimated. There is no short-cut to actual knowledge of books of any kind. *Reading, more reading,* and *still more reading* is the only way. Teachers in the elementary school must read more widely, more discriminately and more continuously before we can hope to have a fuller and truer appreciation of books in high schools and colleges. In short, children's books cannot be segregated from the main stream of literature without loss of life and meaning to reading in the university courses, as well as in the elementary school, where reading began.

Some years ago, in a series of lectures on "The Art of Reading," Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch devoted two of his twelve Cambridge lectures to students to the subject of children's reading. These lectures will bear re-reading now, since it is experience rather than theory they record—experience of literature, experience of childhood and children, of manhood and men, and a fine perception of the thread of gold uniting them.

WHO READS MRS. EWING?

By HARRIET S. WRIGHT

"WHO buys Mrs. Ewing nowadays?" I asked in a Boston bookshop where her stories are unusually well displayed. "Chiefly those who already know her books," was the reply.

"Only the best people buy Mrs. Ewing," was the answer given in a New York shop to the same question. "They come in for something else, perhaps, and, discovering the Queen's Treasure series, are delighted to see their childhood favorites in this attractive edition. It is as if they had found old friends."

Those who buy Mrs. Ewing's pretty English books in America are quite likely to be inheritors of the same Anglo-Saxon tradition of life and culture which she knew and described. In the presence of boys and girls to whom that tradition is foreign, one most fully appreciates its value. One thinks of countless American children who are studying English with little knowledge of the background which gives beauty and meaning to

the language itself, and one longs to share with these children Mrs. Ewing's bit of England.

It is at present the fashion to feel that the enjoyment of best things must not be the exclusive privilege of so-called "best people." Why, then, should Mrs. Ewing's readers be confined to isolated groups of grown-ups in the seclusion of highly favored metropolitan bookshops when over the way and up and down the length of these cities there are thousands of parents and tens of thousands of children more or less blindly seeking best things to store away in their books of remembrance?

To read "A Flat Iron for a Farthing," "Six to Sixteen," and "Mary's Meadow" is to visit amongst people of parts. A hearty "Hail" and never "Farewell" to the men, women and children and the manner of life one meets with in these books!

Miss Chislett had a certain perfection of courteous grace and dignified refinement, in every word and gesture and attitude, as utterly natural to her as the vigorous tread of any barefooted peasant girl and which one does meet with among women of the highest class in England. Her dignity fell short of haughtiness which is not high breeding and is very easy of assumption; her grace and courtesy were the results of constant and skillful consideration for other people and of a self-respect sufficient to dispense with self-consciousness. Her head was nobly shaped, her figure was tall and beautiful, her grey eyes haunted one. The advantage of wealth was evident in the exquisite taste and general effect of her costume.

Yet Miss Chislett's creator escapes the taint of snobbishness and never absolutely requires the glamour of wealth or position to dignify her characters. She has Dickens's faculty of glorifying humble folk and com-

mon things so that they have no rivals in their claim to distinction. We would read "A Flat Iron for a Farthing" for the sake of Nurse Bundle alone, that dear soul, as genuine as Peggotty, who by her absolute faithfulness and good sense deserved the homage of Motherless Master Reginald.

The reign of Mrs. Bundle was a reign of peace and plenty, of loving kindness and all good things. She was strict in the maintenance of a certain old-fashioned nursery etiquette, which obliged me to put away my chair after meals, fold my clothes at bedtime, put away my toys when I had done with them, say "please" and "thank you," etc. She snubbed the maids who alluded in my presence to things I could not or should not understand, and she directed her own conversation to me on matters suitable to my age, instead of talking over my childish head to her gossips. Her romances were the good old nursery legends of "Dick Whittington," "Babes in the Woods," and so forth.

Master Reginald Dacre at a tender age dreamed of becoming Lord Mayor of London with Mrs. Bundle to share his civic throne and dignities:

"How old are you, nurse?" I inquired one forenoon when she had neatly arranged the tray containing my chop, wine, etc., by my chair.

"Five and fifty, love, come September," said Nurse Bundle.

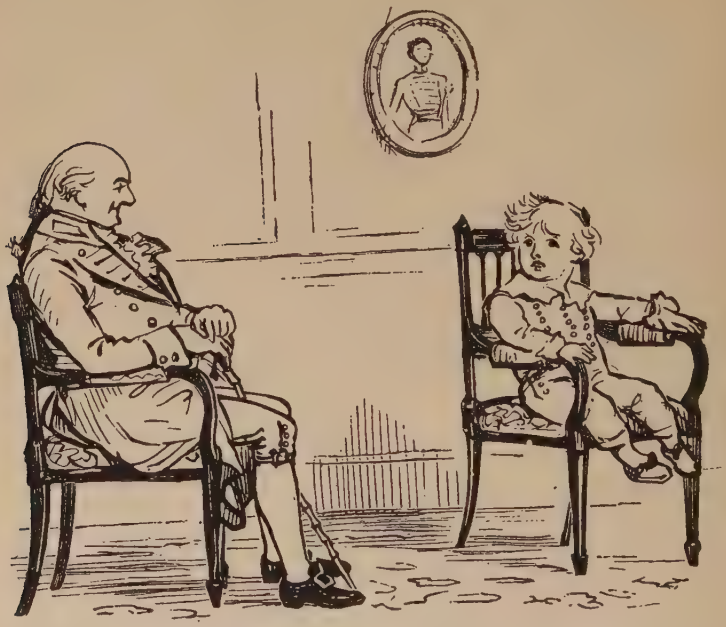
"Do people ever marry when they are five and fifty, papa?" I asked that evening.

"Yes, my dear boy, sometimes. But why do you want to know?"

"I think I shall marry Nurse Bundle when I am old enough," I said, with almost melancholy gravity. "She's a good deal older than I am; but I love her very much, and she would make me very comfortable. She knows my ways."

Mrs. Ewing evidently shares Nurse Bundle's fondness for the refinements of life:

"I likes young ladies and gentlemen to have things nice about them. Then they takes a pride in their things, and so it stands to reason they takes more care of 'em."



Rare companionships exist between grown people and children with a delightful balance of give and take. Old Isaac Irvine, the beekeeper in "We and the World," knew plenty of queer stories about bees, fascinating to a child, but he had his difficulties when it came to book learning.

He could understand reading better when he heard it than when he saw it and was glad indeed to have young Jack bring the weekly numbers of the Penny Cyclopedia down to his cottage and read aloud (for the boy read rather

well) an article on Master Isaac's craft under the scholarly heading Apiary. "Though to be sure I never calls my own stock anything but the beehives. Beehives is a good straightforward sort of a name, sir, and it serves my turn, but scholarship's a fine thing," said the bee master, "and seeing foreign parts is a fine thing and many's the time I've wished for both."

Mrs. Ewing's humor enlivens many situations that arise through the actions of lively, resourceful and sometimes mischievous children who were her special delight even when they upset the equilibrium of dignified elders. Those who work with boys and girls in schools, settlements, and libraries gain from Mrs. Ewing's pages a fresh point of view and better understanding of the fanciful ways of groups of children. American boys and girls like to know, provided they are introduced sympathetically, the natural English children in "Mary's Meadow," Reginald and his girl cousins in "A Flat Iron for a Farthing," Jem, Jack and crippled Charlie in "We and the World"; Henrietta, the heroine of a fire in "The Great Emergency," and the four in "Our Field," who showed great enterprise as well as thrift in earning and saving the tax and keep for their adopted dog Perrouet. These stories of family life distinctly belong to the English villages. "Jan of the Windmill," with its gripping plot and mystery to please the present popular taste, held the interest of a group of boys, week after week, when read aloud in a city library.

Mrs. Molesworth also has given American children similar glimpses of the ways of English children. We have shared a tea-basket lunch in a railway carriage with Carrots and Floss and have felt sympathy for Griselda's loneliness in the old house where the cuckoo

came to life in the clock. But more varied and clearer pictures of English localities appear in Mrs. Ewing's stories. Many of us experienced Yorkshire in "We and the World" and in "Six to Sixteen" before we were fortunate enough to travel thither.

It was Mary of "Mary's Meadow" who said: "Some books put things into your head with a sort of rush!" And that is what Mrs. Ewing does. She stimulates ideas because she is so full of them herself. She and her characters have ridden many interesting hobbies from "collecting" to church music.

It is a question whether flowers or animals were dearer to Mrs. Ewing. In her own home animals were given the position of equals to human beings, and in her stories their distinct personalities often make them principal characters. She celebrates the rare fellowship that may exist between a dog and a child; a cat and a gentle old man; and even between a toad and an exquisite French aristocrat.

Nor is Mrs. Ewing merely local. "Six to Sixteen" has passages descriptive of India and France as well as of England and her French touch is exquisite and sure. One is continually aware that she is as much devoted to the art of sketching as to writing. Randolph Caldecott, who was her friend, and who illustrated "Jackanapes" (from which edition the accompanying illustrations are taken), "Lob Lie-by-the-fire" and "Daddy Darwin's Dove Cote," said of her: "Mrs. Ewing does not require illustrating, she is so graphic."

CREATING A BOOKSHOP FOR CHILDREN

IN the midst of a World War a new educational experiment was inaugurated in the city of Boston—an experiment of significant implications and more than local interest. Unpretentiously but with rare intuition and intelligence did Bertha Mahony set about the practical organization of the Bookshop for Boys and Girls in the two upper rooms, looking out upon the public gardens, set apart by the Women's Educational and Industrial Union for this purpose.

Miss Mahony brought her own dream, to which she alludes in "Hidden Shops," to the test of reality in a convincing demonstration of what a bookshop for children might be. The place had an atmosphere of its own from the start; it had color, life, meaning and flavor. It had something to communicate, but it was apparently far more eager to take in than to give out. Every day was a fresh adventure to Miss Mahony in the life of her shop. Every day she was learning from her public. It was a place children and grown-ups liked to come to and linger in, as sure of finding something new and strange as they were of finding the old and tried set forth in a new way—invested with fresh associations.

To the excellent catalogues and book lists which have been a distinctive feature of the bookshop from the start "The Horn Book," a delightfully produced quarterly of criticism, with articles by well-known

writers of children's books, was added in 1924. Elinor Whitney, a granddaughter of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, is assistant editor. Typographical excellence and attractive form have distinguished all publications and are an important factor in the discriminating introduction of children's books.

Recently the Owls were asked by someone about to start a bookshop for children in another city: "What is the most important thing to do first?"

I venture to reply that clear-sighted common sense and conviction of not merely the power to originate and the courage to transform surroundings but an unflagging capacity for taking pains and learning of the public are essential. With bookshops, as with children's rooms in public libraries, I believe that every city or town has its own "spirit of place" and that one should seek to find that and help interpret it rather than to copy work of another city or set up too personal a standard.

HIDDEN SHOPS

By BERTHA E. MAHONY

THERE was a small shop at the far end of the town nearest the open ocean. I went there only occasionally when there were pennies enough in my red velvet purse to buy a superior china doll with movable arms and legs and *real hair*—such a doll as could be found in this shop alone.

The geography of the town had great fascination at just this point. The street made a huge curve with the coast, and as it curved it ceased to be Main Street and became Dock Square. My china-doll shop was just on the breast of the curve, and as one stood on the steps

Illustrations by Hugh Thomson for Cranford

looking off toward the water one could see the tops of fishing boats in the snug little harbor back of the low buildings on the sea side of the square.

There was some nervous strain associated with a visit to the shop. You lifted the latch and stepped inside, whereupon a loud bell rang. This bell seemed to announce a person of great importance when really it was only you—come for a china doll. You stood alone in the cleanest place you had ever seen then and have not seen since; light gray floor, gray flat counters, gray shelves, with the pleasant but impressive dark brown framework of glass cases. To the left the cases contained neat, wholesome candies, large pink and white peppermints, gum drops, cocoanut cakes. But your eyes were fixed straight ahead upon the china dolls, making your mental choice against the arrival of the proprietor. Suddenly he was there, clean and gray like his shop, with hair white and smooth and "banged." He never smiled and seemed stern, but still he never hurried you.

This shop has been one of the steadfast memories of my childhood, and along with a later experience of building a shop myself has served to make shops generally of special interest. Just as some people collect old lamps or rosaries, I collect shops. Some, like the china-doll shop, I store away in my mind. Others I possess on my bookshelves.

There is the Oakford tinsmith's in Mrs. Ewing's "A Flat Iron for a Farthing." In my china-doll shop I never met such exciting people as Regie Dacre saw there. He, a stranger, had been wandering about freely "among the cans, pans, colanders and graters" when there arrived two little girls with lovely golden hair, blue eyes, gray beaver bonnets and gray coats with

capes. "They sat themselves down upon two chairs, laid each a farthing upon the counter, and the elder said in the tiniest but most decided of voices, 'Two flatirons, if you please.' Hereupon the shopman produced a drawer from below the counter and set it before them. What it contained Regie was not tall enough to see, but out of it the shopman took several tiny flatirons of triangular shape, and apparently made of pewter or some alloy of tin." These the older of the little girls examined and "tried upon a corner of her cape with inimitable gravity and importance."

There is another shop very different from the tinsmith's at Oakford and very different from the china-doll shop on Dock Square, the shop of "Ginger and Pickles," in Beatrix Potter's book of the same name. In the first place, this new shop gave unlimited credit. "The meaning of credit is that: When a customer buys a bar of soap, instead of the customer pulling out a purse and paying for it, she says she will pay another time. And Pickles (one of the proprietors of this shop) makes a low bow and says: 'With pleasure, madam,' and it is written down in a book." In the second place, this shop was a *"little small shop,"* just the right size for dolls. The counter inside was a convenient height for rabbits, and although it was a small shop it sold nearly everything, "except a few things that you want in a hurry, like shoelaces, hairpins and mutton chops."

And the third reason why my third shop is different was because it was kept by Ginger, a yellow tomcat, and Pickles, a terrier. Perhaps I should have mentioned this first. The rabbits were always a little bit afraid of Pickles, and the mice were rather afraid of Ginger. Ginger usually requested Pickles to serve them because

he said "it made his mouth water." If I had visited Ginger and Pickles's shop when I was four, five or six, I dare say I shouldn't have minded the way they did things or what happened in the end, but having run a shop myself for a long time now, I find their methods trying.

Then there's that rich and glowing bookshop Elsie Singmaster writes of in "The Hidden Road." Would one really find it if one "stopped before the Farragut Statue, walked round the east side of Madison Square and into Fourth Avenue?" I wonder. It was a shop in which a girl found spiritual health.

I. Tolstoi was the proprietor's assumed name. He was a cripple who must move about in a wheelchair, but he knew books and he knew people. Back of his store, which was "like a great ill cared for library," he had a treasure room. Here the Pennsylvania Dutch girl, Phoebe Stannard, a skillful organist, with beauty and a master's degree in comparative literature, but little knowledge of life, found sanctuary the day she felt the world tumbling about her feet.

This treasure room was "a large, low, dimly-lighted room, lined with books, not in the comparatively dull bindings of the vast collection outside, but in red and gold and rich brown. She felt under her feet a thick rug and saw deep chairs and strange old cabinets. Beyond was a paved, glass-inclosed court, also dimly lighted, latticed by trailing stems of ivy and with a tall urn in the center filled with a hundred plants of narcissus just coming into bloom. There was a faint odor of tobacco, of incense, of old books, of flowers."

"There were a few small, exquisite tapestries with shepherd, and shepherdesses eyeing one another and rabbits skipping upon flowery meads; there was a me-

dieval chest of fine contour, an old priory table on which were ancient wrought candlesticks, and, hanging where they reflected the firelight, plates of Nuremberg brass."

The treasure room was intended as a secret place—not for the rich and prosperous, but "for the poor clever fellows who have only hall bed-rooms."

Said I. Tolstoi to Phoebe:

"Now I want a pleasant somebody to be here all the time, to have a desk and work here, write my letters here, for instance, and be a sort of information bureau. I am not learned. In the afternoon we will have a little tea for the thirsty. If there is something wrong yet beside losing your property, you will cure yourself with work."

It's a far cry from all these genial delightful shops to that strange Clerkenwell shop of Mr. Venus's in "Our Mutual Friend." That, truly, is not a shop one would visit for its charm, but for its weird fascination. You remember that Mr. Wegg was able to pick it out from the other shops on the street as having the window where "could be seen only a cradle in its old tin candlestick, and two preserved frogs fighting a small sword duel."

The shop itself can best be described in Mr. Venus's own words:

"You're casting your eye round the shop, Mr. Wegg. Let me show you a light. My working bench. My young man's bench. A Wice. Tools. Bones, preparations, warious. Preserved Indian baby, African ditto. Bottled preparations, warious. Everything within reach of your hand, in good preservation. The mouldy ones a-top. What's in those hampers over them again, I don't quite remember. Say, human warious. Cats. Articulated English Baby.

Dogs. Ducks. Glass eyes, warious. Mummied Birds. Dried cuticle, warious. Oh dear me! That's the general panoramic view."

It is fun to turn from Mr. Venus's shop of the "human warious," to Norman Price's green grocer's shop in Blaindom. The Bon Marché store did not look at all like other village stores. It was well arranged and there were flowers on the counter. But strangest of all a large and fine reproduction of Holbein's George Gisze hung upon the wall. Norman Price was an original young man. He not only arranged his shop in a manner different from others, but also dressed his windows with architectural effects, making castles out of his biscuit tins and fortifications out of washing soap. More than this, Norman Price read books.

"He loved all the books not generally read; he could feel that such books were peculiarly his own property or his own discovery, and a habit of always reading books that no one else has read is not a bad guide to literature." Perhaps that is why he left his shop to see the world, and came at last to Alsander. What happened to him there you must read in the poet's book, "The King of Alsander."

These shops have been selected at random from books of mine gathered together because each one of them has a shop tucked away somewhere between its covers. Dickens has many fascinating shops. I've not found them all yet. As for others—there's the whole world of books to explore.

A TALE OF COLONIAL TRADING DAYS

THE TRADE WIND

By CORNELIA MEIGS

With illustrations in color by HENRY PITZ

Reviewed by DUDLEY C. LUNT

THE enterprise, adventure, and dangers that marked the rise of the maritime glory of the American colonies and nation form a splendid field for tales for boys. Trade was the pursuit that solidified the front of the thirteen colonies, widely separated in their geographical aspect, their points of view and their interests.

As the resources of the West called to the men of the East they forsook their ships and the carrying trade slowly died away. However, in the early months of 1917 the shipyards on the Atlantic Coast awoke from a century of slumber and for a few fleeting years the American flag again was seen on the seven seas.

One wonders if this awakening prompted the writing of "The Trade Wind."

If you like a good story, well spiced with exciting adventures, you will find it in this book by Cornelia Meigs. Although the author experiences some difficulty in getting her tale under way, before one is wholly aware of it, David Dennison has shipped as supercargo on the *Santa Maria* and has shoved off on a long cruise.

David goes forth a youth of eighteen and returns a man. On this cruise there ensues, in swift succession, an escape from a British brig; a stop at Half Moon Island, where dwells old Adam Applegate, pirate, sorcerer and patriot, all rolled into one; an unsuccessful attempt to discharge their cargo in the West Indian ports; an attack on the ship by Carib Indians; cruising in the paths of trade from all quarters of the globe, and Yankee bartering with the crafts they bespeak; a visit to Mediterranean ports; encounters with Algerine pirates, and, finally, picking up in a most astounding manner—but that is the high point in the tale.

David does not want for good, hearty companions. There is Andrew Bardwell, kindly yet stern, in command; Master James Babcock, a spirited and adventurous gentleman; Anthony Churchill, divinity student and patriot. There is also a fine girl in the book, Janet Harris, who accepts the news of David's going away without clamor and "simply as became a sensible girl."

To the writing of this book the author has brought more than the tools of superior workmanship. She has given to it the creative results of a long and honorable tradition of the sea of which she is the fortunate possessor. This tradition took its rise in her great-great-grandfather, Commodore John Rodgers, one-time commander of the U. S. S. *Constitution,* a man who participated in the revolt, sailed on such cruises and touched at the ports which she has described. It has been perpetuated by son after son of the same name until it was terminated within our own day by the untimely death of Commander John Rodgers, the naval flyer.

As a result there lives again in the pages of "The Trade Wind" the glamour of the carrying trade that once was ours. It was this traffic that kept the ham-

mers ringing in the shipyards and gave rise to that swift swallow of the sea, the American clipper ship, that carried forth for barter with the world the produce of an incipient nation—lumber, tobacco, dried fish, flour and "sparm"—and that made familiar in the ports of the Indies, West and East, in the Levant and in the maritime centers of Europe the figure of a bronzed and clear-eyed fellow, the American sailor.

Furthermore, the author's work bespeaks familiarity with ships and ports. Her pictures are not obscured by the technical detail that so often mars a story of the sea. The reader is left with striking conceptions of Yankee schooners, the brigs, frigates and ships of the line of the Royal Navy, the Dutch East Indiaman, the high-pooped ships of Spain and the feluccas of the Barbary pirates that festered about the *Anna Maria* "like a flock of black bats." As Ben Turner, an old sailor, says to David, "You can read a nation's history in the build and rigging of her ships."

A waterfront is a fringe of the human pattern where men and men's manners mix in strange and varied hues. It is a fortunate person who can evaluate the peculiar individuality of a port. In "The Trade Wind" you may tread the cobbled quays of Kingston beneath a tropical sun and witness the mélange of squalor and color that characterizes a West Indian port.

Miss Meigs's work is characterized by some fine bits of descriptive writing. A single instance suffices:

> He stood in the bow of the *Anna Maria* and watched, with agony in his eyes, how the mighty ship careened slowly, then, with a rush and a roar, went down. Her stern dropped first and her bow rose high, with the great horse rearing far aloft, spreading his broad wings in the semblance of a last wild defiance of that towering, white-capped wave which

was reaching up for him. David had to look away, as in a final plunge the flying horse went under and was drowned forever in a smother of green water and white foam.

The format of this book deserves comment. It is a pleasure to review a book which lends itself so readily to enjoyable reading as does this one. The type is clear and well spaced on the page. Although the volume has been bound for permanency, yet it possesses a nice degree of flexibility. It contains eight full-page illustrations in color by Henry Pitz. In his work Mr. Pitz has caught with sympathy and understanding the background of Miss Meigs's endeavor. Furthermore, his portrayal of some of the several dramatic scenes in the tale is apt and convincing.

A PIGEON'S LIFE STORY

GAY-NECK

By DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI

Illustrated by BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF

AUTHOR and artist share honors in the making of this new and beautiful book, which is sure to find friends wherever pigeons are cherished. After reading the story I find myself instinctively searching the plaza and the façade of the New York Public Library for a possible descendant of Chitra-griva (Gay-Neck), the pet pigeon of Mr. Mukerji's boyhood, so vivid and impelling is his rendering of this Odyssey of pigeon life, which begins with hosts of boys and flying pigeons on the flat roof-tops of Calcutta and sweeps across the Himalaya Mountains above the battlefields of France in war time.

To every minute circumstance of the marvelous birth and training of this beautiful pet, Mr. Mukerji has brought the boy's understanding, respect and affection for animal life which characterized his earlier stories, "Kari the Elephant" and "Hari the Jungle Lad," but in "Gay-Neck" he has gone further and has written a story with an international motif, which is sure to appeal to many older readers as well as to boys and girls. Chitra-griva, he tells us, was the gifted son of a tumbler and a carrier of most noble family who was considered the most beautiful pigeon of her day. The account of his birth, the brooding and feeding and

teaching him to fly by his parents are fixed in the memory by one of the most exquisite of Mr. Artzybasheff's small drawings.

The story, itself, carries such a novel thrill of adventure and wealth of Eastern color that one regrets that the author did not make a non-stop flight from India to France. Pausing to point a moral with the pictorial imagination alight is not a good thing to do in any story book. "Gay-Neck" has originality and vitality enough to survive its too insistent teaching, but it would have been a stronger book if fuller confidence had been placed in the imagination of the reader.

Following every great war there seems to be a determined effort to clear the decks for the next generation by telling children what to *think*, as well as what to do. This has always seemed to me, and at no time more so than at present, both dangerous and unfair. The mind and heart of a child should be as free to grow and expand naturally as we have at last learned his body must be if he is to attain full stature. If he wants to share anybody's conclusions he must come to them by his own road and in his own good time. Children's books are essential equipment for playgrounds of the mind to a degree that they respect the integrity of the individual child, and the independence of his judgment. In short, propaganda and special pleading of any cause have no rightful place in their story books.

Character, incident, the color and feel of strange or familiar countries, and the release of the author's personal relation to childhood in general and his own in particular, are determining factors in the longevity of children's books. Mr. Mukerji has invested his story with all of these to an unusual degree, but I think he has made a premature demand upon the emotional

Illustrations for Gay-Neck *by Dhan Gopal Mukerji*

reaction of his readers by the introduction of human concerns which force his flying hero to carry heavier freight than any pigeon should. Since the book is one that will have a stronger appeal for children over ten than for the younger ones, judicious skipping and the vitality of Boris Artzybasheff's fine drawings will release Chitra-griva to take first place as a carrier pigeon. I predict that he will haunt the imaginations of his readers wherever pigeons foregather and that the richness and extent of the factual information concerning the life and training of pigeons, for war as well as for peace, will give the book a unique place among the holiday books of 1927.

The end papers and cover designs are in harmony with the artist's evident desire for a unified treatment of the book as a whole. It is an admirable piece of collaboration between author and artist.

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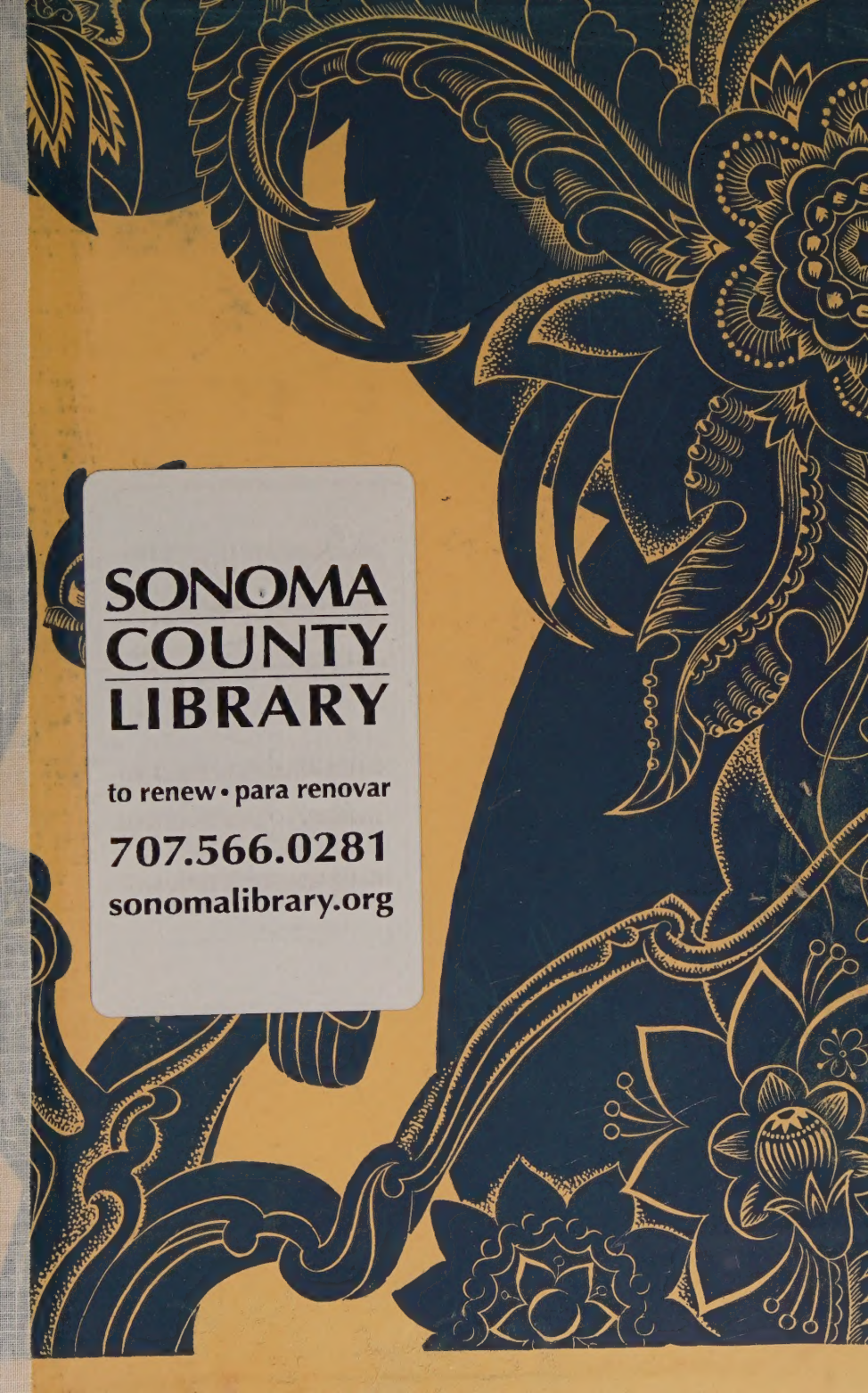
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